

AUSTRALIAN

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PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1981 \$2.50*

**GIRLS OF THE
GOLD COAST
AND...
SUPERGIRL
VALERIE
PERRINE**

**OZ BEER
TEST:
Alcohol
and calorie
register**

**THE
MULLUMBIMBY
DRUG
RAIDS**

**FRANK
MOORHOUSE
FICTION**

**AC-DC... The truth about
the toughest band
on earth**



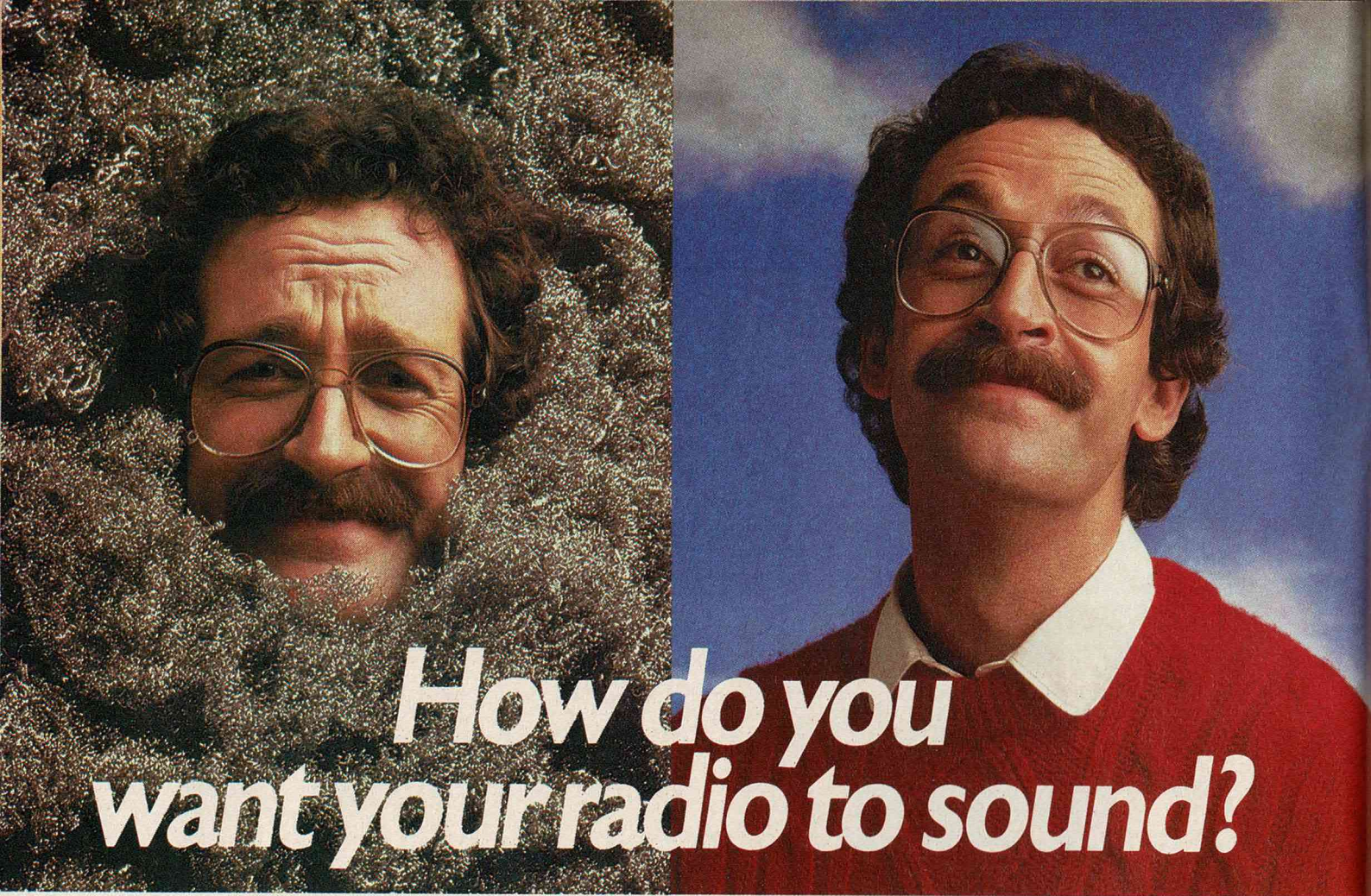


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Dailey/NPA40

PLAYBILL

TRIAL OF the tinnies: The Great Tinnie Test, Oz Ales Analysed. We packed 35 of the nation's finest brews and despatched them to a chemist. Why? Because we wanted to know their alcohol and calorific content per can. So, now you'll know what your beer does to your waistline, and maybe your brain cells. We think the feature's pretty unique. It should solve, and perhaps provoke, quite a few arguments too. A **PLAYBOY** analysis, with **Michael Lodge** providing the illustrations.

The Girls of the Gold Coast, beautiful, lissom, seductive creatures all, are included to remind you that while it might be winter down south, they're still in their bikinis (if they're feeling modest) in Queensland. The resort that gave Australia the meter maid also gave Australian **PLAYBOY** a great welcome when photographer **Colin Stead** and organiser **Issi Dye** arrived to set up the shoot. Thanks, Queensland; thanks, girls!

Maximilian Walsh, former doyen of the Federal Parliamentary Press Gallery and editor of *The Australian Financial Review*, now elder statesman of Australian journalism, takes a hard look at the coming resources boom in Australia and concludes that there are pitfalls along the road to fortune. Walsh's view is that there will be a boom, with great profits, but there will be problems for the Federal Government. One of these will be inflation, and there is a major task in ensuring that average people like you and me share in the bonanza with the mining companies. **Keith Davis** was the illustrator.

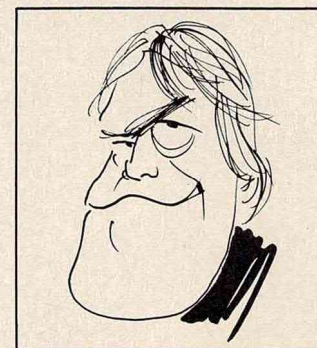
AC/DC are said to be the world's most popular rock and roll band (when the Rolling Stones are on furlough). They're uncompromisingly loud, angry, uncouth, wild, obstreperous, and dangerous — their lifestyle killed lead singer Bon Scott. Rock writer (and former rock 'n' roller) **Vince Lovegrove** knows the band well. His report will grab you, as will the pictures by **Bob King** and **Rennie Ellis**.

As writer **Lee Patterson** remarks, future anthropologists will have their job cut out when they come to examine "the curious paradox" of the Australian sickie. Does anyone in the world go about taking a sickie with the same grace, panache, imagination and fortitude as the average Australian worker? We think not. Accordingly, Patterson — we suspect his life is one long sickie except when he gets sick and takes an assignment — has done the job for them. His story is not only about sickies, but also about excuses. If you don't know how to take a sickie, this piece will serve as your manual.

If you're blessed with excellent health but you don't mind taking the odd sickie, why not use the spare time flying? **Allan Moul**, **PLAYBOY**'s resident adventurer, reviews the various ways people can fly, ranging from hang-gliding to ballooning, ultralights and light aircraft.

We don't know if **Frank Moorhouse**, that fine Australian writer, is about to turn 40, but we do know that for many men, the 40th birthday is a signpost paranoiacally pointing to oblivion and other destinations. Moorhouse has supplied us with a strange short story, *The Year of the White Knight*, a collection of omens and news, all of which become manifest as the hero enters his 40th year. It's a superb story, well illustrated by **Clyde Terry**.

We've merely skated over the surface of Australian **PLAYBOY** this month. There's a hell of a lot more — rock impresario **Paul Dainty** is the interview; **Geoff Pike** quizzically looks at the modernised version of bushido in Japan; **Jill Bowen** gets into the rodeo ethos; and **Stephen Brouwer** reports the police chopper raids on alternative farmers in the Mullumbimby area, and so on. It's a huge read . . . quite apart from those stunning pictures.



LODGE



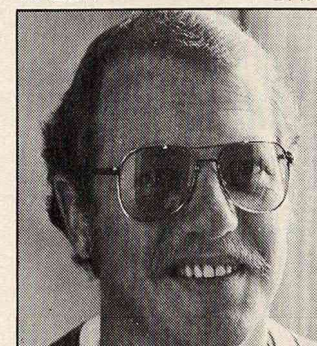
DYE



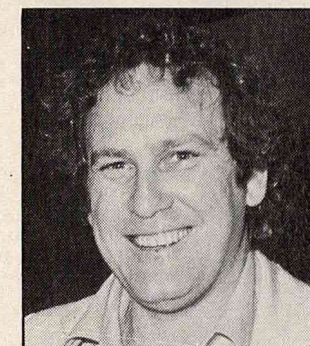
WALSH



DAVIS



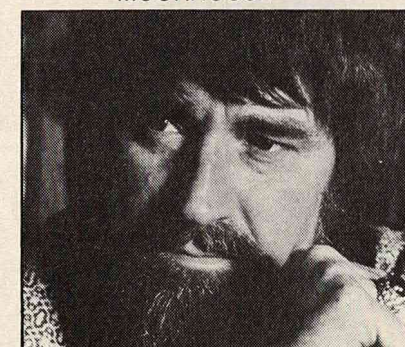
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MOORHOUSE



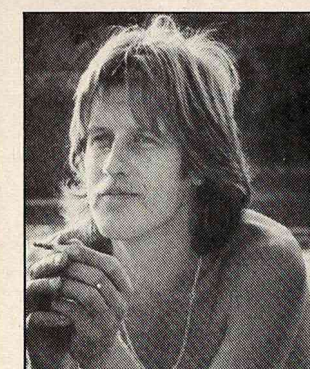
TERRY



PIKE



BOWEN



BROUWER



I was looking forward
to the rest of the evening
just as much as he was -
and then I served him
mere Scotch
instead of



AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

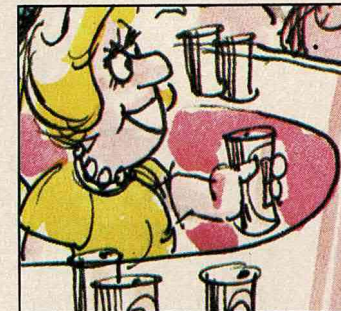
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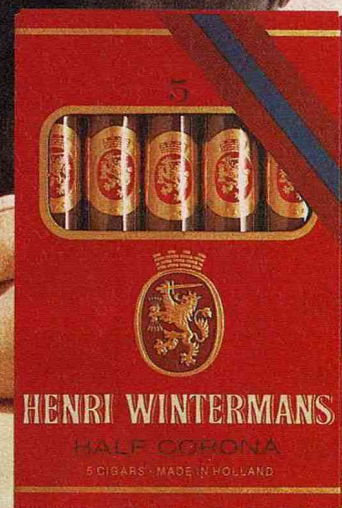
WHITE KNIGHT 134

When is a Henri Wintermans half better than a whole?

Gentlemen in fine shape agree that a half corona is a fine shape for a cigar. Because a half corona's ample but not overlarge size gives a smoke of unparalleled flavour and coolness.

Note the generous cut at the end of a Henri Wintermans Half Corona. Don't fall for a little vee - it won't smoke as well. Note also the outer wrapper of quality Sumatran leaf. Superb.

Fine shape.
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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

THE REAL SOCCEROO

Congratulations to young Craig Johnston, Australia's greatest soccer player by a country mile, who has never played for this country, and probably never will.

My compliments also to the writer of the article in your July issue, Roo in an English Zoo, Neil Jameson. The piece was absorbing, well-written and left the reader with the impression that he actually *knew* the real Craig Johnston. This degree of perceptiveness is seen all too rarely in Australian journalism.

Johnston, as a teenager, quit this country to make a career for himself in a place, England, where the soccer experts lived. He encountered some opposition at first, fought against it and went on to fame.

Having made a success of his chosen career overseas, Australia's football experts decided to take an interest in Johnston and he turned them down. Good on you, Craig. Maybe someday Australia will learn the lesson of not completely ignoring our best talent before it flees.

G. McL.,
Strathfield, NSW.

QUEST FOR WEST

The long Paul Dougherty interview with Morris West (PLAYBOY, June) came very close to explaining to us all why West's view of things, as depicted in his novels, is unique.

Firstly, the man is a great humanitarian with an aggressive nature that strives to seek out and identify evil. Combine this with an incredible literary drive supported by a sense of discipline only available in religious training and the nature of West's writing comes very much into focus.

Previously, I had admired West's dedication, applauded his relevance and wondered at his research. Now, after reading the interview, I am in awe of the man's

philosophic grasp and vision of the world.

J. Johns,
Canberra, ACT.

I'd hardly count your interview with Morris West as an ideal subject for a magazine which claims "entertainment for men" as its tag-line. West is arguably the most boring of all the big sellers and whatever appeal

July issue and beheld the magnificent form of Brigitte von Richter. How would I register her on the Richter scale? Earthquake-level, but of course. PLAYBOY, I guess with those overseas connections, seems to have a magic touch for selecting the most delectable girls from all over the world and bringing them to your Australian readers. I guess that you've had plenty



he has in print hardly seems the stuff PLAYBOY readers would relate to. So, c'mon you guys, how about a bit more entertainment and less long-winded bilge?

T.R.Y.,
Claremont, Tas.

NO BITTERS?

I use to be a slow comfortable screw drinker. It is made from sloe gin, with Southern Comfort, vodka and orange. Hence its name: screw is short for screwdriver, a vodka and orange drink. A nip of each is put in a 10 ounce glass and filled with orange. A slow comfortable screw against the wall is the same, with the addition of Galliano. Try that one! There now, doesn't that feel better?

J.W.,
Sydney, NSW.

BEAUTIFUL BRIGITTE

I think the Earth moved for me when I opened your

of letters from guys saying this, but let me add my voice: keep up the good work.

P.T.,
Albury, NSW.

NATURE'S WAY

After reading Australian PLAYBOY for April and seeing that the Playmate of the Year delights in not wearing panties under her summer dresses, I think that I can claim a record.

My wife and her three sisters have not worn panties or pantyhose since they all left high school. Also, my mother-in-law never wears any, and she claims that nature never intended women to wear panties. It is a lot healthier to go without them, she says.

So, imagine my surprise when I found that my new wife had only a suspender belt and stockings under her wedding dress.

After reading all about Karen West, we were just

wondering if this would be a record for one family?

D.J.,
Brisbane, Qld.

SNOW DRIFTER

Muchas gracias for your Snow Business story (PLAYBOY, June). My own greatest bitch about the ski business is the inflated elitism and the cultivation of a mystique which has succeeded in alienating all poor simple bods such as myself. All that confusion over gear, travel and accommodation, not to mention those daunting T-bars, made it seem all too complicated to bother.

I thought that your article clearly displayed the deficiencies of many skiing proponents who have neglected to illustrate the pedestrian progress to the slopes. Hopefully by the time (or if) you publish this, I will have experienced my first taste of snow skiing.

A. Hughes,
Campbelltown, NSW.

I thought your Snow Business ski article neatly sidestepped the most important point about Australians and our ski fields. It's simply this: if every man, woman, child and family pet thought it a great idea to take to the slopes, our already crowded snowfields would resemble something like rush hour after a VFL grand final. The beauty about making it in the snow is that it requires a good deal of planning, effort and investment. So consequently, many of the casual or would-be skiers stay away in enough numbers to leave enough ski-able snow for all the others.

I took to the slopes eight seasons ago, and in those days we did not have anything like a beginners' manual for assistance. Unfortunately, I think such items as the PLAYBOY article will do for skiing what wet suits and leg ropes did for surfing: make the playground so crowded that those who do



enjoy it the most won't even get a run.

S.D. Wood,
Geelong, Vic.

DEUCE OF A DUO

I'm still not certain which Mac is which, but as a player who enjoys his tennis more for the social aspects than the competition, I found *The Big Macs* (PLAYBOY, July) an interesting read. I thought tennis had lost players with the enjoyable and cavalier approach of Newcombe, but it's evident McNamara and McNamee are the current jokers in the pack.

Sore losers and temper tantrums have long since lost their attractions as interesting displays of human emotion, and I think most fans would welcome a return to the days when good sportsmanship and enjoyment were part and parcel of the game.

Most social pluggers like myself like to think that the average Aussie tennis star got his start on the local court amid the relaxed attitude of the neighborhood tennis club.

When we see the same social values and enjoyment realised at the highest level, it emphasises the belief that tennis is still a fun game.

A. Wright,
Ryde, NSW.

SHAME OF RAPE

For centuries, men have been lying to themselves about rape. Some might say (quite wrongly) that PLAYBOY would seem an unlikely forum on the subject of the greatest shame to most men, but at least Russell Deiley's article went some of the way toward really dismissing the

"most girls ask for it" routine and emphasised the fact that there are a multiplicity of rape patterns.

Those husbands who will force their wives to have sex against their wishes, those who trap the girl into sexual intercourse and those who take advantage of a friendship to sexually exploit a woman are all guilty of rape.

Sadly, there are many of the men who have committed such offences who would scoff at the thought that they have actually raped.

The age-old concept of the sex fiend or gang stalking a lonely victim on a dark night isn't really the only scenario. Rape comes in many guises and covers all types of victims and assailants.

And when viewed in this fashion we have some glimmer of a suspicion that the police-reported examples are barely a very tiny slither of the iceberg.

T.R.,
Cremorne, NSW.

MORE OF JULIE

My congratulations and many thanks for printing such a fantastic magazine. You have really outdone yourselves with your June issue. Your Playmate of the Month, Julie King, left me breathless and tingling all over with excitement, she is certainly the stuff dreams are made of.

And your pictorial of Terri Welles was also brilliant. She is delicious, but Julie King will be the subject of many of my dreams. Two articles, Rape and Blood Money, were of the usual great standard of journalism.

Keep up all the brilliant efforts and please, please,

another taste of Julie, the girl of my dreams.

P.G.,
Ipswich, Qld.

Let's hear it for all those guys who prefer dark-haired girls. The gentlemen might prefer blondes but it's girls like your June Playmate, Julie King, who really do wonders for my libido. All power to the raven-locked lovely ladies.

F.G.T.,
Pahran, Vic.

TUBB'S POWER

Glad to see the smiling face of the great Ernest Tubb featured in an Australian glossy color magazine. Denis Whitburn's review of the country and western legend (PLAYBOY, June) convinced me that Whitburn is as big a fan as myself. Very few folk beside Tubb could attract such quite outstanding



Some guys are twits for tits, but I just sigh for thighs. And the magnificent Lulu (PLAYBOY, July) had the best set of thighs to greet these poor eyes for ages.

I.L.,
Townsville, Qld.

Lulu? No, no. Have you forgotten that song?

T.L.,
Elizabeth, SA.

WILD FOR WELLES

I would like to compliment you on your magazine each month. Your playmates are very beautiful indeed, but I would like to see a lot more of Terri Welles. Keep up the great work.

Leigh Driver,
Preston, Vic.

FARNHAM'S FAME

My thanks to Australian PLAYBOY for that superb article on John Farnham in your May, 1981 issue, written by Russell Deiley.

I believe that John is grossly underrated in this country, and most ignorant

people do not look any further than his first hit, Sadie, the Cleaning Lady, to realise what a great voice and fine talent he has.

Anyone out there, who hasn't a copy of his last album, *Uncovered*, shame on you. To say the least, that album is brilliant. Once again, thank you, PLAYBOY and Russell Deiley. Keep up your fine standard.

Carl Brady,
Springwood, NSW.

BRING LULU

The old song said: "Don't bring Lulu", but after looking at that lovely in your July issue, I think they should re-title it the opposite way round: bring on that girl — more and more often. The only other Lulu I've heard of is the Scottish singer who rose to fame back in the '60s with her song To Sir With Love. But your Lulu has knocked any thoughts of her right out of my mind.

Simon Neal,
Edgecliff, NSW.

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20 AUSTRALIA 20

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MR. R. ROSS, (QLD.)
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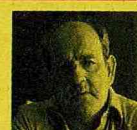
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MR. K. O'CALLAGHAN South Brisbane



48 year old Gordon started with V.I.P. because he didn't like working for other people. In one week he earned \$900.00. One job repairing 130 chairs in a club which took 15 hours earned him \$285.00 and he still has more to do at the same club.
MR. GORDON CHANNON BUNDABERG, QLD.

"Doing better than V.I.P. advertises."

I showed samples of my practice work to the committee of the Local Bowling Club who hired me to repair all vinyl chairs in their club. The chairman of the Golf Club heard of this, asked for samples and also had me repair all of their chairs. The Golf Club passed on samples of my work to the Services Club and I now have all of their vinyl repair work. By following the instructions set out by V.I.P., a successful business can be achieved.
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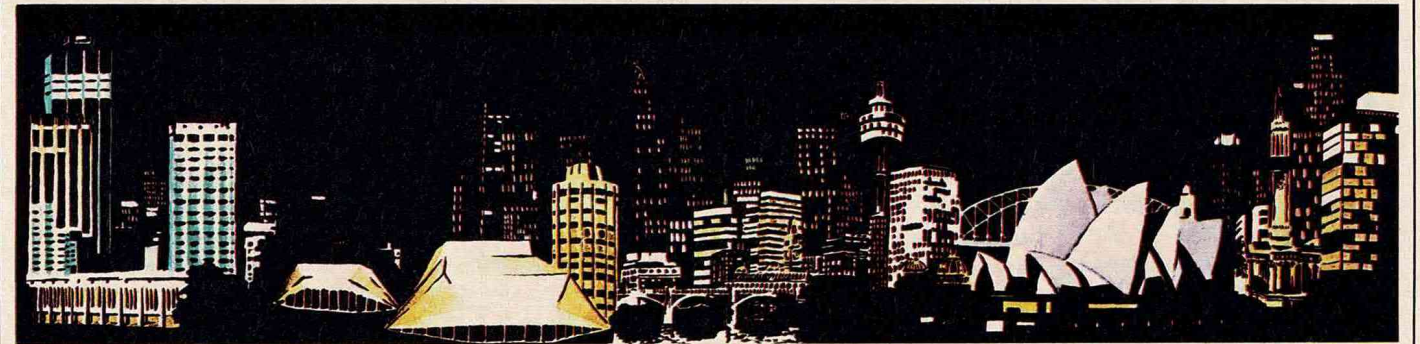


*For that truly
exotic taste...*

WYNDHAM ESTATE

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Unsettling news for any English-speaking visitor to a certain South American restaurant keen on attracting tourists: A note attached to the bilingual menu reads "All fruits and vegetables in this establishment have been fully washed in water especially passed by the manager."

THE LAST LAUGH

A chap breezed into a dentist's surgery in the English midlands and asked for a check-up. He told the dentist he was terrified and would not open his mouth unless he was given a blast of laughing gas. The dentist agreed. After the man's laughter had died away and he began to doze, the dentist opened his mouth. The man had no teeth. "I just have a thing about laughing gas," he later told police, with a sly chuckle.

A FISHY STORY

From a Polish brochure to attract tourists: "And as for the tripe served to you in Warsaw, you will continue to sing its praises as you lie on your deathbed."

TWICE LUCKY

From the classified advertising columns of a New York newspaper: "Darling wife, we have had some very happy days in our 31 years of marriage. I remember one in 1964 and another in 1972. Your most loving husband, F.J.M. (Burt)."

FIRE HAZARDS

Years ago, a two-storey fire station in Fremantle was turned into a restaurant, and

its shiny brass fireman's pole was retained as an ornament in the establishment. Most diners, upon arrival, would look at it, think, and then wisely say: "Not on your life."

But after a few hours and a few drinks, an alarming number of first-floor patrons, of both sexes, would try to work off their childhood fantasies. That's why the management decided to install a sign clearly marked: "Use at your own risk."

It is also why a local chamber of commerce man had the problem of dragging his 108 kilogram (17 stone) solid frame around on crutches for several weeks until his broken ankles had healed completely.

GIRLS ONLY

Did you know that some in the women's movement now call themselves womin, thus eliminating "men" from the classification?

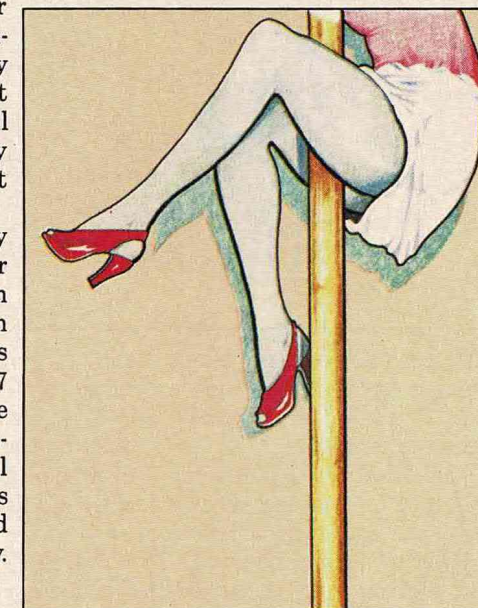
SMILE, YOU'RE ON . . .

Attractive secretaries are usually accustomed to being ogled by their bosses but a 23-year-old Maryland, USA, miss reckons her chief took things too far when he installed a video in the girls' loo. The boss claimed the video camera and screen installed at his desk were purely for security reasons and just to prevent office burglaries, but the secretary wasn't at all impressed and

is chasing him through the courts with a \$600,000 suit. The secretary is claiming "excessive embarrassment and humiliation" as a result of the candid camera ploy.

THE GENTLE TOUCH

Some people have problems most never dream of! One couple had a falling-out



her husband's manly arms for protection.

Since then, he says, any surprise tactics are likely to start off an hysterical reaction, and his wife insists on sleeping with her knickers kept on.

FOR CHEEK'S SAKE

PLAYBOY staff do admire the style of their readers. One, from Middle Park in Victoria, submitted his idea of humor to PLAYBOY Party Jokes, page 90 in this issue, with the following cover note attached:

"Please send your cheque for \$100 to me at the above address; \$25 from PLAYBOY, and \$75 from you and your confreres for passing off my wisecracks as your own."

We did not use the joke, but a small cheque is on its way . . . for cheek's sake.

GET WELL SOON

Americans late with their payments to a West Virginia hospital have been receiving the following notices from their creditor:

"Hello there, I am the hospital's computer. As yet, no one but me knows that you have not been making regular payments on your account. However, if I have not processed a payment from you within 10 days, I will tell a human who will resort to other means of collection." So there.

EMPLOYEE PROBLEMS

In Los Angeles, the director of a food processing works received a long notice from the Federal Government in Washington which asked, among other things: "How many employees do

you have, broken down by sex?" The director replied — with untypical candor — that "drink is more a problem with us."

LOST THEIR MARBLES?

A step backwards for women's lib? The fair sex have been banned from participating in the big marbles championship held in Surrey, England. A spokesman for the organisers said: "Marbles are traditionally a male sport and the board feels that it is one of the few remaining sports exclusive to men. Playing marbles requires a player to bend double... and we felt that ladies in this position are left open to ridicule, at the very least of it."

COITUS INTERRUPTUS

A young Danish couple on holiday in Florence, Italy, alighted from their taxi after a night out on the town, removed all their clothes and then began behaving, in the words of the police, as if they were in their own bedroom. Unperturbed by a big bucket of water heaped upon them from an upper window, the couple picked up their clothes, crossed to the other side of the street, and resumed their lovemaking. After being deluged by two more big buckets of water, they moved into the middle of the street and proceeded to fulfil their desires, surrounded by a crowd of Florentines urging them on.

BIRD BRUSH

The owner of a luxury cruiser in the Hawkesbury River has come up with a novel idea to stop birds shitting on his pride and joy. He sticks a feather duster on top of the mast, fooling the birds into believing their "poo-perch" is occupied. It works like a charm. Others might like to follow suit.

OVER AND OUT

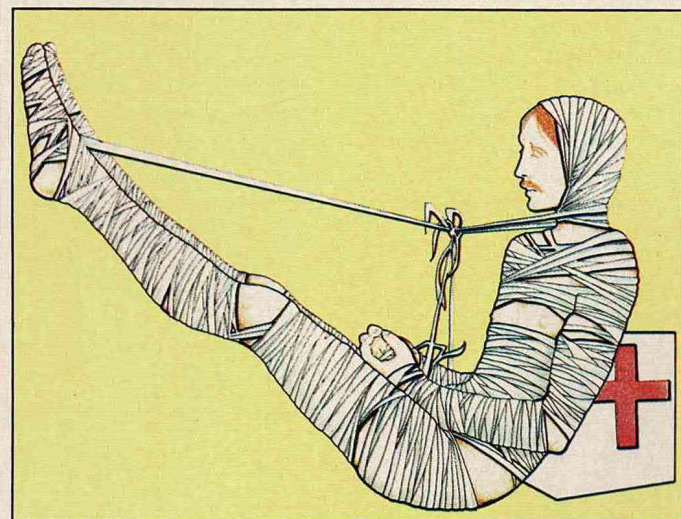
A young English couple couldn't believe what they were hearing when their 16-month-old baby girl spoke her first words. Instead of saying "mumma", or even "da-da", their baby, Dianne, uttered something that did

indeed sound very much like "piss off." Unknown to her parents, Dianne had been regularly listening to, and absorbing, messages transmitted by her father's fellow CB radio enthusiasts.

SAFETY FIRST

The city of San Francisco seems determined to maintain its somewhat sordid reputation as the sex capital of the United States.

The latest report is that the city coroner is conducting seminars within the homosexual community on safety while engaging in sado-masochism. The coroner claims he decided on



the sessions because "about 10 percent of all homicides in San Francisco are sexually related these days".

The meetings include discussions on various health subjects, including a report on how to tie up a lover without cutting off the circulation of his blood.

The mayor and numerous gay community groups were quick to voice their outrage at the sex clinics.

But, there seems to be no truth to the rumor that a secret desire for punishment prompted the coroner's unusual actions.

STARR BRIGHT

If Ringo Starr was ever one to doubt about life starting at 40, he might look back on the last 12 months with the understanding of the converted. It took only three months after we had happily featured beautiful Barbara Bach (PLAYBOY, February) for Ringo to convince the

lady they should be man and wife. The wedding took place in London with George and Paul in attendance, and almost coincided with the release of Ringo's *Can't Fight Lightning* album, a project made all the more tougher by John Lennon's death in December of last year. In fact, it was Ringo and Barbara who flew to New York to be close to Yoko and son Sean immediately after the shooting. The Starrs' relationship blossomed during the recent filming of the comedy *Caveman* in which the pair play the lead roles. What with filming, recording, making wedding plans

still dangerous looking snake which he placed on the ledge used by the voyeur. The reptile was far more effective than either husband or wife could have envisaged. The peepster, who harbored a deep dread of snakes, had reacted to the discovery by falling four metres to the ground and badly injuring his back. The court waived a possible prison stretch in favor of a ruling that justice had obviously been served.

DIRTY LITTLE BUGGER

Meanwhile a love-bugged Sydney woman has revealed that a nine-year-old neighbor planted a listening device in her bedroom to record her making love. The boy built the device from plans in an electronic manual and secured the bug behind her bed one weekend. Her boyfriend dropped by for an extended visit and became an innocent contributor to the audio charade. When the woman became aware of the tape, she was naturally annoyed but mellowed somewhat on learning the knowledge had been lifted from a manual called *Fun Way To Electronics*.

ZERO SCORE

The latest offering in the debate whether sportsmen should or should not come from a Professor Terzi of Turin. In compiling a sex manual for footballers, the kill-joy professor maintains orgasms should be reached in five or 10 minutes and that twice a week is enough for committed sportsmen.

SHORT AND BLACK

Patrons at a coffee house which charged \$6 per cup were paying that much to get more than just their espresso's worth, a Tokyo court learned recently. It took an undercover cop to bust the sales pitch which had little to do with coffee, but more with the fact that the waitresses were nothing under their mini-skirts. The police agent caught a waitress as she revealed much more than just the menu to about 12 male customers.



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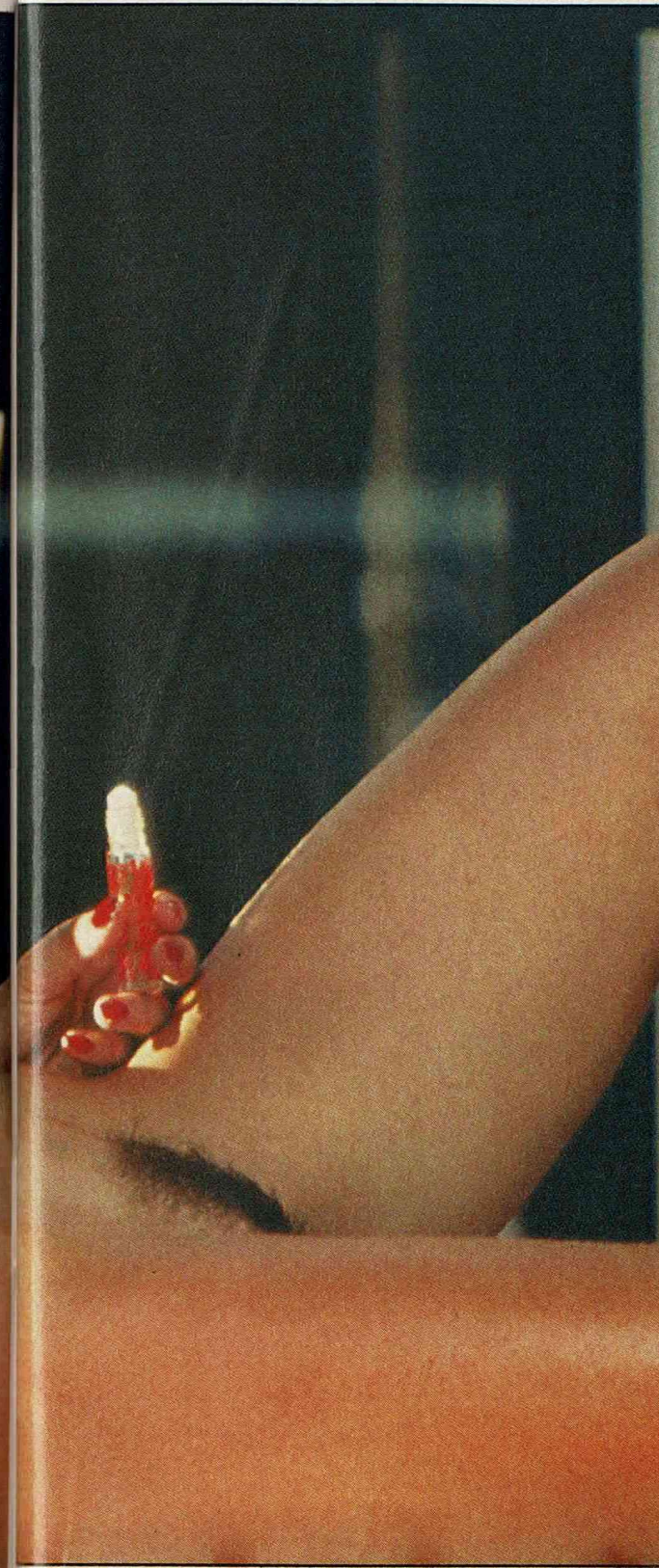
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WORLD OF PLAYBOY

top beauties from playboy editions world-wide

CORINNA



DEUTSCHE DOLLIES



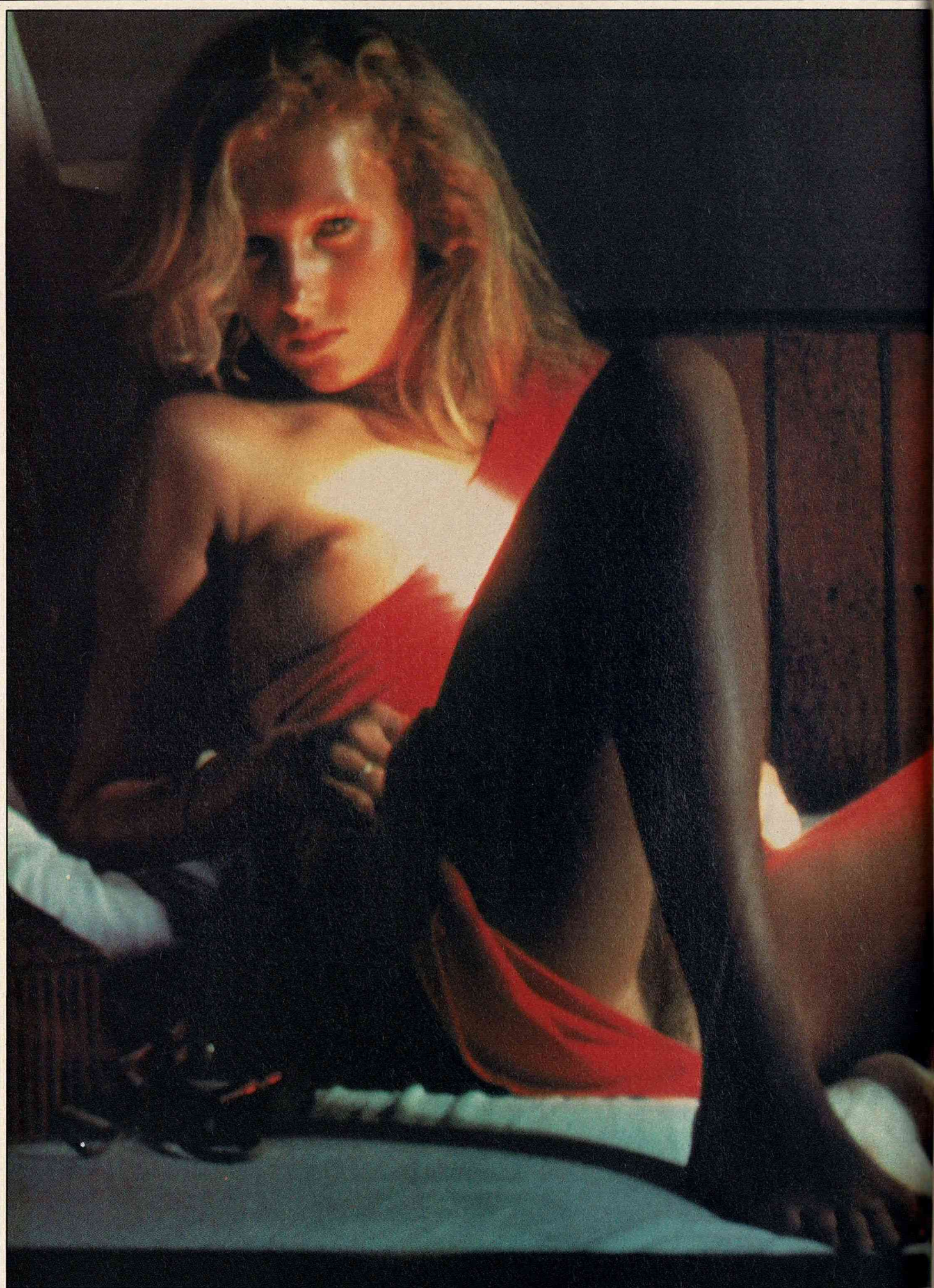
"Das ist gut, ja?" Yes, so says Fritz, casting a tired eye over the lovely liebchen Corinna, given to the world by Germany. She lives in Munich. Gorgeous. But still, two are better than one...

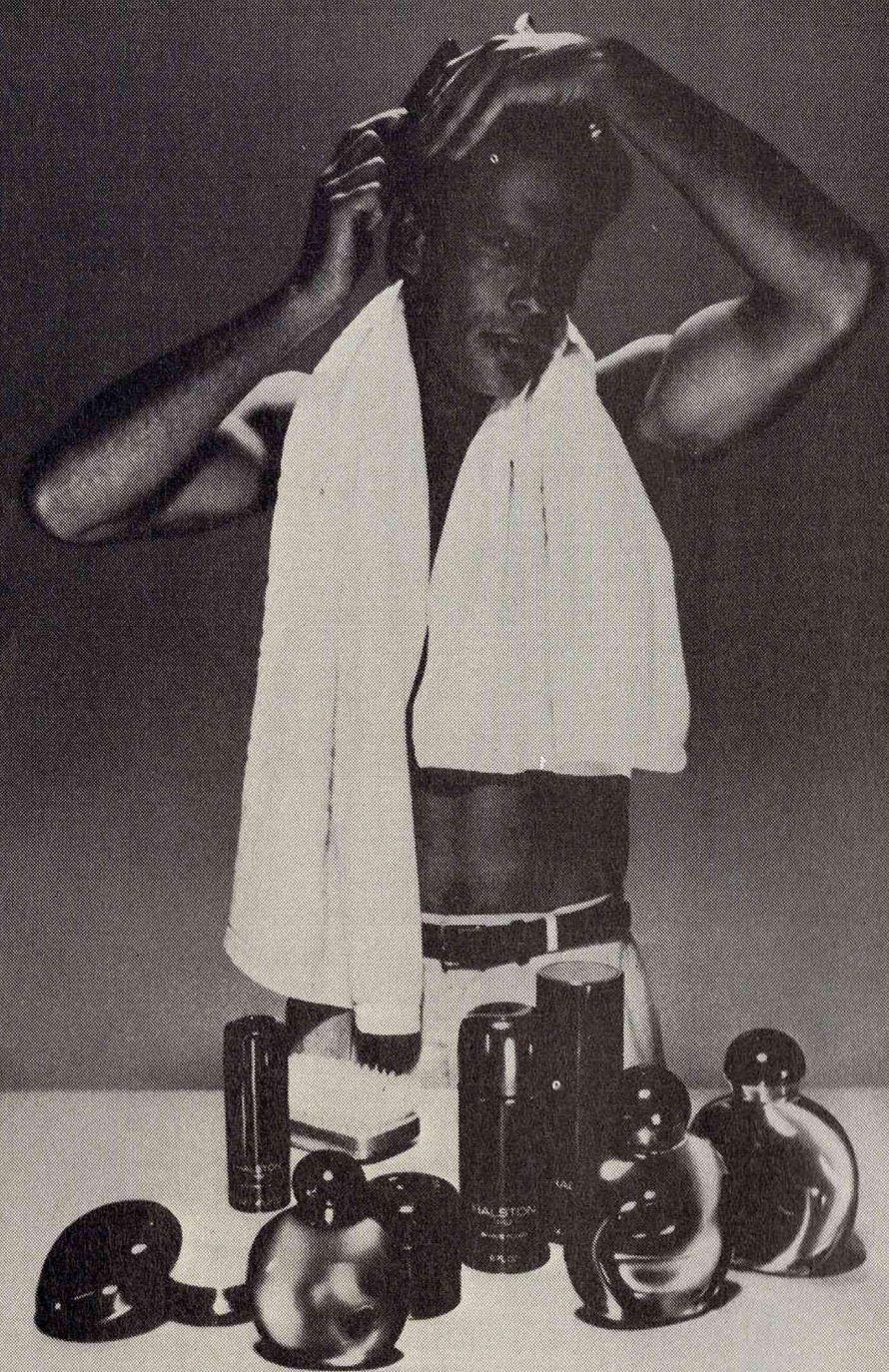
SYLVIA



Meet Sylvia, a Rhine maiden from Heidelberg, who Playboy caught on a Greek beach after she fled the northern cold to bask in Mediterranean sun. We're glad she did. Sylvia's sole ambition in life is to be unique. That she is already. A madchen out of the uniform.







HALSTON

1-12 FOR MEN

From leading department stores, selected pharmacies and perfumeries.



HALSTON

Z-14 FOR MEN

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

Do you think there is something wrong with me? Every time I get a scene going with a woman it seems doomed to last about a day and a half. Just when things are going great, and I'm starting to think about getting more involved, they always seem to come up with that old line about not wanting to get too serious, we better cool things for a while, etc. It's not that I'm asking them to get involved, just to keep on enjoying it while it's happening. They seem to turn off like that every time, so I'm wondering if I'm doing something wrong. Another approach, please? — B.Q., SA.

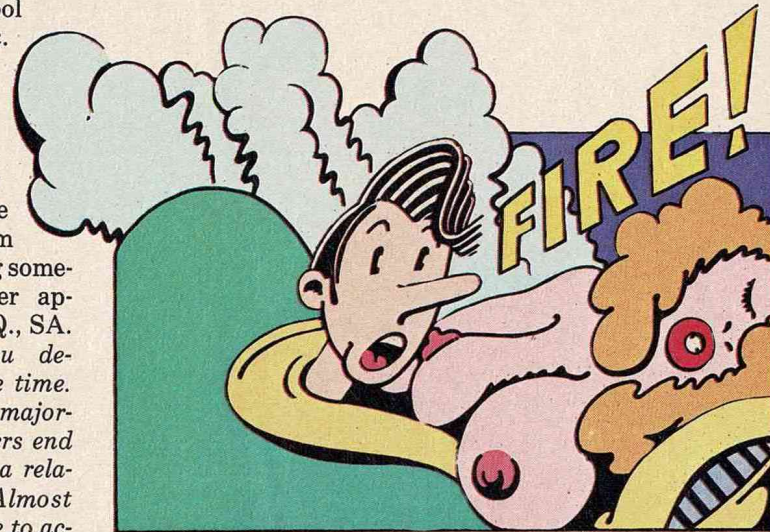
The situation you describe happens all the time. In fact, probably the majority of sexual encounters end in such a way, after a relatively short time. Almost all people now manage to accept this, and don't expect every single relationship that does come along to be the big one. Now and again one or other of these encounters may well turn into something longer lasting, but you lessen the chances of that happening by putting out the signals too early. If you dwell upon every so-called failure, and approach each new woman determined to prove something, you're just asking to be disappointed. Next time hang back a little, and give yourself, and her, time to enjoy the moment for its own sake, without any obsessive complications.

I'm a non-smoker, but most of the time it doesn't bother me if other people smoke. Still there is one exception, however, and that's in bed with my girlfriend. She smokes like a chimney, and even when we're well into foreplay, she will sometimes reach across the bed for another cigarette. I find it a real turn-off kissing her in the middle of a big cloud of smoke, and I also don't like having the cigarette waving around over my back when

I'm getting on with things. It's not that she tips ash on me or stubs it out in my ear or anything; it's just a pain in the arse. I've mentioned it to my girlfriend, but she says she can't cut down. I'd be grateful for your advice on this. — B.H., Tas.

As anyone who has ever tried to give up smoking will

crashed. The next morning, I not only had a sore head but incredibly sore balls. It was almost as if someone had kicked them, a horrible dull ache that lasted all that day, but thankfully was just about gone by the morning of the next day. Is there a medical reason for the pain I experienced, or do you think



inform you, the craving for another cigarette can make itself felt at the most inopportune moments. Your girlfriend's lack of care with her cigarette doesn't necessarily mean that she feels the same way about you. With just an occasional reminder, she should be able to at least keep from distracting you while you are trying to concentrate on more important pastimes. Generally speaking, though, you may just have to accept that smoking has an important place in the life of the girl you've chosen to become involved with, and decide whether or not you wish to go on tolerating it or make an issue of it.

A couple of weeks ago, I went to a mate's buck's turn where porn movies were shown, followed by two girls doing a sex act on stage. For almost two whole hours, I squirmed in my chair with a pounding erection, wishing I had the courage to jump up on stage. All I could do was drink more beer and hope I'd get brewer's droop. When I finally got home in the early hours, I just fell into bed and

that maybe someone did kick me in the balls that night and I was too drunk to notice? — L.W., NSW.

You had a classic case of Blue Balls or Lover's Nuts, a condition usually brought about by (to use the standard terminology) a genuine prick-teaser. It's caused by a prolonged sexual arousal without an ejaculation. You see, when a man gets turned on, the blood supply to the entire genital area, including the testicles and scrotum, is increased. And if it's sustained for too long without relief, you get Blue Balls (so-called because, in extreme cases, they really do turn a light shade of blue). This usually only lasts a few hours, but can go on for two to three days.

My problem is a fairly painful one, and is caused by my girlfriend having a fairly small vagina. The skin on my penis seems to get pulled back, and after a long session of sex it stays sore for a long time afterwards. My girlfriend says she has no problem with soreness, and doesn't seem to want to talk

about the problem at all. What do you think I should do? — C.W., NSW.

The most obvious answer to the problem is to use some form of extra lubrication, like KY gel, but it would also be a help if your girlfriend were to take some interest in what was going on. If she is so insensitive to your discomfort, it is difficult to understand what it is that is keeping the two of you together at all. Speak to her more plainly about the problem, and tell her you are going to do something about it. The extent of her co-operation should give you some idea of how much further the two of you are likely to go together or if it's time to call it quits.

To settle an argument, can you tell me if it's true that the rock singer Jim Morrison was once arrested for flashing on stage, and if so, did he go to jail for it? — H.H., Qld.

Morrison was convicted on charges of indecent exposure and profanity as a result of a concert the Doors gave in Miami on March 1, 1969. Reliable reports say that though Morrison took off his shirt and trousers, he left on a pair of rather baggy underpants, and never exposed an erection to the audience. The local police had other views, and charged Morrison with lewd and lascivious behavior, indecent exposure and excessive profanity, among other things. He was eventually acquitted of the lewd and lascivious behavior charge, but for the other offences was sentenced to a total of eight months jail. He never served time, however, as an appeal was immediately lodged, and he died some months before it was due to be heard.

I would like your advice on a problem that is driving me and my girlfriend crazy. I find that when I make love I never really come. My girlfriend nearly gave up on me the first time we went to bed

Put a normal station wagon in a spot like this and you'd have to pull it out again.

The elegance of the Subaru station wagon gives no clue to its remarkable dexterity.

It looks to be designed for miles of comfortable, economical motoring, as indeed it is.*

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This added traction, powered by its 1800 cc engine, allows it to go where the normal station wagon fears to tread.

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In addition to the standard 4WD there is also a dual range model. This has a second set of gear ratios, 46% lower than standard, giving a total of eight forward gears.

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SUBARU 4WD

Takes the rough with the smooth

together. I am only 17 so I wonder if I could just be a late developer? My balls are fairly small, and I only get a 12.5 centimetre erection, which seems to me to be a bit weak. Do you think there is something wrong with me? — K.S., SA.

Forget about size. It has nothing whatever to do with performance, and 12.5 centimetres is within the average range. Most problems of sexual performance are psychological in origin, and your worry that you might be physically ill-equipped could easily have been inhibiting you. Some people take longer than others to achieve sexual maturity, and at 17 there is no reason for you to assume that no further development will ever occur. Take it easy for a while, just enjoy what happens and stop trying to live up to some artificial standard of perfection. Nobody gets it right every time. Of course, it is possible that there is a physical reason for your problem, but there is no way we can comment on that on the basis of a letter. If you continue to feel that something is wrong you could consult a doctor. He will have dealt with lots of similar enquiries in the past, so there is no reason for you to feel embarrassed about it.

Can you please tell me if there is anything I can do to have more success at picking up girls? I don't seem to be having much luck at all at the moment, and I'm starting to get a bit desperate. I've mostly been trying singles bars and similar places, where there are likely to be a lot of unattached women around. The trouble is, it's so hard to make an approach, and when I do finally build up the courage to go over and say something, it seems to come out all wrong. I feel very stiff, and embarrassed, and the conversation never ends up leading anywhere. What can you suggest? — A.L., NSW.

Your problem is a fairly common one, and can be helped by a slight change of attitude. Next time you find yourself in such a situation,

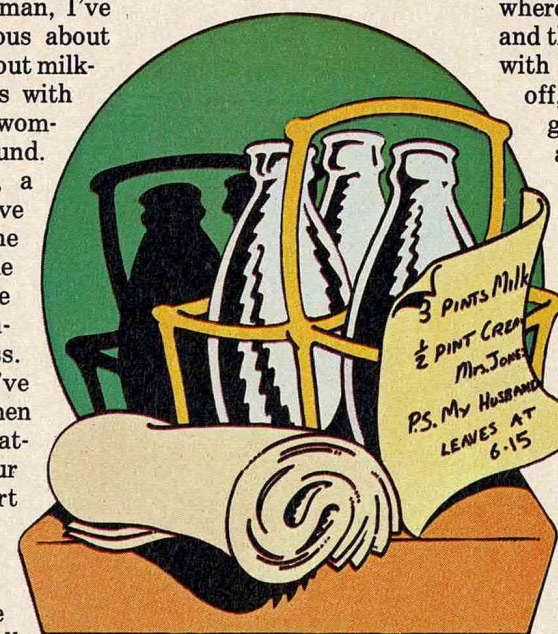
remind yourself that if a woman has come there alone, then it is because she wants company. She is likely to be just as interested as you are in striking up a conversation and seeing what does develop. You are not making a nuisance of yourself by approaching her, neither are you chancing humiliation if nothing comes of it. Relax, and try not to give out signals of your desperation. That is the one thing likely to put her off.

Having started working recently as a milkman, I've become very curious about all those stories about milkmen having affairs with practically every woman along their round. In my experience, a milkman has to move so fast to get all the milk delivered he just wouldn't have time to mix pleasure with business. Also, from what I've seen, most women don't look very attractive at that hour of the day. Apart from that, most husbands tend to be still hanging around early in the morning. Why all those stories? — W.B., Vic.

We think the legend of the randy milkman has its roots in an earlier, more leisurely age. For in those days the milkman, with his slow moving horse-drawn float, was expected to take his time. It was also a more hospitable era, and people were quite likely to invite him in for a cup of tea, and whatever else might develop. In older days, too, most people began work earlier in the day than they do now, so the husband's exit for work was quite likely to coincide with the milkman's arrival, a convenient arrangement for all concerned. Of course, all the stories have become somewhat embellished over the years, partly due to the old music hall comedians.

Do you have any suggestions as to how I can persuade the girl I live with not to take up weightlifting, for

keeping fit is all very well but building herself up like Arnold Schwarzenegger is another matter. I'm not so much worried about her ending up being stronger than I am, as I am what she'll look like after she's been into it for a while. I know people say that weightlifting doesn't have the same effect on a woman's muscles as it does on a man's, but on the other hand, I've seen some pretty rugged looking lady weightlifters, and I don't think I want one for a girlfriend. I'm extremely crazy over this



special lady, and I'd hate to lose her, but if she goes through with her plan to become a superwoman, I don't know what else I'll be able to do but split. What should I do? — T.G., NSW.

You may be enlarging the problem out of all proportion with your fear that your girlfriend is going to do likewise to her body. There is a certain amount of truth in what you were told about the effect of weightlifting on a woman's muscles, and unless your girlfriend already has an unusually robust build, she is not going to develop into an incredible hulk, no matter how much iron she pumps. Her muscles will become a little larger, but much more clearly defined, and whether or not you find that attractive is a matter of individual taste. You can urge her not to do it, of course, but if she becomes completely dedicated to the

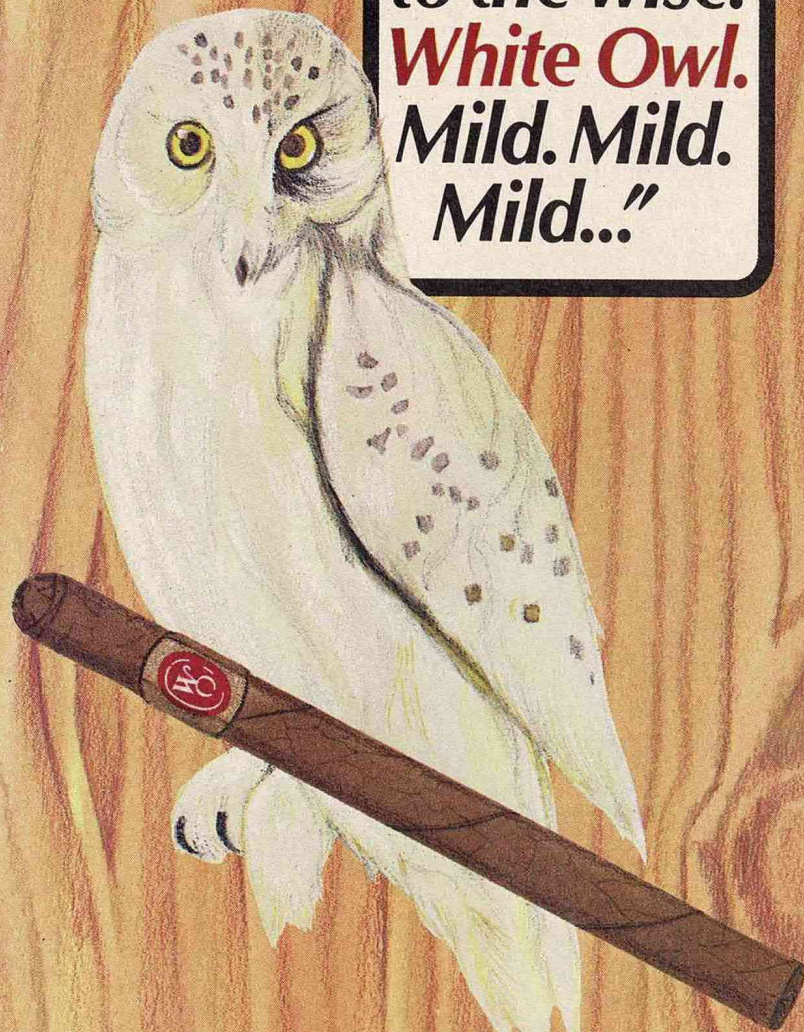
activity, you may just have to accept that it is a major part of her life. Her attitude could prove to be one of "love me, love my biceps."

Do you think there is anything unusual about a woman who claims she can only get really turned on by watching her lovemaking on video? A lady I have been seeing lately has a video camera and screen rigged up in her bedroom, and won't do anything at all unless it's operating. She insists on always being in a position where she can see the screen, and the one time I got fed up with the thing and turned it off, she obviously didn't get any satisfaction at all. It's not an action replay that she goes for, but a live telecast, so that she can see every single action at the same moment that it's happening. I enjoy screwing her, but find her behavior weird. How does it strike you? — K.F. Vic.

Your lady does sound like a true child of the electronic era. It may be that she has become so used to experiencing life by way

of the television screen that she is no longer able to accept that something is really happening unless she sees it on the box. In the case of sex, though, we would have all thought that there were other ways of confirming that something was going on. She may be just the sort of person who gets bored very easily, and likes to have lots of gadgets round to distract her, though we can see that a sexual partner could find this hard to take. If the equipment doesn't detract from your enjoyment, and enhances hers, there is probably no reason to worry about it, as long as everything is functioning correctly. We have heard of cases where video freaks living in blocks of flats have found their signal inadvertently picked up by the neighbors' television sets, and in your particular case that could be slightly embarrassing. So if

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any of your neighbors start looking at you in a peculiar way, then I think you'll know the reason why.

Are you able to say whether sexual arousal has any effect upon the eyes? I know eye contact is one of the most effective ways to get started, but I also think there is some definite physical change that occurs in the eye, though I can't quite work it out. During sex, I've noticed that women get a special look in their eyes when they are stimulated. Has this theory ever been analysed? — N.M., WA.

The look you refer to has partly to do with the eye's response to anything of interest, not just something sexually appealing. Any time you see an image that is exciting, your pupils become dilated, and as sexual images are among the most exciting of all, that wide-eyed look is a central part of the action. Later on in the sexual scenario, there may also come that dazed, abandoned look of complete satisfaction, as if the eyes are focused on Mars — but that's another story.

Can you please help a mixed-up girl? For the past four years, I have been going with one guy, the only man with whom I have ever been seriously involved. Now we're on the verge of splitting up, and I don't know what to do next. I have always been attracted to other women, and have sometimes thought of sleeping with one. Many of my women friends are gay, and I enjoy their company and their way of life. When I see them all together, I sometimes envy them, wishing I was in their place. I'm wondering if this means I'm a latent gay or just afraid to get involved with another man. Do you think that I should sleep with a woman? — B.B., NSW.

Do whatever you feel like doing, but don't do it just to fill in a gap. Four years with one man obviously will have had a big effect on your life, and after splitting with him you will inevitably find a few problems in adjusting to being on your own again. If other women turn you on, there is no reason why you shouldn't explore that sort of relationship as long as you know what you are doing and aren't going to be made to feel guilty by any deep-seated hang-ups you might have. Nothing you do now commits you to any particular style of behavior in the future. You remain free to choose.

The Playboy Adviser will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to Playboy Adviser, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

WISE WEST

Your interview with Morris West (PLAYBOY, June) was a fascinating study of a man who seems to have a knack of really knowing what is just around the corner; it's almost prophetic.

Let's look at his past publications and what is still to come. *The Shoes of the Fisherman* dealt with a pope from behind the Iron Curtain. Today we have one.

Proteus: on official terror from the Left and the Right. Today it is endemic. Witness the recent assassination attempt on Pope John Paul in St Peter's Square.

The Devil's Advocate: on the questioning of a priest honored by the traditionalists within West's church; a book which pre-dated the Second Vatican Council of the '60s, the greatest questioning exercise that church has ever seen. Now, Lord help us, we have *The Clowns of God*, which deals with a pope predicting armageddon to a disbelieving world.

I'm beginning to wonder whether West has read Nostradamus or any of the other 16th century thinkers who predicted the coming end. The last pope but one, Paul VI, was predicted as being the fourth last in the line and identified, in the 16th century, as being a north Italian who had a flower for his emblem. Paul VI was from the north and his emblem was a fleur-de-lys (a French lily).

The third last was predicted as being "the briefest comet". John Paul I reigned for only 33 days.

The second last pope, the present one, was described as a "foreigner". He is, of course, the first non-Italian pope in 400 years and is Polish-born.

And the last pope? He, according to the 16th century prophets, would be of Roman birth, baptised with the name of Peter (the same name as the first pope) and when he died amid a siege of

Rome the four horsemen of the apocalypse would quickly follow.

In the meantime, Morris West and the rest of us might as well enjoy what's still going.

Clive Steele,
Maroubra, NSW.

OFFICE RELATIONS

If you've ever wondered whether many of those office romances ever become anything more than mere on-the-job flirtations you can take it from me that a good proportion of them do. Among the five jobs I've had in the past 12 years was one situation with an air-conditioning company which did a great deal of inner-city work. Being involved with the installation and maintenance side of the operation, I spent a good deal of time scrambling around on roof tops and normally inaccessible parts of city office blocks. So as not to disturb

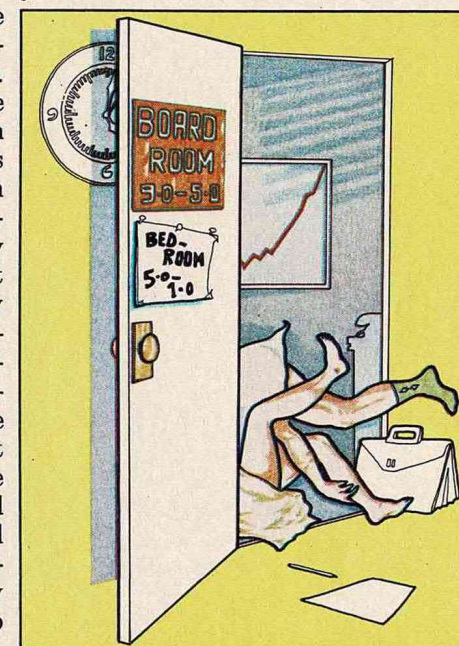
the office staff too much, we would often confine the most awkward of jobs to lunch breaks and after hours.

By mere chance this gave us the odd glimpse into windows and offices when the occupants assumed they had complete privacy.

In this way, we often accidentally stumbled upon the realisation that inner-office screwing is almost as natural to life as the coffee break. In a period of a fortnight contract on one large building we tumbled to four office "sex breaks". One certainly resembled the classic secretary and employer coupling, another involved a young miss who (by our count) was having it off with at least three different fellows on designated days, another had a young guy

who could hardly have been out of the mail room stage having it off with a much older secretary type and the fourth was a very young couple whose romance obviously could not take time off for office work. These couplings took place in various places including an office stationery cupboard, the basement, in a locked office and the ladies loo.

I have often joked about these "sitings" with other maintenance men and a few



of them have had similar experiences. This left me wondering if inner-office screwing is so prevalent and probably good for worker morale, perhaps all employers could consider supplying far better facilities — such as bedrooms — to accommodate rampant passions.

M.V.R.,
Randwick, NSW.

WORK AND PLAY

What sort of sex life can a guy lead when he's holding down two jobs? That was one of the problems I faced when I decided to take on a restaurant job in addition to my normal daily book-keeping routine. The problem became pretty obvious in the space of a fortnight when my six-nights-a-week restaurant call made my girlfriend

realise that she would see very little of me.

So, she came around one day, picked up her electric frying pan, toothbrush and record collection, and left the key on the dining table with a "Dear John" note. I was a bit crushed but too busy to let it get me down. Besides, I was getting along fine with a lovely young student working part-time at the restaurant and we had already been out after work for a few drinks.

Additionally, my big plan was to save enough brass for an overseas trip and the social whirl of my former relationship had placed too many demands on my small bank account.

Three weeks after starting at the restaurant we had a big after-work feast to celebrate the boss' birthday. It was a real blow-out for staff, family and our steady customers and I lost count of the bottles of French champagne we demolished. The big party finished near dawn and as I was pretty whacked I accepted an invitation for coffee and some quiet at my friend's house.

We both slept for most of the Sunday (our day off) and during the waking hours, spent some fine times together in and out of bed. I rediscovered my flagging libido and for more than the obvious reasons, the lady and I now share the same flat. She will complete her degree at the end of the year and after that we'll both have enough cash to make that overseas trip — a long one, together.

R.E.H.,
Camberwell, Vic.

SNOW BUSINESS

The skiing feature in your June magazine was excellent and, to put it mildly, extensive, ranging as it did from the available slopes of the Snowy to the out-of-this-world wonders of St Moritz.

I particularly liked the local story written by Denby

R.M. Williams

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WRITE FOR THE FAMOUS R.M. WILLIAMS CATALOGUE

Browning — he obviously knows his snow. Browning's guide was valuable for the inexperienced, written as it, perhaps, was by someone who has made many of the same mistakes himself — "to prevent frostbite, woollen gloves are useless" — or else he has observed others falling into the same traps. The work was also comprehensive, recognising that many PLAYBOY readers, such as myself, cannot afford "high-cost performance", and lean more toward "low-cost efficiency". I'll keep the guide close by as I take my first, faltering steps towards the snow.

As for Piste Off Overseas (where did you find that marvellous headline?), it was cream on the cake.

T. McN.,
Surry Hills, NSW.

THE MANY MINORITIES

Your article, Sydney: Gay Capital of Australia (PLAYBOY, May), was an absorbing study of what just might be the most put-down minority group in this country. But that statement immediately raises the question: "What about all the other groups, such as the Aborigines?"

Indeed, and what about that part of society that the male gays appear to show little or no interest in... Australian women? If one is to listen to the Germaine Greers of this world, and it's hard not to hear them, our women have been put down many times over many years.

Then there are the ethnic groups of the post-war migration wave. Gone are the days when they labored under the insulting labels of "reffo" and of "wog". We have even lost the expression "the new Australian", realising, hopefully, that in this ancient land, everybody post-1788 is "new".

In the '70s, another part of society was added to the list of minority groups: the unemployed, particularly the young. That decade gave us the foul term "dole bludger", used to describe those with which an inefficient economic system could not cope.

In the case of the youthful unemployed the expression was deeply unjust, being one of a number of catalysts which drove too many of them to seek an escape through the agency of mandrax and, in our larger cities, Melbourne and gay Sydney, through prostitution at St Kilda and Kings Cross.

Not too many years ago Catholics in this country, particularly of Irish extraction, used to see themselves as being put down by a "ruling class" soaked in British Protestant values.

And in the last century the Chinese on the gold fields were, in the literal sense, a persecuted minority.

Many trade union leaders today are not slow to speak loudly in defence of

"the workers'" enchained by those "expense account, bludging bosses". There are some bosses in this country who see themselves as being persecuted by their own staff.

Then there are the small businessmen who "never get an even break", the farmers on whom it never rains, the teachers who can't communicate in a "meaningful way" with the children in their care (ditto for parents), the husbands whose wives won't let them enjoy a few beers with the mates after work, the wives who cook a hot meal each night and, alone, watch it grow cold.

In short, we're all in the same boat and everybody is, or has been, part of a put-down minority group. Only some more than others. Which ones? Take your pick.

Simon Neal,
Edgecliff, NSW.

SPORT FOR MONEY

I blame the swing toward the hyping up and staging of sporting confrontations, as described in Blood Money (PLAYBOY, June) on public apathy. Let's face it, sport was conceived for playing, not watching, but the current generation is a mob of spectators rather than participants. For that reason we have no right to express any real alarm when a heavily-promoted event fails to live up to expectations. Our frustrations would not be as severe if we provided ourselves with our own sporting outlets, instead of just watching.

Really, promoters have been rigging sport for years, and the public is always bound to get ripped off. The movie *Raging Bull* illustrated just how organised and sinister it can become in a sport such as boxing. However, in *Iberia*, James A. Michener's guide to Spain and to Portugal, the author asserts that bullfighting is probably even more exposed to rigging or staging than boxing.

There are very strong forces at work now, particularly through the medium of television, to make us watchers rather than players and it's hoped that the bulk of the public will overcome such pressure.

After all, playing social squash, tennis, basketball or any competitive sport is far preferable than lounging in an armchair getting fat, often coned by lousy promotions.

Furthermore, competitive sport is a far more enjoyable form of exercise than slogging it around the block every morning in the holy name of jogging to get fit.

A. Taylor,
Fortitude Valley, Qld.



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ONCE UPON a time, in the wonderful kingdom of Zob, in a pretty little gingerbread castle surrounded by a rose garden, there lived a King and a Queen and their two very beautiful children, the Prince and Princess of Zob. All was not roses in the garden, however, for the King, ever since the birth of the Prince, had been quite unable to satisfy the ferocious lust of the Queen, his consort. As a consequence the Queen had fallen into the habit of incessant nagging of the King, of taunting him with his weakness, of sarcastic jokes at his expense and of humiliating him, even in public places.

The deep bitterness of the Queen had so affected the other women of the royal household that all of them, without exception, made aggressive, lustful, even downright cruel sexual demands upon their men. Shrewish chambermaids had exhausted the valets and pageboys with their preposterous demands and the milk maids of the royal dairies had all resorted to taking whips to the grooms of the royal stables. The Princess had seduced the Prince into an incestuous relationship and, when she had achieved her wicked aim, turned all of her scorn upon the poor Prince and then mercilessly compared him with their father, whose own serious shortcomings were known far and wide.

The King had fallen into the habit of taking long solitary rides on his horse to escape the unpleasantness at home.

"Ah woe is me," he would mutter as he rode slowly along, hanging his head.

One day as he was wading his horse across the shallow river in the bottom left hand corner of Zob, a magic fairy suddenly appeared from the babbling waters. He perched on a rock and addressed the King in the most impudent manner possible.

"King," said the fairy, winking his left eye. "I do understand you are in need



of the services of a really good fairy?"

"Fairy?" gasped out loud the King. "But I can't even satisfy a Queen."

"Well, King, you've come to the right fairy. All it takes is one wave of my magic wand and you will have the sexual powers of that horse you're riding."

"Really?" said the King, much impressed. "This is my best stud stallion."

"Nothing to it, King. One wave of my magic wand and you will be as potent as the horse. Of course, you won't be able to put him out to stud any more."

"Never mind about that," said the King, very excited. "You mean you are able to exchange my potency for the stud horse's?"

"Right, King, and won't he look silly?"

"Who cares about that horse? What about poor me? And what about those tight breeches that we Kings have to wear?"

"So start a new fashion," said the fairy with a shrug. "Wear robes. Listen, do you want it or not?"

"Certainly. By all means, wave your wand."

So the fairy waved his magic wand and the King instantly felt great changes taking place in his royal person. He thanked the fairy profusely and then turned his horse about and galloped all

the way back to the palace, where he found the Queen in the rose garden, pruning her American Beauty roses. He leaped off his horse and threw her down among the rose bushes, stripped off his breeches and mounted her, ignoring her cries for mercy. Finally her entreaties moved him to compassion and he rolled off and lay quietly beside her.

"My God," she moaned, when she finally recovered her breath. "What has come over you?"

"I met a fairy," the King replied breathlessly.

"So that's it. You've been practising with queers."

"No no, no, my dear. You misunderstand me. A magic fairy who has given me the powers of a stallion."

"Well, well," replied the Queen, finding a new respect for her husband and already looking forward to the night.

The news of the King's new powers spread rapidly through the kingdom. The Queen was seen to go about her duties in a daze and this made the women of the royal household, particularly the Princess, increasingly scornful of their men.

"Why don't you go out and find that fairy?" she said contemptuously. "It's obvious you need some kind of magic."

The Prince was very despondent over this, and early

one morning, he set out to look for the fairy. He was riding across the river in the corner of the kingdom when once again the fairy popped out of the water and perched on a rock.

"Hello Prince," he said cheekily. "I bet you want me to do the same for you as I did for the King?"

The Prince was bashful. "Well, I can see you're shy, Prince, and I won't embarrass you. I'll just wave my wand and you'll be as potent as that horse."

The fairy waved his wand and the Prince felt a great change taking place, just as the King had done. Joyfully he turned his horse about and galloped back to the palace, jumped off the horse in the courtyard and ran up the stairs to the Princess's bedroom. The Princess was having her fair hair brushed before the mirror and the Prince then ordered the two maids from the room and threw the Princess on to the bed. He was a changed man.

Shortly, however, the two maids, listening at the bedroom and trying to peek through the keyhole, heard peals and peals of laughter coming from within. The Princess staggered to the door and opened it.

"Idiot," she just repeated over and over again. "Idiot! Idiot! Could not you even have the sense to ride a stallion instead of a mare?"

She rolled down the steps of the palace, weak with her scornful laughter, caught the Prince's horse in the courtyard and led it into the stables. From that day forward the Princess could not ever be induced to leave the stables, and eventually grew into an old and ugly hag who slept in the straw and galloped with the foals.

Later that same night the Queen, wandering in a state of amiable idiocy, fell from the high parapet and broke her back.

The King and the Prince lived happily ever after.



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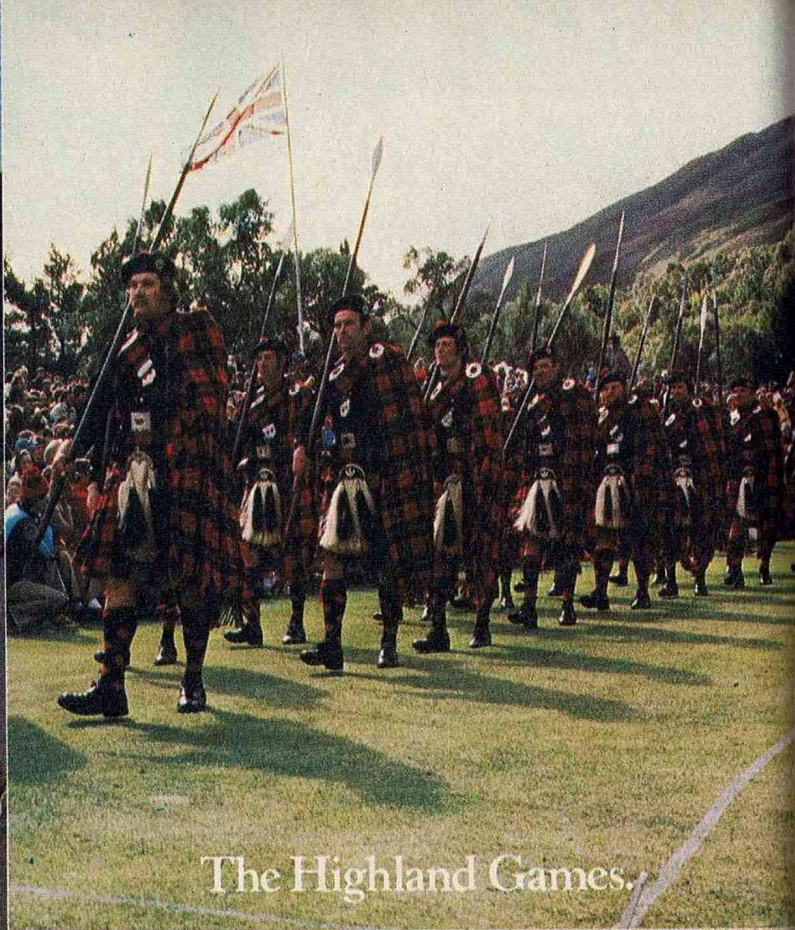
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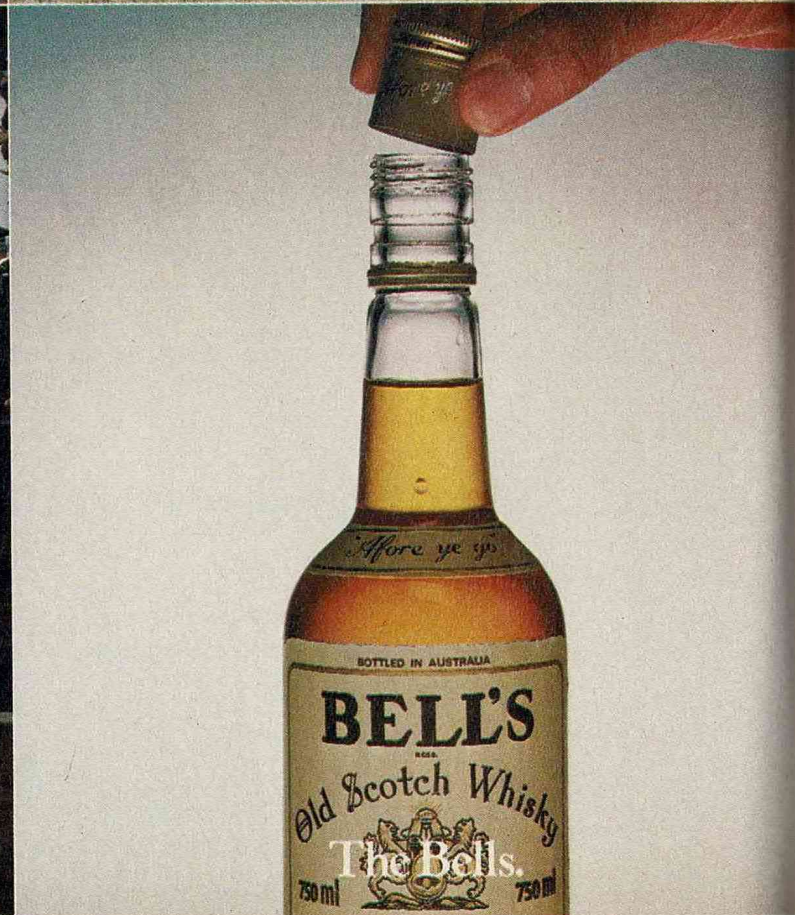
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Playboy Interview PAUL DAINTY

the entrepreneurial wunderkind with the midas touch moves into the centre court

PAUL DAINTY blushes when you suggest he is a dreamer. Yet he is the lineal descendant of a dying breed of businessmen — Sidney Kidman, Randolph Hearst, Andrew Carnegie and Lew Grade included — who possessed the ingenious ability to wield private fantasy into lucrative public reality.

At the age of 11, Dainty was tugging his mother's arm in the street whenever he saw a Rolls-Royce purr proudly by, saying: "Mummy, one day I'm going to have one of those." At 22, he was airborne for the Lucky Country, with a 10-year plan in his head that would change the face of rock concert presentation in Australia and line his pockets with gold along the way. The year was 1971. International rock tours in Australia had become almost non-existent — flacky, fly-by-night promoters, in it for the easy kill, and primitive performance conditions, had conspired to deter even the most destitute of acts from heading to Australia. Dainty's antidote to regain respectability and to wipe the slate clean was to maintain a regular supply of top acts, professionally marketed and presented. Work was paid for, mostly in cash, and as few toes as possible were trod upon. For several years he reigned unchallenged and, by the age of 27, Dainty had his Rolls.

Any competitors who came along, and plenty did, had to abide by

Dainty's rules. Living part of the year in his English home, rubbing shoulders with the rock 'n' roll elite, helped add to the almost mystical impression that everyone who was anyone was queueing up to tour for Dainty — and mostly they were. Paul McCartney, David Bowie, Mick Jagger, the brightest of the firmament. All except, and Dainty still regrets it, Bob Dylan, strutted their stuff for him.

Born on December 8, 1946, in the English county of Surrey, Paul Dainty was the first of three sons of a school-teacher mother and a civil servant father. An average student, more interested in devising pranks than in paying attention in class, his mother, still the biggest influence in his life, sent him to the Corona Academy, a school for budding actors. It was there he made his first thousand, in television commercials, as an impish kid.

But the true genealogical link to his future lay in Austin Gemmell, his maternal grandfather and a much-touted art director at Shepperton Studios during the heyday of British film. It surprised none when Dainty, who inherited more than Gemmell's physical demeanor, secured his first job at 16 on the floor of Shepperton Studios. There, working on the same sets as Joseph Losey, Stanley Kubrick, Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole, he hungrily, but quietly,

devoured their working techniques, storing the experience for time-release at a later date in another country. For films, and the idea of film production, remain Dainty's strongest love. Rock, though more than just a convenient detour along the way, is fast losing some of its challenge.

Rock music, so observers say, has diminished as a force in people's lives: it has lost its glitter and glamor; it's grown small and Dainty refuses to stoop. New Wave, for all its passion, is not exactly his style. He gave a taste of things to come with the Gold Challenge tennis bout between McEnroe and Borg, and next summer promises a further surprise. Already his television production company is working on a project, and there is always a film script upon his desk.

On the surface Dainty may seem the archetypal colonial imperialist — head and a fountain of dollars in Australia, heart in England — but now he is married to a beautiful and talented journalist, Suellen O'Grady, and he is contemplating taking out citizenship in the land that was uncharted enough to allow his vision to sprout. While he may have grown richer than most in the process, without him Australia would not be the important market it is in the international rock world.

As a person Dainty is an absolute loner. For this reason, not all of his



"I thought: 'What do I want with a poster on the wall saying Paul Dainty presents Bob Dylan when it cost me \$250,000 for the most expensive poster in the world.'"



"It's great to hit with Borg while all the pros like Laver and Gerulaitis are around watching. It was a bit nerve-racking to start with until I settled down."



"You've got to stand by your work so it's very important to make the deal you feel comfortable with and then you don't try to rip the act off — which a lot of promoters do."

peers like him — they can neither penetrate nor fault the man. But friendship is something he doesn't court and the real Paul Dainty is reserved to a loyal few. Charisma has been the quality which has always attracted him. He has remained a Catholic because: "Catholicism is the religion with the most charisma." But Dainty, small, slight and quiet, shows none of its obvious effects. Yet he is anything but moderate. He believes in saints, miracles, the impossible, and poses a mass of contradictions which have yet to be united.

He is at once innovative and ultra-conservative. In business, he's cold and clean; in private, warm, highly emotional and generous. He admits to being a suspicious person, obsessional about company security; however, as a friend his staying power is extreme. To penetrate the Dainty style, PLAYBOY sent writer, Karen Hughes, to interview him. She reports: "We talked at length in the permanent suite he keeps at the Melbourne Hilton, in the park he walks across to the city everyday, in the Boulevard Hotel in Sydney and in the plush offices of the Comedy Theatre — Dainty's own London Palladium. It all emphasises the fact that he is here to stay."

"Whether it had something to do with the fact that he is married to a journalist who had warned him not to 'clam up', Dainty was extraordinarily co-operative, accessible and as open as he could be. We talked when he seemed to be at a turning point in his career, about to make a giant step that would leave everyone breathless. Only when concrete ideas for the future came under dissection — ideas that could too easily be poached — did he become poker-faced."

"He proved the perfect host, giving me a taste of the treatment his stars get — the wine and dining, travelling each night to the concert in the silver-blue Rolls. Dainty is one of those rare people who have decided to create their own environment and had the nous to do so. Wealth sits well with him — he uses it to enhance the quality of life and doesn't understand the meaning of the word ostentatious. A camera and telephone fetish, a love of all things electric, is one of the few indications of a mad streak, and is a much more interesting side to his character than the staid public image. He interrupted our conversation to arrange for a surprise of three dozen red roses and a gross of chocolate Easter bunnies to be air-freighted to his wife in Sydney."

"More often than not he seems less the leisure-industry mogul and more the excitable boy, intrigued by the ease with which he makes his world

go round, and even more intrigued by others who can't follow suit."

PLAYBOY: You have now been doing business in Australia for the past 10 or 11 years. How has this country changed over that period?

DAINTY: I think it is tougher than it was when I first got here. Fortunately for Australia, everyone is now turning toward this place as a kind of new Europe where there is a lot of money to be made. When I came here 10 years ago, it wasn't like that. It was all still very fresh and new, much easier. I think if someone else came along now and started in the entertainment business the way I did, it would not happen for him. I think I got in at the right time.

PLAYBOY: Why is it tougher?

DAINTY: It is more sophisticated. The enormous advances in everything you can think of in terms of hotel accommodation, of production, of television and films, the sophistication of the record companies. They were very Mickey Mouse 10 years ago. It's on par with anything international.

PLAYBOY: What kind of money were you looking at from pop tours in, say, '71 and '72?

DAINTY: On some tours we were making several hundred thousand, which back then was a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: And that kind of money isn't made these days?

DAINTY: Very, very rarely. Very rarely. The deals are now too tight because everything has become so expensive and the acts have suddenly woken up to the fact that they are not really making that much money out of touring and they're not getting the same return now on the record sales. Millions of sales per album — like of *Rumours* by Fleetwood Mac and *Saturday Night Fever* — were things of the moment.

PLAYBOY: Are you conscious of any particular theme or approach that has helped you survive and succeed?

DAINTY: Just being thoughtful, careful. Having a gut reaction. Also, I've always been careful enough to make a good deal and look after the act fairly.

PLAYBOY: You have said money gives power. How do you use that power?

DAINTY: Could you be more precise?

PLAYBOY: It must give you most of the things you want in life?

DAINTY: Yes, I guess so. I mean when I think about all the details, it starts to sink in. If I want any little thing I can ring up and get a lot of things that, maybe, I don't have to pay for. Things people want to give me because it's good for them for me to use their product. That's good. But that's a plus of the business.

PLAYBOY: What about freedom? Does

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money give you freedom? Or, does freedom have a price?

DAINTY: It has none. That probably is the greatest thing it gives you.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree that you couldn't have done what you've done anywhere else in the world?

DAINTY: I think that if I hadn't come to Australia, I probably would have been very successful in England. I used my contacts in England to make my success in Australia. But I think that if I hadn't come to Australia, I would have had the opportunity to be as successful in England.

PLAYBOY: What do you think has been your greatest success?

DAINTY: I think when I was able to get Paul McCartney to come here. The show was great and to tour with one of the Beatles, you know, a legend in his lifetime. That was something I revelled in, and I think the tennis thing was one of my greatest personal thrills. To go over the top of every tennis authority and organisation that has tried to bring Bjorn Borg out here, and then put the number one and number two guys together, something everyone has been trying to do. They all talk about "I'm going to do this, I'm going to do that". That's why I prefer not to say too much, deliberately. Just to wait and deliver.

PLAYBOY: How did you get started in the promotion field?

DAINTY: I started with an enormous theatrical organisation in the UK. We were doing a small amount of business in Australia and I just latched on to it in the pop area. Some of the rock acts that we had coming down here returned to Britain with stories that the equipment was wrong. They were always waiting for money that was late and a lot of small aggravations. All the small things become monumental in an artist's mind. If I hadn't heard those conversations I probably would never have come to Australia. I would have been doing something in England, but I had an opportunity to come down here because one of our artists was here and there was no one around to help so I manoeuvred myself into saying: "Well, I will go", and before anyone questioned it, someone said okay. They must have thought I was really forward because I was fairly inexperienced at that age. I spent two or three weeks here then and I thought there was so much that could be done in Australia and that was when I made the decision. I went back and said Australia is a great area to make a lot of money in the rock scene. Why don't we set a separate division up — give me a third of the profits and I will run it and we will make a fortune. They obviously thought I was a cocky young guy. They said: "You

can have 10 percent of the profits." I said no, I want a third and they said no, so we started having a disagreement which became a heavy argument and I said: "Well, if I don't get the deal, I am going to leave." I was 21. They said okay, leave. I left with a couple of girls who worked with me. We opened up our office in a flat in Chelsea in London.

PLAYBOY: So that was the start of the Paul Dainty Corporation.

DAINTY: Yes. We started like that and I got a tour together very quickly. I had found out the Hollies were big here when I made the trip. So I brought the Hollies down here and we were successful. We made a lot of money straight away in a very short space of time. Then I brought the Kinks down here, and next it was the Beach Boys, briefly, then the Bee Gees, then Cat Stevens, who was the Neil Diamond of '72, and then the Rolling Stones. It all just snowballed, everything happened. We had a lot of

"Unfortunately, our business attracts the dregs. Ironically, the corruption has helped me a lot in getting my artists."

publicity in England about opening up in Australia and there was a lot of passing by word of mouth in the industry about how I had come down here and suddenly everyone was ringing me in London. We had so many acts then — business was so buoyant in Australia, just everyone wanted to see the shows. The media wanted to know about it, the radio stations wanted to know and costs were very low. You could build a stage for next to nothing, get everything done for next to nothing. We made a lot of money in a short space of time. So that was the kind of beginning, a lucky beginning if you like, which everyone needs in this business.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to fight for credibility in the beginning? You were extremely young and the Australian industry was quite corrupt, wasn't it?

DAINTY: Yes, and it is very hard when you are young. And when you look younger than you really are, it is hard to get people to take you seriously and that was a problem for me — certainly with some American acts in the beginning. I was always very conscious of looking younger than I really am. It may sound egotistical to say that, but

it's something you become aware of in the business.

PLAYBOY: When you originally came to Australia, how corrupt was the scene?

DAINTY: When I came to Australia, there hadn't been a lot of rock shows for five or more years. It was corrupt in the sense that most people still remembered the bad things done in the past. Managers ripping off bands. Unfortunately, our business attracts the dregs. It is one of those industries where people think there is a million bucks to make and they can make a million. Paul Dainty must be making a million dollars a week. Of course he is not. Ironically, the corruption helped me a lot in getting my artists.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't one of your tactics promoting yourself as much as you did the artists?

DAINTY: To a degree. I wouldn't like to think that I had promoted myself over and beyond the artist. The artist is what people come to see, not because I have my name on it. It is a trap one should never fall into. At that stage of building the company, I was trying to build up the name, obviously, because at the end of the day, all you have to sell is your reputation. That's the business that we are in. It's a service business. People go with you because they trust you or like you or you have a great reputation or a combination of all those factors and no other reason, so your reputation is what you stand and fall by.

PLAYBOY: How did you go about building up your name?

DAINTY: By just trying to do the right thing by the artist and going out of the way looking after him.

PLAYBOY: At one big concert that you did at the Showground in Sydney you were driving around in a limousine afterward with a bodyguard with cash and you paid everybody.

DAINTY: That's true. That was my idea. It was one of the Bee Gees' shows and I did that to show the people there was some legitimacy in the business. People were really taken aback. We would stop and say where's your bill, here is your money. In fact, we still do that today. We are still very conscious of not keeping people waiting for their money.

PLAYBOY: You've seemed to create a rather magical image, like you knew everyone who was anyone in the rock business and you were in touch with all those people constantly.

DAINTY: Which I was.

PLAYBOY: That was at the onset?

DAINTY: Yes, and in those days I was really into it. I knew most of the agents and managers anyway, and I heard the Rolling Stones were up for grabs. I was in London, met their manager and we were up there all

night for four or five hours talking. The deal was done there and then. That was big class to get the Rolling Stones in '73. As soon as you had done that, you had a calling card.

PLAYBOY: Jagger was a personal friend?

DAINTY: He is now. Yes. When I say a personal friend, we don't live in each other's pockets, but certainly every time I am in England, if he is there, we have lunch or dinner and talk about the possibilities of coming out here again before they give it away.

PLAYBOY: Is there a possibility?

DAINTY: There is always a possibility. I can't say for sure right now. Maybe when this interview is printed something might have been locked up. I hope so really.

PLAYBOY: Are they going on the road?

DAINTY: They are going on the road in Europe. They have just announced that. So when I get back [to London] in a few weeks, I will see Mick and I would be optimistic enough to say that there would be a good chance that they may tour here.

PLAYBOY: Because everyone thinks this will be their last tour?

DAINTY: I'm sure it will be. I am not speaking out of turn saying that. I'm sure if there is a tour in '82, or the end of this year, it will be the last trip. Mick is about 40 now and as he says: "I just can't imagine myself bopping

around the stage at 50." As young as he is for his age, people would come out of the woodwork to see him. Even if I wasn't doing it I would go, and I can rarely be dragged to a concert.

PLAYBOY: Do you think John Lennon's death has had an effect on touring? Do you think people are frightened?

DAINTY: Definitely in America. I'm certain people like Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Mick Jagger would definitely be paranoid about touring America, because as much security as you can have, if someone wants to get to you they can get to you as was proved with John Lennon. It was senseless. I'm sure they won't want to tour America right now because there is probably someone out there who will just lock it into his mind that he would like to get some headlines for whatever crazy reason. To get on the front page with a similar scenario as happened with Lennon.

PLAYBOY: So if they are a bit reluctant to tour America it could be beneficial to Australia?

DAINTY: I think so, because everyone feels very secure in Australia. When you go back to England you are in the middle of that European situation and you never know what is going to happen politically from day to day now. Anything can flare up. One feels more secure in Australia. It is the last place

to be safe in. It has never happened in England — a shooting or anything at a concert, but it could happen there. The feeling is building and it could easily happen. I'm glad to say I don't feel that could happen in Australia.

PLAYBOY: There is a story that when Abba were here, one of their entourage and you yourself did a reasonably good job of wrecking a hotel room in Perth? Is that true?

DAINTY: Unfortunately, I'll have to admit that is true, the Parmelia in Perth, and it has killed my image now for all time. I don't normally do that. I'll probably be thrown out of every hotel after this. Yes, we did and it was primarily me. Everyone wound me up a bit. Of course, it was the last night of the tour, and it had been a successful tour from every standpoint. I guess it was just a release of tension, if you like, the last show was over and everyone was in my suite, we had the whole floor of the Parmelia, the band, the entourage and myself, and some person mentioned something about throwing a chair out a window, which I promptly did. I have never done that in my life before and probably won't ever again. I then decided, with one of their entourage, that the suite needed refurbishing and wrecked it. I don't condone myself for doing it, nor do I suggest anyone else does it, but it was

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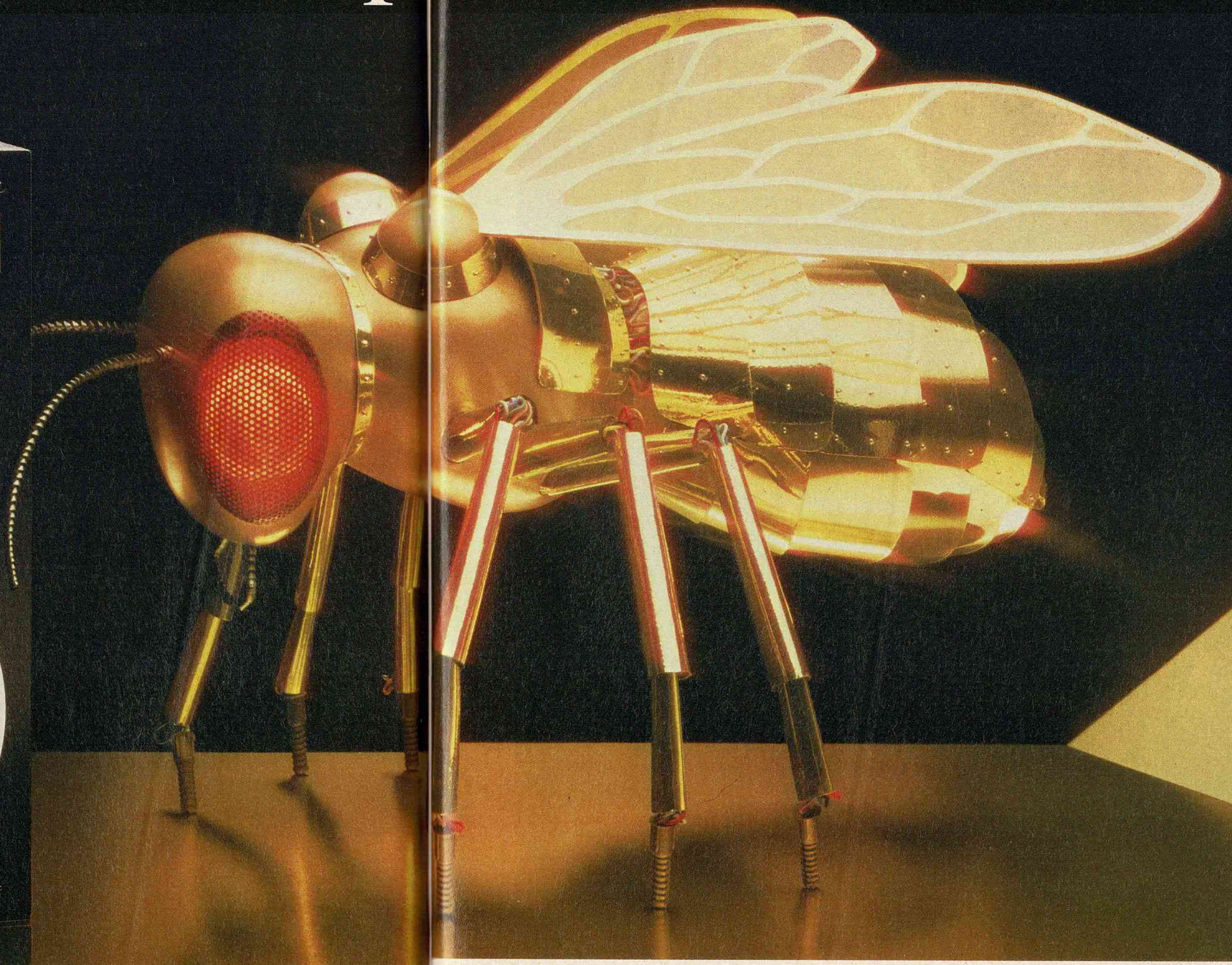
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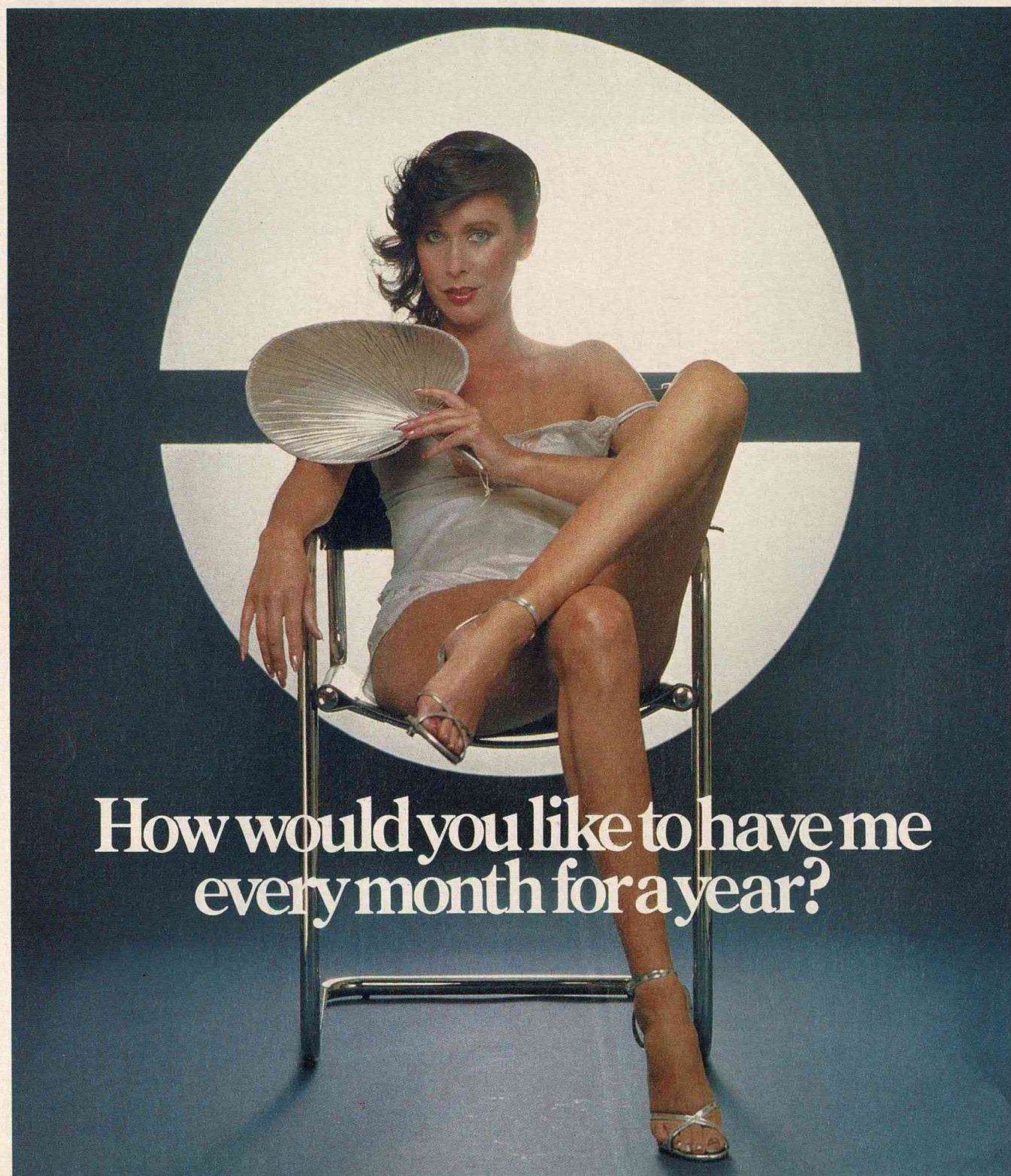


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just an incredible release of tension. Not tension from any problems that I had, but just maybe that whole thing of being on a high for the whole tour and it was an amazing buzz. It was almost like a mini-Beatles tour when Abba came, and that was for 24 hours a day, for three or four weeks. The phone never stopped ringing, I just used to put it down and it would ring, the hundreds of calls I must have taken on that tour. Even with people fielding the calls and checking who it was, it's unbelievable, so I was just mentally shattered, but satisfactorily so. It was just a great release of tension, a lot of fun. That was why I wrecked the suite and felt great.

PLAYBOY: Were there holes in the wall?

DAINTY: No, it wasn't wrecked to that point. I think it cost a few hundred dollars to fix up. The Parmelia management were not even prepared to believe it was the quiet Mr Dainty who did it. I had to tell them before they blamed anyone else. We have stayed there subsequently and we haven't wrecked any suites.

PLAYBOY: So you are not as moderate a man as you might seem?

DAINTY: I think everyone has their moment of being a bit outrageous. If you can't go out and get drunk once in a while and do something like that and release your energy, as cool as you are as a person, you're not human. I don't think there is anything terrible in that as long as you don't hurt anyone.

PLAYBOY: There is another story, that you and Santana's manager had a big practical joke thing going?

DAINTY: Oh yes, back in '73 we were at the Kingsgate in Sydney and someone, I forget how it started, one night after the show, someone started what the Santana group used to call their "famous water fights". They used to have these fights with water because they figured water can't do any damage, it can only dry out. I think one floor of the Hyatt was almost a swimming pool and there were lift doors opening and people were walking out with buckets of water and just throwing them at others. It was just incredible. Their manager at that time time was a huge guy, 18 stone or something, and he'd started this off. I got drowned several times that evening. At three or four in the morning everyone was "shattered" and had disappeared to their rooms and Barry, the manager, had passed out and was lying in a huge lump on his bed, he hadn't even got into it. So I got a pass key to his room and with two others just went up to him, and we had this huge bucket, it was mammoth, with iced water and I said "Barry" and he went "Uh" and I just said "Good Morning" and he looked up and the next thing he

saw was this cascade of bloody water coming, gallons of iced water all over him. Well, he couldn't move. It was like having an ice cube put around you. It drowned the bed completely and he just lay there in a "quag" and we walked out of the room and as we made our exit, the carpet went slurp, slurp... everywhere, the whole way through the lobby and the outside areas near the lift. It was unbelievable. So that was that, and it is not as funny explaining it to you as it was at the time, it was quite hysterical. We had a lot of fun out of it. The Hyatt bought 144 electric heaters and spent a month drying it out. We paid for a couple of new beds and bit of new carpet. I forget who paid, I think we split it 50-50, I think it was \$3000 and Santana and I split it.

PLAYBOY: Of all the stars that worked with you who, in your opinion, has the most charisma?

DAINTY: I think probably there's not just one, but several. People like Paul

"Kiss lost a lot of money. Who knows? Gross more than two million and lose two hundred grand. Crazy business, isn't it?"

McCartney, Bjorn Borg, Mick Jagger. Those are probably the top three who spring to mind.

PLAYBOY: You have passed over a number of very prestigious sounding acts. Take Bob Dylan.

DAINTY: I really wanted to do Dylan. But the deal became so tight. I had meetings with Dylan's manager in Sydney when he was over here. In fact we more or less made the deal. But, I must be honest, I got nervous. If a couple of things went wrong one could drop several thousand dollars and I suddenly thought: "Hey, what do I want with a poster on the wall saying Paul Dainty presents Bob Dylan, when it cost me quarter of a million dollars for the most expensive poster in the world." So I withdrew my offer.

PLAYBOY: Did you find the Dylan tour result justified your withdrawal?

DAINTY: It didn't lose the kind of money that I suddenly got nervous for. It lost money, there's no question. Plus the Sydney Showground was a quagmire — all that bad weather.

PLAYBOY: Where was the financial danger — Dylan's performance fee?

DAINTY: Yes. Unbelievable figures were offered to people like Bob Dylan

and Neil Diamond and the million dollar guarantee was becoming a norm.

PLAYBOY: A million dollars for a tour?

DAINTY: Yes, a million dollars guaranteed for a tour of Australia and it was becoming like America, "Oh, run down to Australia. You can make a million bucks." And when, say, Neil Diamond gets that, every major act who thinks he's of a comparable standard expects the same guarantee. The manager says, hey, I'll get you a million dollars from Dainty and that's a lot of money. It's just the fee plus everything else.

PLAYBOY: Airfares?

DAINTY: Yes, if you look at it from a business standpoint, it's a crazy risk. You're much better off if you've got a reasonable amount of cash to leave it in the bank and go on holiday.

PLAYBOY: You are said to be ruthless businessman — are you?

DAINTY: Let me think about the word ruthless. I'm ruthless in the sense that I believe you should make a really careful deal with an act. If the deal's not right at the beginning it doesn't matter what you do. You won't make any money. So you have to be ruthless in the sense it's a lot better to fight over the deal. Negotiate and get the deal that you feel totally comfortable with so that when you sign on the dotted line, or shake hands on the deal, you don't walk away thinking "Oh hell, I'm not happy." You go ahead with the project and in the back of your mind you always think you are not happy with that one thing, but it's too late. You've got to stand by your work so it's very important, I believe, to make the deal you feel comfortable with and then you don't have to try to rip the act off, which is what a lot of promoters try to do — unfortunately.

PLAYBOY: So you don't have any difficulties saying no?

DAINTY: Occasionally I do, occasionally, sure. But you have really got to have that courage to pass. Otherwise you're not making any judgement about this business at all. It's like a record company signing every act. I don't want to sign a major act because they need it on their label. If the deal is wrong, if they can't make money on it, now is not the time to make that deal. There is no plus factor in it. All you'll be remembered for is the guy who paid a fortune to get that artist on the label or get him to tour for you. Nobody's really going to respect you at the end of the day. And it's all forgotten quickly.

PLAYBOY: Like the Kiss tour?

DAINTY: Yes, it's all forgotten. Kiss lost a lot of money. What for?

PLAYBOY: How much do you estimate the Kiss tour lost?

DAINTY: I reckon it's got to have lost

between \$150 and \$200,000. But who knows? Gross more than two million and lose two hundred grand. It's a crazy business, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: They never envisioned it would ever lose that much?

DAINTY: I did, always. And that was something very hard to pass on. Because everyone you talked to said you were wrong, they're going to do huge business. But I was convinced that they wouldn't.

PLAYBOY: Why was the Kiss tour such a bad deal?

DAINTY: The deal was too tight. The act was sitting in America and you've got several promoters after Kiss. Every guy that rings up, every promoter that rings up, the price goes up. They think the demand's enormous. I think the promoter is sucked into the fact that I must be the guy to do Kiss. His kids probably say, oh you've got to do Kiss, dad. You can't make a decision like that. Basically they didn't have that across-the-board appeal. They were in the wrong venue situation. In a couple of isolated States they did good business. But in that kind of deal you've got to do great business everywhere.

PLAYBOY: The tennis series seemed to be a major turning point for you in your career. Did it open a lot of doors?

DAINTY: Yes, that was probably the best thing that I've done in the 10 years since I've been in business. The most enjoyable thing because it was something different, being a tennis fan and being able to present the top two guys in the world and get involved with people like the Channel Nine executives, whom I enjoyed working with, and people one doesn't deal with on a day-to-day basis in my area.

PLAYBOY: How did it compare financially with the rock tours?

DAINTY: Well, it was profitable, we made money. There are a lot of people who think it didn't make money. It didn't make a fortune, but it made a few hundred thousand and you know that's fairly good. We could have made more money but we spent a lot of money trying to make it a super first-class event, and not make more by skimming corners. We didn't want to do that because I want to try to make it an annual thing. I didn't go into it just for the money anyway. I've been trying to get Borg out here for years.

PLAYBOY: You once said to someone: "I'm going to play tennis one day with Borg, even if I have to bring him out here to do it."

DAINTY: Yes, I did say that, and in Perth I did that very thing. Oh, I didn't win, of course, but he gave me a kind of hit up and a few pointers and then we had a short match and we did a couple of exhibitions over there with

Vitas [Gerulaitis]. This was being televised in Perth only, outside of the Gold Challenge we did with John McEnroe, and they filmed me playing with Borg. So I've got the video cassette forever. It is one of my prize possessions and has to be locked away. I mean, it's great to hit with Borg while all the other pros like Laver, Rosewall and Gerulaitis are sitting around watching. It was a bit nerve-racking to start with until I settled down.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you could have got the American rights to the tennis if Borg hadn't been over-exposed there?

DAINTY: No. I got Borg and then went after McEnroe because he was the obvious choice, to try to put the two together. One of the conditions in the negotiations with John's father, who handles his affairs, was that we didn't sell it to network television in the US. I agreed to that condition because it was never the criteria for me to make

*"I see the business
(rock) getting worse
before it gets better.
It's going to be
tough for the next
two or three years."*

the deal. We did, in fact, sell it to cable television as distinct from network television. It has been on in New York and it has been subsequently sold to 14 countries around the world.

PLAYBOY: What about next year?

DAINTY: I haven't decided yet. I'll be at Wimbledon and I am hoping we will have made a deal for them to come back anyway for another couple of years. I shall be interested to see how Wimbledon and the US Open shape up, as to whether we do another head-to-head confrontation. Yet no matter what happens I am sure Borg is going to be one or two in the world. I would really put my money on that. So either he plays John McEnroe, or we might make it a four-man event out of the top four guys in the world. However I haven't really decided yet. It is definitely going to happen next year, but the exact format is something just loosely in my mind now which I will formulate in the next few months and see how things shape up and see who is winning the events overseas.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in getting other sporting events?

DAINTY: Yes. I am really interested in getting involved in some English

soccer. Although there has been a lot of soccer in Australia, I still think someone could put on a soccer event like the Gold Challenge that we put on. Perhaps we might come up with a formula for putting on a special event soccer match.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned, off tape, about being coached in tennis on a regular basis so that you could play in celebrity matches.

DAINTY: One of my goals is to get a coach in Sydney, one in Melbourne where I live, and one when I am in England. The various key places I am during the year. Every day, or at least every other day, to have a couple of hours coaching to try to get to a super level so that, like in the States, a lot of the show business people here could have a celebrity tournament. I was thinking of maybe putting something together like that and trying to get everyone together. A lot of people in the business here are big tennis fans. A lot of them are good players.

PLAYBOY: Who?

DAINTY: I think Mike Willesee is a good player, people like him. Don Lane plays a lot. It would be fabulous to put on some kind of Australian celebrity tour every year. It would be fun and it would be great as long as the level was good.

PLAYBOY: How do you see the future of rock concerts in general?

DAINTY: I see them getting very tight, I see the business getting worse before it gets better. It's going to be tough for the next two or three years.

PLAYBOY: At this stage, a lot of Australian bands are making inroads overseas. Are people looking toward Australian music?

DAINTY: People are looking toward Australian music like they are to films, because the business is in such a rut at the moment all around the world. England used to be the leader for music, then America, and that's gone. There is nothing fresh coming out, so every unimaginative record executive and film executive overseas, suddenly, like sheep, have said, with the rare exception: "Oh, Australia's the place now." They are all looking to Australia to deliver the great new band. Certain bands — like the Little River Band — have been extremely successful in the States, but they haven't had that monumental success. AC/DC have had phenomenal success in the United States, much bigger than any other band so far. I think Australian music is going to crack it in a big way all over the world. Some Australian band is going to have a huge success, I'm sure of it.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in being a part of that?

DAINTY: I am, but not to the degree of

becoming a manager of an act, or getting too involved in that area. I would love to get involved, if I found something that excited me. But I'm interested in broadening my horizons — opening my mind to other things — I don't want to be talking to you in 10 years having just come back from the Capitol theatre doing some New Wave show. I think I'd rather get out than be doing that. Bore me totally. I don't regard it as music and I don't like it. I think it's shit.

PLAYBOY: And it seems like we won't see a lot of rock shows from you any more because...

DAINTY: Yes you will. That's not the case at all. I don't want to be quoted as saying that. I don't want to get out of the rock scene.

PLAYBOY: What about getting into the print media?

DAINTY: Yes, I'm very interested, but unfortunately, I will probably never get very far along the line with that, because as we all know two or three organisations have it all sewn up. But I am very interested in it and maybe an opportunity will come in the future. It's harder for someone like me, because someone like a Murdoch or a Kerry Packer can afford to pump with a magazine, and if it drops \$5 million, it's just petty cash.

PLAYBOY: Are you looking at films?

DAINTY: It is one of my real goals to

produce films. I would also really love to direct one. Whether I will or not in the future I don't know. You have to have a lot of confidence to be a super director, you have got to be very talented, so I will probably put that aspect to one side. Producing is like an extension of being an entrepreneur, anyway. I would like to produce a few films, but it is like everything, it is so easy to be associated with any bit of celluloid just to have your name on the screen, that it isn't really worth having. Also, I wanted to do the best with tennis so we got the best, which was Borg and McEnroe. And then there are great shows like Sky and Leonard Cohen that are very credible and great entertainment, but on a smaller scale, and give you a lot of satisfaction as well. It's given me satisfaction, the fact that I brought Sky out here, took the gamble. No one knew who they were when I first mentioned they were coming out. People thought I was crazy. They didn't know why I was doing it until they saw the show and then they got enthusiastic about it. It gives you a lot of satisfaction to do something like that. Unquestionably I'm responsible for breaking Sky in Australia.

PLAYBOY: What about your getting into television production?

DAINTY: Very keen on that. We are working on a couple of things in

the television area now. I would like to produce a few really controversial documentaries I have in the back of my mind, and some music specials.

PLAYBOY: Can you explain how the documentaries will be controversial?

DAINTY: There are many avenues of corruption in every society — Australia and overseas — and I would love to make a couple of documentaries on the subject matter that I have obtained — that are exposed — political areas and a couple of other areas, without saying any more than that really.

PLAYBOY: Where do you really feel most at home?

DAINTY: Well, I love England. You always love where you came from. Half of my family is still over there. I have a few relations in Sydney. My mother, brothers and father are in London. I must say I feel today more comfortable in Australia than I do anywhere else. When I go back to England for three months I love being there. I have a house there and I love that lifestyle and it is a change. I am getting to the point that if someone said, well make a decision, you have to decide where you are going to be, I think I would have a lot of pulling of the heart toward England but I think at the end of the day I would settle for Australia. I feel semi-Australian now. I am sure it is only a matter of time

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before I become an Australian citizen.

PLAYBOY: Why do you choose to live in Melbourne rather than Sydney?

DAINTY: I love Sydney. It is fabulous, but I feel comfortable in Melbourne, I've always been there since I first came to Australia. I think, maybe, I have a better attitude to the business being down there and not sucked into the hype that happens in Sydney. There is a lot more hype in Sydney than in Melbourne. I think you can make a better business judgement being a little bit away from it all.

PLAYBOY: What are your politics?

DAINTY: I am not saying that I voted for Margaret Thatcher or anything. But I want to remain a little more open-minded about her rather than be like everyone else in England right now and say Thatcher was the wrong thing. I would like to give her a little more time and see what happens because in politics even the prime minister has limited power, especially in England. I once used to be very conservative, quite Right, but I am much more liberal today than I ever was before. I am getting more so; I get very angered when I see things that happen. But I am still fairly young and middle ground. I am not Left-wing, by any means. I am a free enterprise, capitalistic person. At the same time, I think we should have a bit more equality for everyone. I suppose in a way I am more — if you like — an English Liberal: in between. I hope that this new party of Shirley Williams and Roy Jenkins will get somewhere because that would be an ideal middle ground. I would really like to see that rather than Left or Right extremism. Some sort of middle ground, still with free enterprise, a little bit of a combination of everything. This is generalising a lot, but it is basically my political belief.

PLAYBOY: What's made you more liberal in your political attitude?

DAINTY: I think Suellen [Dainty's wife] has helped me get more liberal. She is a very liberal person. She has made me be much more tolerant than I was before, more understanding and less selfish than I was. She is good. I am a hard person to change. So I like to think I am a lot more tolerant and don't get as angry or as extreme in certain views as I have previously.

PLAYBOY: Suellen is still a working journalist at the present?

DAINTY: I think that is important. It would be awful if she was just stuck at home doing all those things a woman is expected to do. I don't expect her to do all those things compulsorily; she does them because she wants to. It's good for her to have her own career. She loves her writing, her work. It is very important for her

to be stimulated like I am stimulated in my own career and then we can stimulate each other. I enjoy the fact that she works. So if I am busy or whatever, she is able to have her interest as well. I think it is very important to recognise that women have the opportunity to work and aren't expected to be at their kitchen sink. You know, even if in the future, we are lucky enough to have children, I know that she will be as a mother should be to the children. But I also expect her to have her days off from it and not be stuck seven days a week or she will just go crazy. I think if more people had that attitude, their marriages would last longer. Especially in the industry I'm in. All the odds are against your marriage working.

PLAYBOY: You waited quite a long while to get married?

DAINTY: Yes, a long time.

PLAYBOY: You were 33?

DAINTY: No. 32. I always had this thing, when I got married, I wanted to

"There are a lot of hypocrites who go to church every Sunday and then spend the whole week screwing everyone."

get married in a church and be married once and once only. I am sure, I hope, that we will remain right.

PLAYBOY: In fact, you got married in more than a church?

DAINTY: Yes, in the Vatican. It was fabulous to do that. That was just something else. It kind of overawed you for a while, made you feel very holy. Not that we are both totally practising Catholics, but we believe in the Holy Spirit. I want to bring the children up as Catholics.

PLAYBOY: Did you find yourself at Mass last Sunday?

DAINTY: Having said that, I didn't. I don't believe that you have to go to church all the time to be a good person. There are a lot of hypocrites who go to church every Sunday and then spend the whole week screwing everyone. And then going back and confessing the following Saturday and being forgiven for what they just did. And carrying on their life just like that. So it is not obligatory to go to church every Sunday to be a good Christian or a good person.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult to organise a wedding in the Vatican?

DAINTY: It was. If anyone wants to get

married in the Vatican, just contact me, I will tell them how to short-circuit the whole thing. It is every Catholic's baptismal right to be married in the Vatican. To actually go about it is like walking through a maze trying to find the right priest or church official to speak to. They try to put you off getting married there because they don't want too many people. They try to say: "Get married in your own parish." I was determined to. So I just contacted a lot of people and eventually snowballed everyone enough and got the right names. I went to Rome twice to fill out papers and to go through all the motions. Eventually, like everything, if you are determined to do something you can get to the source and get it to happen. I eventually got it all happening.

PLAYBOY: But you slipped up by not actually having the Pope marry you.

DAINTY: Well, I slipped up there. But we saw him when we were over there. I am sure if we had another year to get it all together, it could have been manoeuvred, I am sure it could have been accomplished.

PLAYBOY: To return to rock, concert tickets have gone up recently from the \$12 mark to the \$15 mark. Can you predict a further increase?

DAINTY: I do think that there are going to be further increases. Ticket price increases have not gone up in line with inflation and all other costs. I see the \$20 ticket for a concert is not far away as the normality.

PLAYBOY: More expensive seats and higher costs. Rock is no longer just one big party?

DAINTY: It was a challenge before. Everyone looked forward to the show and then the after-show thing, but now it is like everyone's searching every day for something exciting to happen. I suppose we've all grown up a bit as well. And there aren't the new people, not only in acts, but new promoters coming along who want to build a company like I've built. The business was very buoyant when I started, it was the crest of a wave. It's not like that anymore and it's not going to be like that again.

PLAYBOY: Can one really tell?

DAINTY: I don't think it will ever be like that again, ever. At least, not in our lifetime.

PLAYBOY: It began in the '60s, but it was still young...

DAINTY: The Beatles, the Who and all those Liverpool acts and that sound, the Mersey sound, great stuff, great songs. I mean — where are the great rock songs now? There aren't any, or at least, they seem to be very few and far between.

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THE BULLETIN



THE GREAT TINNIE TEST



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IT'S GOT ARSENIC IN IT, THAT'S WHY..

THERE IS A STEAK IN EVERY CAN

THERE'S A reason, ya know," said young Duncan.

I waited until he had gulped his second mouthful before asking him the obvious:

"A reason for what?"

He maintained the suspense by then downing a long third which all but drained the glass.

"For why you and me and Slim and the boys drink in moderation."

"Yeah, I know," I said. "He went and told the whole country that we drink in moderation, and now we have to live up to that."

But Duncan wasn't talking about Slim's old song. He launched into something about the Pure Food Acts and how they say how much alcohol goes into beer and how getting full as a state school had as much to do with regulations on alcohol content as how much you drink.

I was about to reply but Slim cut me short by announcing it was time we left.

"Ya don't want to make a liar out of me, do ya?" he said. For a moment I thought Pat was going to rebel. He looked at Slim, then at the long face of the publican and shifted his gaze to the beer taps where Shirl was pouring a few fresh ones for some boys in the saloon bar.

"No," he said. "We don't wanna make a liar out of you, Slim." And with that he strode toward the door and disappeared into the night. I saw Slim to his ute and was about to open my truck door when Pat appeared at my elbow, clutching two large boxes.

"Has he gone?"

"Who?" I asked.

"Who do you bloody-well-think?"

Slim, of course."

"Oh, yeah. He's gone."

"Then grab hold of these and throw them in your truck," and with that he hoisted the two boxes into my arms and returned to the kerb for two more. It was cans of beer, of course, and Pat was in the right mood to get totalled. I wasn't sure I was ready to partner him but he was obviously convinced I was. "Ever since Slim wrote that

bloody song, we've gone home sober every bloody single night," he said. "Moderation be buggered. It's almost as bad as that other one of his about the dry pub."

I humbly agreed. It was true, we never got rolling drunk, at least not anymore. And it had got to the stage where the atmosphere wasn't all that great, either.

We pulled up outside Pat's and without too much deliberation he had me and the four boxes inside and the tops off a couple of cans. It must have been a few hours and a couple of dozen later when Pat burped and remarked: "What wuz all that bloody stuff Duncan was goin' on about this evenin' — alch'lic reg'lations 'n' all that sorta bloody bullshit?"

"Bloody hell," I thought. "He's more pissed than I am." Nothing more intelligent could emerge from the fog, so I said: "Buggered if I know." And that was all I could remember about that particular night.

Something of the same case which vexed poor Duncan emerged as a topic of discussion at a PLAYBOY luncheon — or was it during a big Friday night booze-up? Anyway, we opted for a smart solution to the old alcoholic content question by rounding up 35 different kinds of popular Australian canned brews and running them all through the gadgetry of the Sydney analytical chemists, Analchem Consultants Pty Ltd. With the city swillers being more obsessed with waistline problems than Slim, Pat, Duncan and the boys, we decided to get a calorie count on each beer. Someone called it The Great Tinnie Test and the hardest part was waiting for 35 samples of Australia's finest to be collected before despatch to the analysts. Having them sitting around the office for a few days was distracting for the staff, all of whom knew that the beers' fate was to be squirted through the chemical course to be finally dumped down the drain. Can you imagine the anguish of the cleaning staff who came upon the unguarded rapidly expanding pile of tins each evening and had to fight back the temptation? Hence this note:

"I know of a rather obscure beer that you don't have here among your small collection. It's called Canberra Draught and is available from Grace Bros Bottle Department and is a steal at \$8.90 for two dozen cans." Signed — The Drunkard Cleaner.

PS: "and it's yummy..." Another Drunkard Cleaner.

Analchem's report was somewhat more expansive than the above. After all, we commissioned the chemists for anything but taste tests. What we did

learn from Analchem is that the average Australian beer is a highly standardised product with an alcoholic content and calorific count comparable to most mass-produced beers overseas. Hardly startling, the tests do dispel some of the myths entertained by many drinkers.

THE METHOD — The alcohol content was determined by a gas liquid chromatograph (GLC) which is an instrument used to separate all the samples. By using known quantities of propanol, the analysts can compare the ratio of ethanol (alcohol) to propanol to determine an alcohol measure.

The calorific value was determined by using AOAC method 10.031 which is a validated method from the US recognised group, the Association of Official Analytical Chemists. The calorific value is found in the alcohol content and carbohydrate content. By adding the calorific breakdown figures of the carbohydrates (sugar, starches,

dextrins, etc) to calorific breakdown of alcohol, the total calorific value of each can was determined. The role of alcohol in determining calorific value explains why most beers in the higher alcohol range also have a similarly high calorie count.

Two 370ml cans of each beer type were used for testing and the alcohol was measured in grammes per 100 millilitres. The calorific value of each was then measured out in kilocalories (commonly known as calories) per 100ml with a metric equivalent shown in kilojoules.

THE MYTHS — In response to the popular suspicion that beer is full of artificial additives and even poisons, such as arsenic, Analchem ran tests on six samples chosen at random. We can now inform you that there is no arsenic in Resch's DA, West End Draught, Tooheys Draught, Carlton Draught, Emu Export Lager, and Castlemaine XXXX. For drinkers of the other brands, it's a safe bet that they're clean too.

The arsenic myth is one thought to have stemmed from a commercial home brewing kit which included a heading agent containing some very minute amounts of arsenic. Whatever additives the breweries use are invariably subject to the requirements of the Pure Food Acts of the respective States. The same acts also determine what is the excisable alcoholic content of the commercial brews. In this way, governments rather than the brewers state the minimum alcoholic level at which beer ceases to be classified as beer. In NSW, that level is 1.15 percent, by volume and 0.9 percent by weight which means (see chart) that the two NSW low alcohol beers, Tooth LA and Tooheys Lite at 2.27 g/100ml and 2.18 respectively, are somewhat higher than the minimum requirement. The reason for this, as one Tooth's spokesman explained, is that anything less would have caused them to sacrifice the brew's flavor. The explanation is completely plausible because it is the fermentation process of such ingredients as hops and sugar which produces alcohol. By cutting back on some of the natural ingredients, the brewers can reduce not only alcohol but also the calorie count. As a commercial product, the red line is drawn just short of drastically insulting the taste buds.

HOW THEY SCORED — Cascade's mighty Pale Ale travelled all the way from Tassie to top the tally on both alcohol and calorie count. At 4.01 g/100ml, it was the only beer to make it out of the alcoholic threes and into the top lush level of over four. A 41.5

"Someone called it The Great Tinnie Test and the hardest part was waiting for 35 samples of Australia's finest to be collected."



LOVERS



Illustration by Pat Nagel

"Mammaries are made of this."

calorie rating made it a clear winner and a dead set favorite with Tassie timber-cutters or anyone who wrestles whales. Despite its power, it is not Cascade's biggest seller, having a much smaller percentage of the market than Blue Lager, a beer PLAYBOY did not test. The Pale Ale was traditionally Cascade's big seller but now it is mainly enjoyed by the older, established drinkers.

If we can discount the beers from either end of the scale, which virtually means Cascade Pale Ale and the low alcohol beers, it is remarkable just how close all the others are in all respects. David Carter, Analchem's authorising analyst stressed that a longer, more exhaustive test, using a greater number of samples over a period as long as a year might produce slightly different results.

"The key factor here is that the two cans from each sample probably came from the same batch and therefore would be similar in every way," he said to PLAYBOY.

"If we took samples from a great number of batches over a long period, we'd probably come up with a set of averages which might vary slightly from what we have on this chart. But, because of the lengths breweries go to maintain a standard, I doubt if there would be much variation."

A difference of 0.2 percent alcohol between beers tested is something which Analchem does not think significant. For instance, the chart shows Fosters Lager at 3.73 and Emu Bitter at 3.53. Samples taken from different batches at later dates could easily have these ratings reversed, level, or showing an even greater gap.

While it is one of the beauties of wine appreciation, beer makers and drinkers do not have much time nor tolerance for diversity. The average drinker likes his last beer to taste as good as his first and tomorrow's to taste the same as yesterday's — irrespective of pub or bottle shop.

To ensure this, the brewers are strict on hygiene, choice of raw ingredients and brewing methods. Each brewery has a microbiology department which services and monitors the sensitive yeast cultures responsible for the fermentation process. On a regular basis, the cultures are destroyed and replaced with new ones, often imported from Europe, to guard against any breeding impurities.

Generally, a bad beer is not the fault of the brewer. The old dirty pipes complaint at the pub is a common cause in draught beer. Cans left for too long in unrefrigerated storage often suffer in quality. As David Carter said: "Keep a beer bottle sitting around for 12 months or more,

How the cans, hic, compare

BRAND TESTED	ALCOHOL	CALORIES and KILOJOULES	
	CONTENT (grammes per 100ml)	(per 100ml)	
Tooheys Lite	2.18	26.5	111
Tooth LA	2.27	24.0	100
Southwark Export Pilsener	2.42	31.4	132
Carlton Light	2.52	30.1	126
Castlemaine XXXX Lite	2.73	31.1	130
Tooheys Draught	3.14	34.6	145
Tooheys Export Pilsener (B)*	3.17	35.5	149
Tooheys Flag Ale	3.26	36.4	152
West End Draught	3.31	34.5	144
Boags Draught	3.34	34.4	144
Tooth KB	3.34	35.0	147
Big Barrel	3.39	32.8	138
Coopers DB	3.40	30.1	126
Reschs DA	3.44	36.3	152
Tooheys Export Pilsener (A)*	3.44	36.5	153
Southwark Bitter	3.46	36.4	152
Castlemaine XXXX Draught	3.49	35.8	150
Tooheys Old	3.49	36.4	152
Emu Bitter	3.53	35.5	149
Reschs Draught	3.59	36.8	154
Swan Lager	3.61	37.3	156
Cascade Draught	3.62	35.9	150
Reschs Special Export Pilsener	3.66	36.0	151
West End XXXX Export	3.66	37.5	157
Victoria Bitter	3.67	38.5	161
Abbot Lager	3.71	38.9	163
Emu Export Lager	3.72	36.8	154
Foster's Lager	3.73	39.6	166
Melbourne Bitter	3.75	39.9	167
Cascade Special Lager	3.77	37.1	155
Carlton Draught	3.80	39.0	163
Hannans Lager	3.80	37.8	158
Carlton Dietale	3.83	33.4	140
Swan Draught	3.88	38.9	163
Cascade Pale Ale	4.01	41.5	174

* (A) Silver / grey can

* (B) Yellow / purple can

then have a look at what's left on the bottom."

Unlike most wine makers, the good brewer expects his product to be consumed soon after production. A wild strain of yeast culture can easily alter the flavor of beer. This complaint was common before brewers discovered more sophisticated techniques.

According to Cascade group marketing man John Burkett, his firm gets very few complaints about the standard and presentation of their popular product.

"We take great pride in that because it means all aspects of our production are working properly," he said to PLAYBOY.

So, how do the brewers counter the often-heard complaint that a can of beer is "off"?

"In most cases, the fault is with the handling and storage situation where something like exposure to the sun or

the bad rotation of pallets upsets the beer," said Burkett.

"If it was caused by a bad brew, we'd immediately know because the problem would go through thousands and thousands of bottles and cans. We just don't get complaints in proportion to that."

Of course, taste is a personal selection but, while the Aussie alcohol level is on a par with most international beers, it is generally thought Australian beers are stronger flavored than many — particularly the US products. This might partly explain why Aussie beers have found a ready market in the United States and why the average Australian spends almost five times as much on beer as his US counterpart does.

However, Analchem suggests there is no relationship between alcohol content and taste, a claim supported by the chart figures which show no great

statistical difference between Tooheys Draught and Tooheys Old, two beers regarded as poles apart in terms of their taste.

Lovers of the amber fluid are quick with the claim that it possesses wonderful nutritional qualities. To a certain extent the very presence of such ingredients as hops and yeast indicate certain enriching values. But it is a gross exaggeration to claim "there's a T-bone in every pint." There's not even a pork chop, but when it comes to calories, there might be less desirable consequences. By proportion to other food, beer has a high calorie count. When taken in moderation, fine; but when consumed regularly in more than moderate amounts, it often means the imbibor becomes a fat, rolling drunk.

Take Swan Draught, that golden elixir from out the West, which rated second highest on alcohol level and in the upper echelons on calorie count. One 370ml can accounts for 14.3g of alcohol and about 603 kilojoules (144 calories). Have half a dozen cans and you've already blown half of your prescribed daily calorie intake without so much as a crumb of food. Wash down a meat pie with a can of beer for lunch and it will take you 50 minutes of running to burn off the collective weight of about 2730kJ.

One look at those sort of figures explains why the breweries are finding such fertile ground at the low alcohol/calorie end of the scale. The marketing ploy here is witnessed in such advertisements as the Tooheys LA emphasis on a bunch of good, responsible blokes having a fine time without bursting their waistlines or their brain cells. In most cases, the brewers point up some drinkers' fears about the low alcohol beers by stressing such lines as "full-flavored beer". It might be seen as an admission that there is a widespread belief that the low alcohol/calorie content equals low taste.

Tooheys Lite hits the bottom rung as far as alcohol content is concerned with 2.18g/100ml as opposed to Tooth LA with 2.27. However, Tooth LA's low 100kJ/100ml (24 calories) rates it lowest for the weight-conscious. Tooth can point to this fact, plus being first into the light beer market and having the support of an aggressive marketing approach, as the reasons it heads the national sales figures for light brews.

In terms of prestige and the snob value of certain beers, it is difficult to draw any conclusions from the alcohol/calorie chart. Foster's Lager, that true-blue battler who has climbed out of the working classes and into the middle and upper executive belt of the inner-city, slick drinkers, sits in the stronger half of the table flanked on

one side by his home-town mate Melbourne Bitter, with Emu Export Lager, from WA, on the other. The product tested from that distinguished South Australian brewer, J. Cooper and Sons, was Coopers DB, billed on the can as "carbohydrate modified beer". Before the appearance of the low calorie specials, DB was one beer which met the then standard strength requirements and had a below average calorie content. In its army green can, it is a beer for the disciplined drinker who can take faith that it's all it claims to be. Coopers claim DB to contain 130kJ (31 calories) per 100ml and the Analchem test endorsed this with the very close reading of 126kJ (30.1 calories). Carlton Dietale beer, while being the third strongest at 3.83g per 100ml, scored brilliantly on the waistline rating with the eighth lowest calorie count of the 35 beers tested. It claims 147kJ per 100ml (35 calories). Analchem found it did even better with 140kJ (33.4

"It was 9.30 in the morning, the place was a sea of beer cans and it stank like a brewery... it must have been quite a session."



calories). Of the five "lightweights" at the weaker end of the scale, only Southwark Export Pilsener was not billed as a special low cal/alcohol beer. Surprisingly, it had the third lowest alcohol content of all beers, being less potent than two of the specials. Carlton Light and Castlemaine XXXX Lite. In all cases, the low calorie specials were everything the brewers claimed, with calorie counts being equal to or even fractionally less than the levels stipulated on the can. The XXXX Lite differs greatly from the others in packaging style; it is almost exactly the same can as the standard XXXX.

I awoke staring straight up at Pat's huge picture of the Monarch of the Glen, which from my angle looked to be trying to stand on its head. It took me a while to recognise what it was, and even longer to figure why I was lying on Pat's lounge with my head on the coffee table. I pushed myself up on one elbow, a movement which somehow started a trip-hammer pounding deep within my forehead.

"Oh, hell."

It was 9.30 in the morning, the place was a sea of beer cans and it stank like a brewery. The ashtrays were piled to overflowing with butts and ring pulls.

Pat's entire collection of country and western music was strewn from one end of the room to the other, discs out of their jackets. A scraping noise was coming from the turntable.

The last record had failed to reject the arm, and its rotation was wearing out what was left of a much-abused stylus. Not to mention Slim Dusty's *Lights on the Hill*.

In the corner, a vase had been knocked from the dusty bookshelf, scattering a trail of plastic rosebuds in its descent.

On the bottom of Pat's fishtank — next to a model shipwreck — nestled two cans, while a third floated on the surface. It must have been quite a session. But where was Pat?

Then I heard him. In the kitchen. Singing. "... and we never, never, never get rollin'..." He appeared at the doorway, clutching a huge plate:

"Bangers, bacon and eggs," he announced, and then thrust the great, greasy creation under my nose.

"Brrmph." The volcanic rumble through the digestive tract threw my oesophagus into full-thrust reverse as the previous night's liquid excesses looked for a way out. I clapped a hand over my mouth and lurched for the bathroom as Pat near pissed himself laughing at me.

GIRLS OF THE GOLD COAST

T

OUCHDOWN

Gold Coast, and PLAYBOY has found the most spectacular jumping-off point for the Girls of Australia Odyssey. On this shimmering stretch of the Queensland coastline, the tans seem more golden, the lifestyle moves at an appropriate pace and the girls thrive in the climate.

The Girls of the Gold Coast mission meant selecting 10 of the Coast's finest, and making that sort of a choice in an area where attractive girls are too thick on the ground to count was the hardest part of the assignment. But find them we did, and we proudly present them as living proof that the appeal of the Gold Coast means much more than climate.

Roxane Gamble, Elizabeth Chapman, Debbie Francis, Beverley Inkster, Irene Shanks, Cathy Baartz, Lindsey McKay, Lyn Barron, Ann-Marie Woodrow and Sandra Ralph were the girls who got the nod to represent the Gold Coast.

It was no coincidence that we chose the Gold Coast as the stepping off point for PLAYBOY's Girls of Australia saga. The Coast has a certain magnetism which lures fun chasers from all over Australia. It was the same attraction which drew our pin to that precious coastal strip.

What other population of such a size is tolerant enough to accept bikinis as the



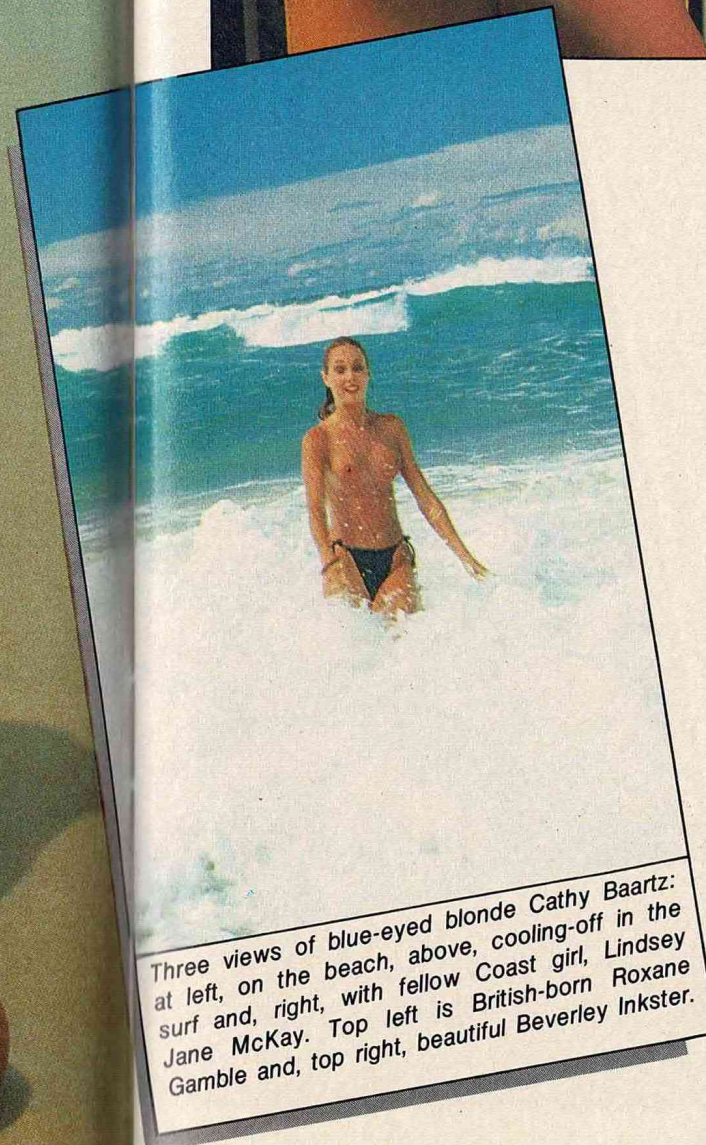
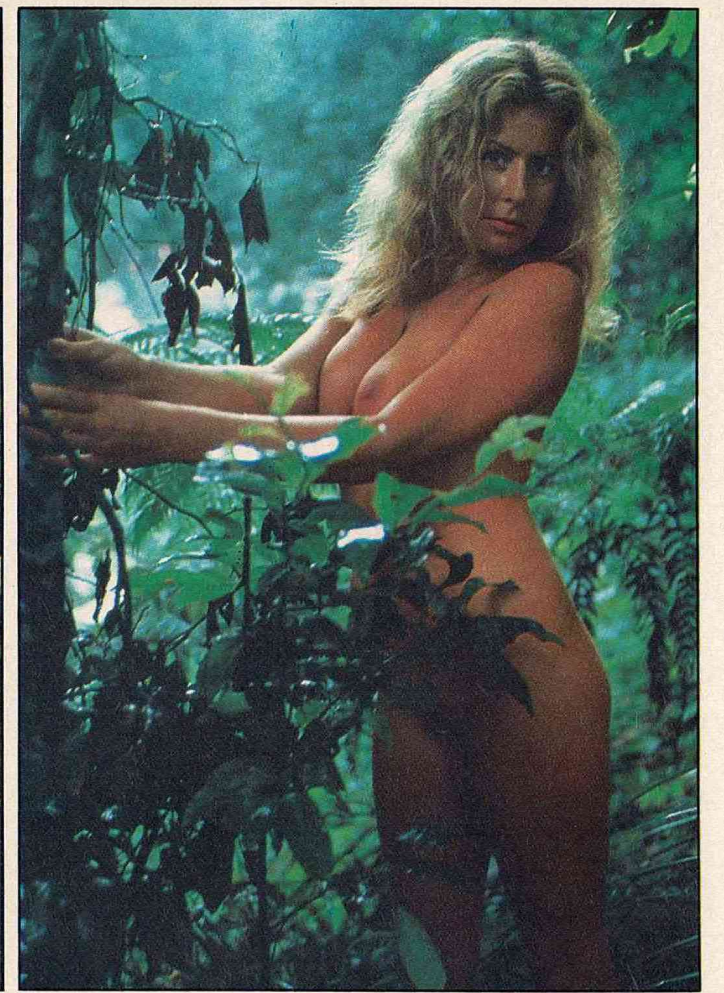
normal main street dress code? Surfers Paradise has some of the most sensational fashion shops imaginable but, by day, clothes lose badly to tanned flesh. It is everywhere — particularly out on the beaches where we found our top 10 doing their sensational bodies a favor with a splash about in the surf. Here, "gold" is the operative word. There's gold to be made from the property boom; the sandy beaches are a subtle pale gold; and the tans appear to possess a unique golden hue.

The Gold Coast is also a hot-bed of real contradictions. The steamy greenery of the nearby hinterland and rainforest stands in stark contrast to the coastal strip in the same fashion as the Miami-style architecture casts its obelisk-length shadows over some of the most spectacular natural scenery.

In this haven of hedonism, the speed of development and the quick real estate sale are the only signs of haste. The lifestyle and pace is unique, even if the names aren't. Isle of Capri, Miami Beach and the Gold Coast itself are haunts which take their names from other locations and their population from all parts of the country. Young sunlovers, like our Gold Coast 10, and rich retired couples make their homes there for different reasons but together they make the area different to anywhere else.

The nights are something else. Languid days fade in near-tropical evenings when the pleasure meter really hits the heights. This is the other half of the Gold Coast and PLAYBOY found that our girls knew how to live it to the limit. Wash down a glorious day of sunshine, lobster lunches and glittering surf with a full-tilt attack on the night spots. It's great fun, difficult to endure forever, but what a way to spend the years of your young life.

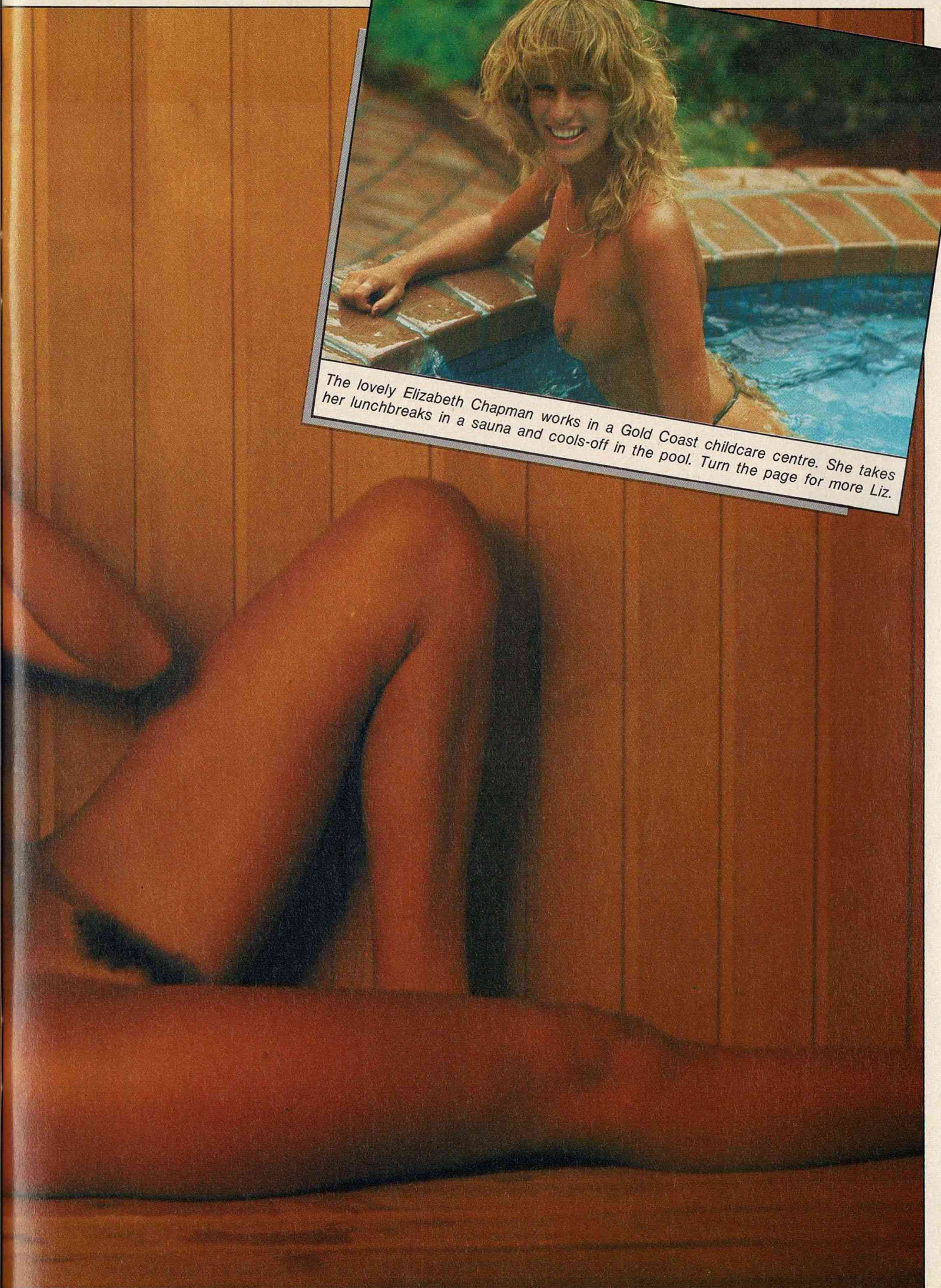
Lovely Lyn Barron is a Queensland original: from Toowoomba, now working as a model on the Coast. The 20-year-old blonde "thrills" in the sun. We're thrilled too.



Three views of blue-eyed blonde Cathy Baartz: at left, on the beach, above, cooling-off in the surf and, right, with fellow Coast girl, Lindsey Jane McKay. Top left is British-born Roxane Gamble and, top right, beautiful Beverly Inkster.



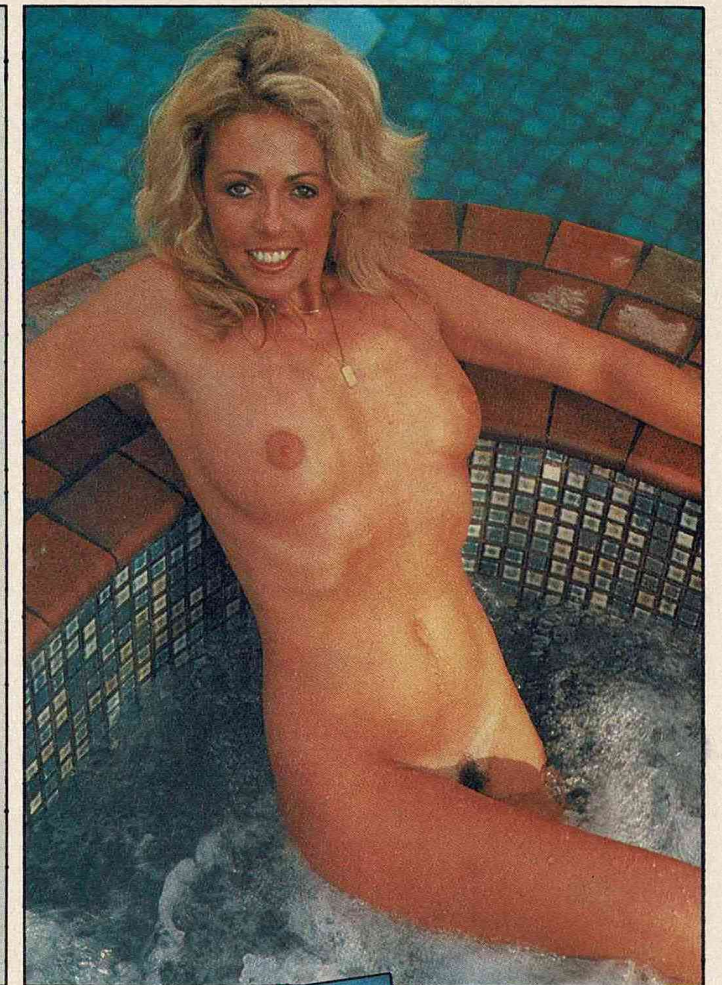
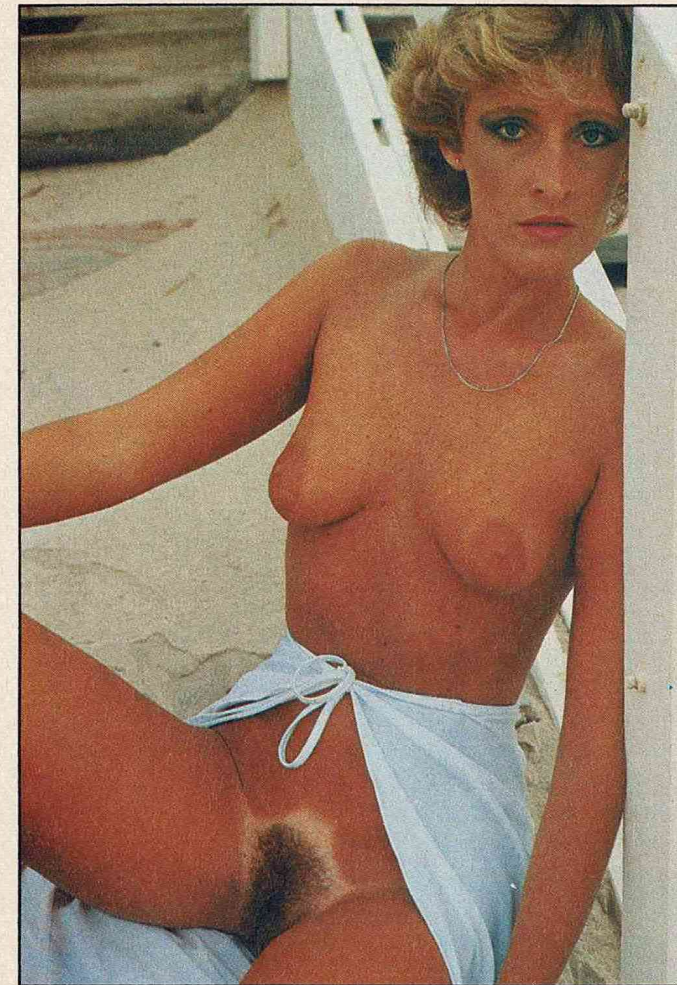
The lovely Elizabeth Chapman works in a Gold Coast childcare centre. She takes her lunchbreaks in a sauna and cools-off in the pool. Turn the page for more Liz.





Top, Elizabeth again, and still cool. Above and right, Lindsey Jane McKay last seen on the beach, now at her flat in Surfers. Some view. Facing page, winsome Ann-Marie Woodrow with the deep blue/green eyes.





The large shot facing page is Sandra Ralph, who hails originally from Adelaide and now makes her home on the Gold Coast. That's a second view of Sandra above. The inset facing page is Debbie Francis, who is that all-too-rare beauty: a brown-eyed blonde. Top left is Irene Shanks, a teacher. Top right, Debbie again. See you later, Coast girls.

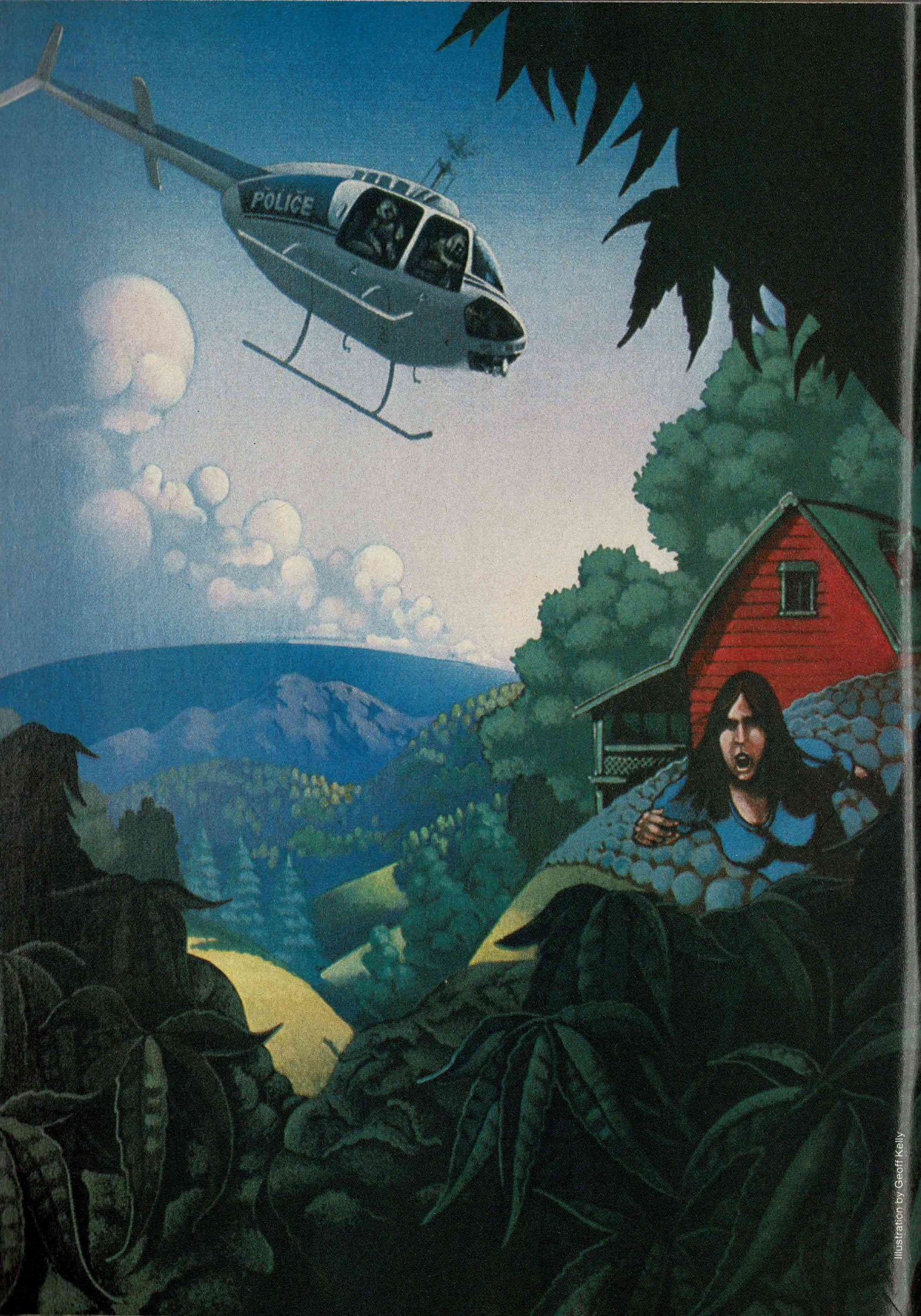


Illustration by Geoff Kelly

IN THAT silvery stillness which follows the dawn, the traps had been set. All routes down from the mountains were blocked. The men waited in and around the four-wheel-drive Toyotas and the sprinkling of sedans, anticipating the flush and the hunts through the bush. Then, from the east, drifted the peculiar whine of a big engine, the drone shrinking and swelling with the breeze. At each waning came the whoomf-whoomf of great blades slicing through the air, and when there was no doubt, the men huddled in little groups around their radios.

Only the waiting police and the staff at the small coastal airstrip called Tyagarah were aware that, on the previous night, a turbo-jet helicopter outfitted with special navigational systems, winches and a spotlight easily capable of lighting a football field, had arrived from Sydney.

This morning, when the roadblocks radioed their readiness, the police pilot raised the Bell Jet Ranger from the first strip and flew directly west, high over Mullumbimby. An occasional dairy farmer and early-rising banana grower watched the big bubble drop altitude and speed as it reached the foothills, and when it slowed to almost a hover, then they knew.

The police called the raid the "Marijuana Search and Destroy Mission", and the local media thought the title a real beauty.

As the chopper reached the target area, the 17-man ground crew went into action. They began stopping anyone travelling the arteries in a 16 kilometre span on the western side of Mullumbimby. The aircraft slowly moved along Cooper's Lane, a tortuous, pot-holed track located six kilometres west of Mullumbimby, where Seventh Day Adventists, Italian banana growers and young people co-exist with surprising ease.

The spotters took up their positions in the aircraft. The doors were not in place and the men could lean out,

An apocalyptic tale of the day the choppers played "search and destroy" to try to weed out the wonder crop in a NSW nirvana.

MULLUMBIMBY MADNESS

article by Stephen Brouwer

thus gaining 180 degrees vision. One occupant was an officer from the local Pastures Protection Board. Interestingly titled weed inspectors, these employees are made freely available for police anti-marijuana activities. The other spotter was a police officer.

In the loft of his wooden house, John Burns was back from one of his Melbourne working stints and he lay sleeping soundly when the helicopter edged along Cooper's Lane.

"The first thing I knew was the bloody thing was coming straight for the house. Then all hell broke loose — the kids started yelling and there's this enormous chopper coming, and he's so close to my loft, I could have passed those dudes a joint." Burns says the helicopter then flew low, at a height of six metres at times, around his house. It circled three times.

"That thing was going so slow, the spotters could have picked out clover in my lawn. I was freaked out, I don't know why, but my legs were shaking like crazy — the adrenalin, I suppose. By this time, the kids are crying and shouting and my lady is out in the garden yelling her head off at the chopper guys who can't hear her anyway. If they could have heard, they would have dropped out of the sky."

The air squad did not find any marijuana on Burns' land, but it was not long before the helicopter was hovering over a find of six plants. A ground crew was called in by a two-way radio and as they chopped their way through lantana, the chopper guided. Arrests were made and the marijuana ripped out and loaded into the Toyota Landcruiser wagon. The offender was taken to Mullumbimby police station. Search warrants were unnecessary, says the local officer-in-charge, Sergeant Peter Mortenson.

"When marijuana is spotted, an offence is established, and we can move in," he said.

The marijuana first had its roots chopped off and was then weighed; the amount was next entered on the charge sheet. In the following four days, this exercise was repeated 28 times as the Mullumbimby crops fell before the helicopter. But the biggest haul was 96 plants, with the average find being around 20. And if the police were privately disappointed, then Burns was livid.

John Burns, like many of the settlers of the Mullumbimby area in the past eight years, is vegetable-thin, but wiry with biceps that ripple and triceps that plait. He is a partner in a contract removal business with a friend in Melbourne. Burns works hard for six months of the year, his friend the remainder. When it is his partner's turn, Burns comes to his

fairy-tale cabin in Cooper's Lane for physical and spiritual tranquillity.

This morning his kitchen table is littered with newspapers and screwed-up balls of paper. He pushed the mess aside for the coffee cups, explaining that he is in the middle of a letter-writing campaign aimed against the marijuana raids. He is enthusing over a letter he is drafting for Neville Wran. Burns is informing the NSW Premier that all of the horrors of Vietnam flooded back to him when the chopper buzzed his house. This, he blandly states, is not the reason he moved to the country. He adds a line about invasion of privacy and signs it. John Burns, father of three.

The tourist office hyperbole for Mullumbimby is "the biggest little town in Australia". There can be no doubting the effect of the alternative dollars with land prices five times more than three years ago. The biggest little town is becoming bigger.

The last mayor of Mullumbimby was 51-year-old Stan Robinson, the local carrier of beer and furniture. Last year his council was amalgamated with the nearby Byron Bay Shire and Robinson was voted president of the new body. A firm supporter of the more conservative alternatives, Robinson has called on the NSW Police Minister to stop the helicopters buzzing houses and their surrounds.

"If the helicopter is going to fly low, then the police should also have a ground party with search warrants. That sort of invasion of privacy is like the pre-dawn raids," he says. "Elderly people, children and pregnant women can be terribly distressed by that type of surveillance, and there's plenty of those three groups out in the hills. Anyone who argues that the low helicopter should be used should actually experience it themselves."

Robinson, or Stan the Man as he's called locally, was born in Mullumbimby and is part of the North Coast establishment. His attitudes, however, have been remoulded by his nine-year contact with the alternative society. To him, marijuana as a drug is on par with tobacco and alcohol. But he says that the profiteers should be caught. "Same as if I overload my trucks. If I break the law, I must cop what I get," he says.

"There's not much money made from marijuana here. Very, very few people are into that, the average person is growing it for his own use. This scale of things does not warrant the type of operation the police mounted. People's private lives are their own, and any violation of this privacy is serious."

The marijuana grown in Robinson's electorate is rated by connoisseurs as

the drug that's easily the best in the country and among the top three products in the entire world. The thick resinous flowers laced with sticky, red hairs long ago earned the title of Mullumbimby Madness.

But, as any consumer will testify, the odds of finding the true-blue, dinky-di article are akin to scoring a Rothschild red in Billinudgel.

"Tourists come here expecting to see acres and acres of marijuana growing by the side of the road. When they get into town they look about for people rolling around in the streets stoned out of their minds. It's just not on," says Robinson.

"The alternative society tends to police itself a bit. If anyone comes into the area and they're into hard drugs and stick around, they get the short shift. I don't know if they do that if someone is growing an acre or so of marijuana, but there were no large plantations uncovered, so it could in fact be happening."

Meantime, John Burns was unhappy with the impact of his campaign. The local newspaper and two national publications had not printed his helicopter fire and brimstone, so he sought out and loaded photographer John McCormick and myself into his aged, battered Holden with a fusillade of promises. We climbed through the driver's door, for the others are dented into a permanently-closed position. And moving off at a great speed, he shouted to us above the muffler rattle and differential whine, while negotiating tight dirt curves in a series of four-wheel drifts.

We watched the road as he thrust his hand into a pile of newspapers, on the floor before pushing a copy of the *Tweed Gold Coaster* to me. The front page carried a heavy banner: *Giant Drug Swoop*. A tall policeman is pictured, holding huge bundles of marijuana. Combined, the bundles are twice as thick as the constable and about half a metre higher.

Between curves, Burns leans over and attempts to read the caption aloud to us: "A bundle of more than 300 marijuana plants recovered by police during yesterday's search and destroy mission."

After assurances of our literary abilities, he turns his attention to the careering of his car. The newspaper story refers to the helicopter raids on the farms in the neighboring Tweed valley. The areas inhabited by the alternative culture around Nimbin, Bellingen and Brunswick Heads received exactly the same treatment in the weeks following the Mullumbimby "search and destroy" operation.

Burns explains that his friend is annoyed at the police estimate of the



"Run for your lives! It's a flash flood!"

hauls in this area. The friend, says Burns, will show us how a bunch of marijuana plants look.

At Burns' friend's farm, we are led through tunnels in the lantana, at times on hands and knees, until the sky breaks through and 40 massive marijuana plants are in front of our eyes. The perfume resembles ripe mangoes and the resin glistens in the sun. Burns' friend poses. No faces, though. Burns' friend is 168 centimetres tall, but the marijuana is easily twice his height. The 300 plants shown in the newspaper photograph do indeed seem puny.

Burns' friend says that even with this growth rate, achieved by deep cultivation and organic fertilisers, he is fortunate to average a yield of 120 grams per plant. He said: "I don't usually smoke the male plants, and they constitute about 50 percent of the crop. Of the females, take out the stalks, the leaves and the seeds and there's not all that much left, only the flowers. I'd need at least 40 plants to keep me in smoke for 12 months."

A few days before, his farm was buzzed by the police helicopter, the machine hovering low over the same spot where we now stood. It seemed incomprehensible that it could be missed, and when I asked the grower, he merely gestured to the subtle play of light, speckling and shadowing through the surrounding jungle. An organic camouflage net.

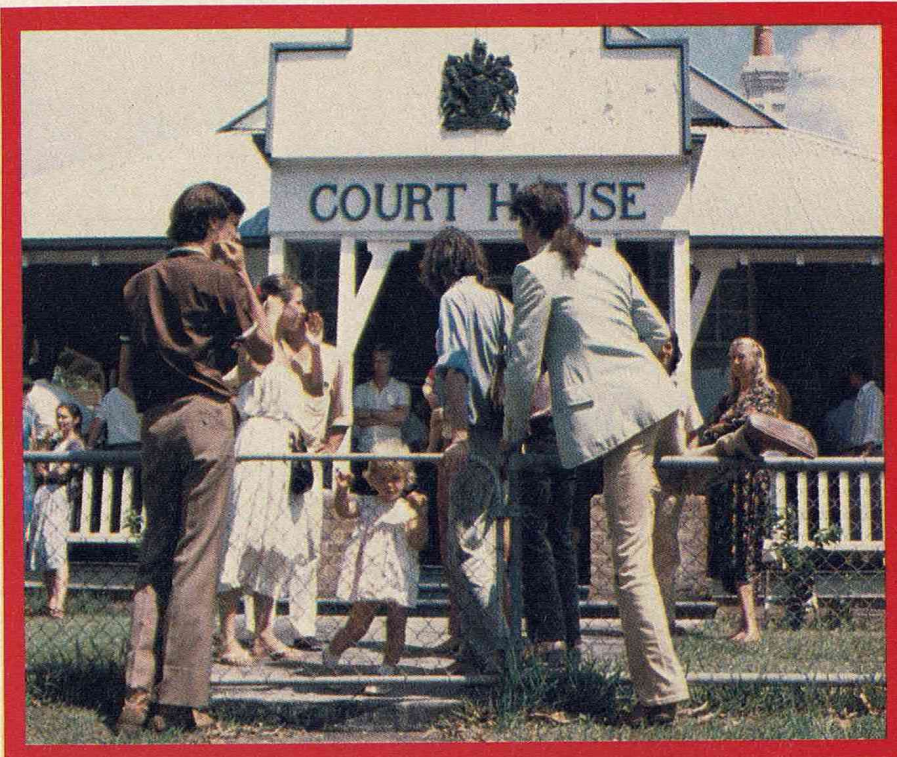
"My heart stopped, I'll swear to it," recalled the grower. "Sure, there's tricks to having a dope patch, but you never know if the tricks are going to work until that one, awful acid test."

"The one nice thing about it is that they're never going to stop us growing dope. No matter what they do, short of murder, it can never be wiped out, for we live in these jungles, man. And we know more about it than all the police put together. One plant here, one plant there — how are they ever going to check every square inch of this country? Because that is what they would have to do to wipe it out. No way."

The little man paused, taken aback by the militancy of his outburst. He blinked a few times behind his glasses and searched our faces for reaction. We smiled a little stupidly, standing there in the hot sunlight with 40 big marijuana plants steaming around us and the sight seemed to defuse a little of his passion.

He twisted a corner of his mouth upwards. "I suppose the army could give us something to think about, though," he said, looking around. "There's too many of them."

On the way back to Cooper's Lane, the relentless Burns assails us with



Above, townsfolk gather at the local Court House during the time of the raid. Right, Stan Robinson, mayor of Mullumbimby, is an advocate for privacy laws.

the economics of the Mullumbimby Marijuana Search and Destroy Mission. He has estimated that the four-day raids cost the taxpayer \$20,000. That's pricing the helicopter and pilot at \$350 for each hour and the cost of keeping a policeman at \$400 a week.

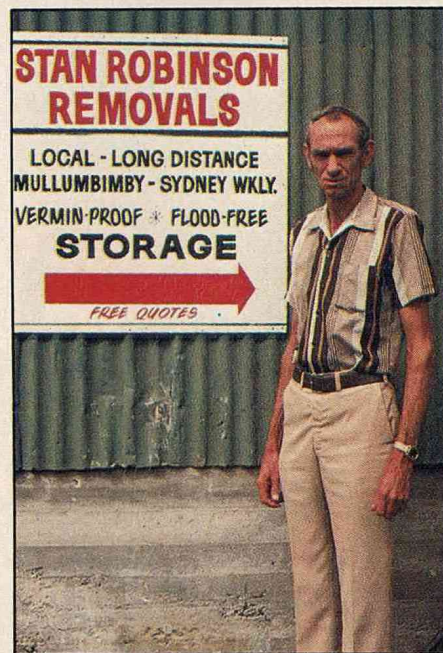
"Just put this up against the first court appearances after the busts and it shows what big-time criminals we are up here. Seven people were fined a total of \$820."

As we climb from Burns' car back at Cooper's Lane, he seems strangely silent, brooding until we are saying goodbyes. "Listen," he says, "I don't know if I should say this or not. It's not a threat or anything like that, just a private thought."

"It's just that there's a whole lot of people in the hills between Bellingen and Murwillumbah and some of them can get really uptight, that's why they're not living in the cities. Now that's a big vulnerable glass bubble those police are sitting in when they buzz those places. And it only takes one crazy person. But, my god, the repercussions would be horrible all round. I hope it never happens."

The sobering thought stayed with us as we bounced along the lane.

Mullumbimby's reaction to the mountain raids was a study which was very revealing to both sections of the community. To the town, the hippies weren't exactly what Ned Kelly had been to Glenrowan, but hands down (forgive the pun), they were sure



beating the local banana growers in small town titillation.

When the raids were on, we sat in the bar of the pub across the road from the police station and watched them all unload the four-wheel-drive trucks and spread the lofty greenness all across the lawn while the school kids gaped.

The shopkeepers stood in Mullumbimby's main street, shielding their eyes from the sun, searching for familiar figures in the groups climbing from the vehicles.

"It's Bob," someone would say softly in the bar.

"Which Bob?"

"Wilson's Creek Bob. You know — big guy, got a lady and a kid."

And in 10 minutes, the name would be through the pub, the greengrocer's,

the delicatessen and several cafes, and doing the rounds of the tables down at Tommy Tucker's at the other end of the street.

And back at the incongruously named Court House Hotel, where the alternative culture drinks, local police sergeant Peter Mortenson and the officer-in-charge of operations, Detective Sergeant Eric Strong, were creating great consternation in the beer garden by walking in and peering quizzically through the sparse crowd. The Court House clientele usually comprises such a tight group of regulars that any "outsiders" are readily conspicuous. With tension running at such a high, the pub appearance of the two senior policemen made the event something extraordinary. The silence was deafening, the nervous laughter that followed their exit was soft.

There was little gaiety in those four days, many shopkeepers had not experienced such a quiet period for several years, and publican Bill Murphy estimated a 20 percent drop in takings. Commerce began to grumble at the effect of the roadblocks which were, in the local idiom, freaking out the hippies. The Empire Cafe, however, reported a fairly brisk hamburger business with the visiting police.

At Mullumbimby Disposals, 46-year-old proprietor Merv Pepper tells the joke about the local cop. "They're calling him Victa... the best grass-catcher in the business."

"Sure," Pepper says, "The raids do affect us whether we like to admit it or not. The other businesses in town would have to agree that the bloke who is growing marijuana for his own use doesn't have the financial resources to pay legal costs, fines and buy dope from somewhere else to replace the stuff the police get."

"So he is only able to buy the bare essentials and that affects everyone, whether they're supplying the hippies or not. It takes thousands of dollars out of the town. Many businessmen were very upset."

Before we leave, Merv Pepper shows us the airtight, metal cases that in past years he has found to be a seller. He says they are bought to keep a year's supply of marijuana dry and fresh. I noticed metal detectors are another big line at the Mullumbimby disposal store.

Across the road from the police station and court house, Graham Maggs has been running his women's clothes shop, Bamboo Sticks, for four years. Directly, his income from the people in the outlying hills and valleys is negligible. He says not many come into his shop unless they have been to the music shop next door. According to Maggs, there are several marijuana

growers in the area who are making a reasonable living.

"I see some of those people driving better cars than me and going on holidays overseas that I can't afford and I wonder what I'm doing here."

"But my feelings are that the law is the law, and the law should be obeyed, no matter how unjust it seems, so they deserve what they get." Maggs' latest tourist line at Bamboo Sticks is little plastic marijuana plants that sell for \$5.90.

Police told the media that more than \$1 million worth of marijuana was seized in the Mullumbimby raids, and this figure was gleefully picked over in a few very literate letters to local editors.

"Headline hunting police," a letter writer declared in Lismore's *Northern Star*. In the *North Coast Advocate*, "Worried Parent" wrote: "Let us assume that police estimates of its (marijuana) seizures are reasonably



The "harvest" looks a strange visitor in the Mullumbimby police lock-up.

accurate. Therefore the income of one smallish community in 1981 will be reduced by a sum in excess of \$1 million.

"We can assume that about 75 percent of this amount would have been expended locally. The business community of Mullumbimby and district must now come to terms with the fact that their receipts will be down by some \$750,000 this year."

"Further to that, working on the numbers of those arrested and those who lost their crop for the season but were not caught, it is fair to estimate that at least 50 families around Mullumbimby have been deprived of an anticipated source of income for this year. This means that 50 families, with an average of two children each, not previously on the dole, will now be forced to draw on taxpayers' funds to

the tune of more than \$300,000 next year in the Mullumbimby area alone."

"Worried Parent" tweaked the hip-pocket nerve: "The time is long overdue for society to examine dispassionately, on a cost/benefit basis, the entire basis and structure of its laws relating to all drugs."

From Wilson's Creek, to the southwest of Mullumbimby, Julie Gardner expressed her brand of concern. She wrote: "How is this any different from search without warrant? The helicopter flew so close to my house that my young children were terrified and our flock of geese went berserk. I am appalled that this expensive equipment, bought with public money, can be used against the citizens of this area, or anywhere, in this manner."

Berserk geese did not seem to raise any police public relations phobias, and the raids continued until the spotters were satisfied. The helicopter and its specialist crew moved on to other valleys. Nimbin, Terania, Tunttable Falls and further west to the head of the Clarence River, where the terrain is less formidable, the isolation greater and consequently the busts were bigger.

Left in a damp concrete cell at Mullumbimby, the marijuana was beginning to mould. Country boyhood memories of silage were jangled in the nasal passages as the ammonia rose from the pile.

And, apart from the bitter wafts across the courtyard, Sergeant Peter Mortenson was worried about the letters in the local papers. Not because of the invasion of privacy and cost/effectiveness furore, but because correspondents had claimed that because of the busts, the price of marijuana would make heroin more attractive. Heroin, according to one writer in *The Advocate*, is relatively cheaper and easier to acquire than locally-grown marijuana.

The short, dark sergeant is fond of Mullumbimby, a place small enough for people to bother to judge his character, not only his uniform. His children's ponies graze out in the backyard of the police station. And when he sells raffle tickets in the pubs with the other Surf Rescue Club members, Mortenson can write most names without asking the spelling.

Meanwhile, the pride and joy of Mullumbimby dope-growers festers in the cell behind the office as the sergeant and I stand outside in the sun. The heroin theories, he says, are "very disturbing". "I wonder if we've created a monster?" he says with disarming frankness.

"I don't know," I said.



A British scientist is organising the first gay expedition to Mount Everest.

London Daily Telegraph

ALL DEPENDS," said the yeti, "on just what you mean by the word abominable."

He handed the binoculars to his wife. She adjusted the focus with a finger like a hirsute marrow.

"Peculiar," she murmured, after a time, "rather than abominable."

"I take your point," said the yeti, nodding gravely, a somewhat unsettling action, causing, as it did, one of his eyes to disappear inside his mouth. He rolled it around on his palate for a while, thoughtfully, before extracting it again and looking at her. "Though not as peculiar — I am, of course, speaking personally here — as the 1973 Chinese expedition. They was always poking thin sticks in their mouths." He took the binoculars back, and gazed down the bleak swathe of the Khumbu Glacier toward the figures below. "They do not half abuse their orifices, humans."

"It could explain," said his wife, "why there are so few of them."

"Beats me that there are any of them," said the yeti. "You never see any young."

"It is always possible they leave them somewhere," replied his wife. "They may have evolved some sort of primitive creche system, like fleas, so the adults can go and forage. There may be nests all over, with human eggs in."

The yeti shook his huge head; the smooth slapping of his various ears echoed away among the frozen scree.

"Unlikely," he said. "I have been about a bit, Mother, and I know a thing or two about nomads: elands, gaur, musk-ox, pumas, muntjacs, you name it, I've seen it. Always got their offspring with 'em."

"Well, it is no life for a child," countered his wife, "being a human. All they do is creep up and down glaciers. Go blue. Dangle on the ends of ropes. Fall off. It is hard to determine where they fit into the great chain of being, really. Hard to see what He had in mind for them."

"They could just be some form of germ," said her husband. "I have observed them ever since they started groping about up here, and they never impressed me much. Very primitive. They cook snow. They sleep in bags, like bloody caterpillars. They freeze, they go blind, they let rocks fall on 'em. You would not say they have adapted to the environment, exactly."

"Yes, and — hello," said his wife, the noses on each elbow springing suddenly erect, "someone's coming."

The cave then shook, and their enormous son hopped in with the engaging

monopodal lurch of all of his breed. "Here is a do," he said.

They looked at him.

"I've just been down to Base Camp One for a bit of a lope," he said, "and you wouldn't credit it! Have a shufti at my foot."

"Stone me!" his father cried out. "What is it?"

"It's called a sandal," said the son. "They made it for me."

"They made it for you?" inquired his father, suspiciously.

"I am not a stock size. According to them, I take a 205, wide fitting."

"I didn't mean that," said the yeti irritably. "What I meant was, are you telling me you actually approached them? Have you, as it were, exposed yourself to those little people?"

"No harm in that," said his wife. "Does him good, meeting some of the other fauna."

"No harm in that?" cried the yeti. "Our forefathers came up here for a bit of peace and quiet, Mother! If

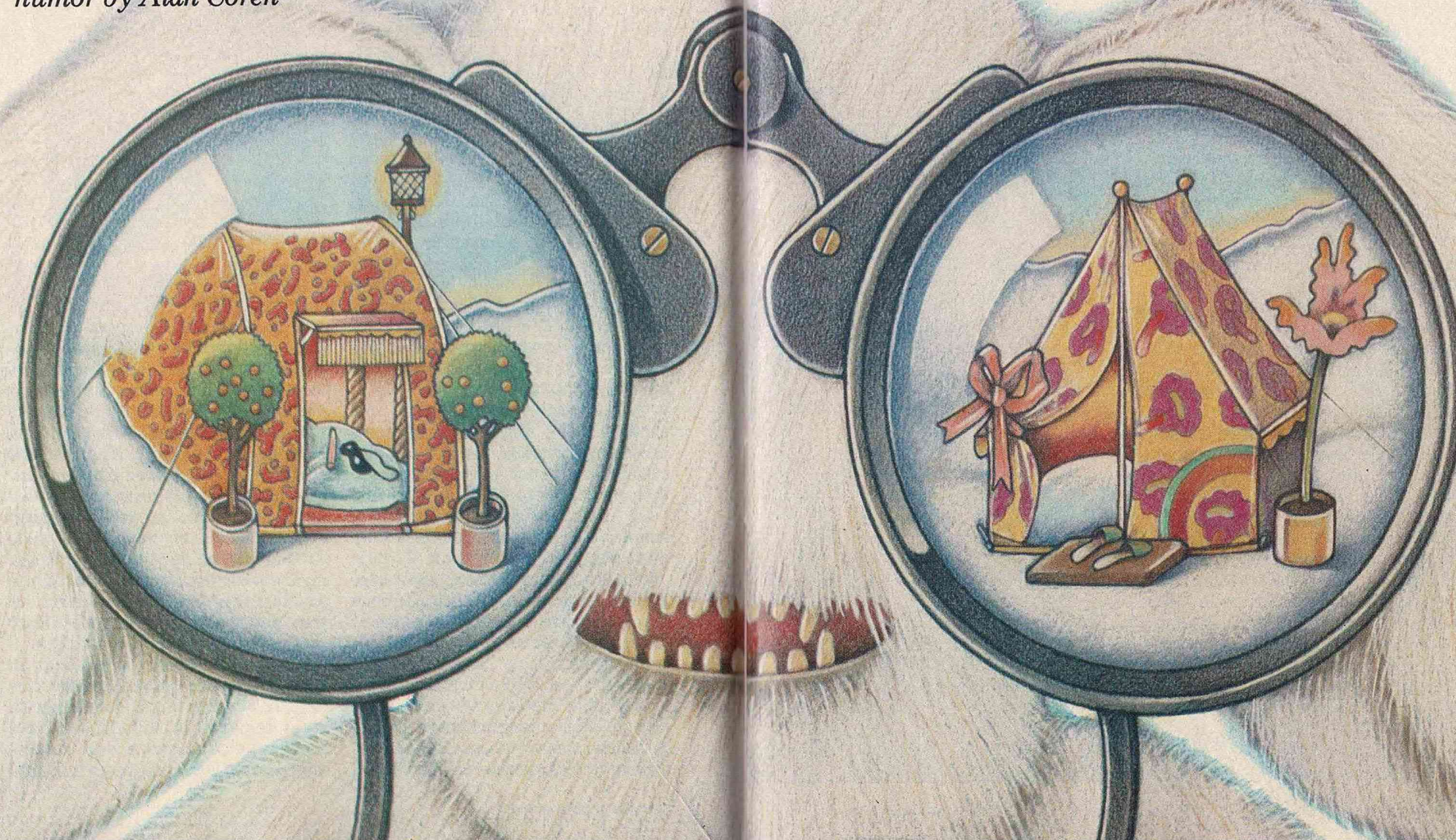
they'd wanted publicity, they'd have picked Loch-bloody-Ness."

"I didn't do it deliberate," protested his son. "They've put up this boutique. It's sort of a big canvas tent with a cellophane window full of belt buckles and macrame and chunky knitwear and pink snow-goggles with rhinestones on. I just nipped out of the rocks for a quick butchers, and they all started rushing about and shrieking: 'A CUSTOMER! A CUSTOMER!' at one another, and before I knew it, they had my foot up on this little stool effort they got, and they was all running up and down ladders, pulling boxes out and tutting. They were very nice. They said not everyone could get away with one sandal, but I could. I had the figure for it. Big, but firm. Upset 'em a bit at first, finding I had one foot, it meant they didn't have an inside leg to measure, but they was very charming, all in all: they managed to persuade Adrian to make this one up special, and he's oft

Illustration by Chris Payne

BASE

humor by Alan Coren



a little frail on Thursdays for some reason, they said."

His father scowled, sucking an ear. "Funny bloody place to have a shoe shop. Everest," he said. "Not exactly a prime position."

"They hope to attract people in from the bistro," said his son.

"The what?"

"Jeremy cooks," said his son, turning his sandal this way and that, admiring it, "and Robin serves. Nothing fancy of course, two starters, not including *crudites*, and then they usually have a lovely *cassoulet* to follow, with lots and lots of super, smelly cheese for afters."

His parents glanced at one another. "Don't look at me," snapped the yeti. "It was your cousin Harold who was the funny one."

His wife, ignoring this, got up and hopped to the mouth of the cave.

"Listen!" she cried. "Music!"

Her family bounced wobblingly up beside her, and cocked their mustered

ears. The lilting tinkle of Mad About The Boy floated up through the Himalayan gloaming. The yeti raised his binoculars to look.

"Stroll on!" he then exclaimed. "Humans have discovered how to make a boudoir grand! They've come on a bit since that peculiar little tin thing that played Tipperary when you stuck it in your gob."

"Thinking of things stuck in gobs," said his wife, peering, "what's that long white stick now in the pianist's mouth? Is he Chinese?"

The yeti, eyes still glued to the field glasses, shook his head. "No," he said. "It seems to be some kind of long ivory tube with a fag stuck in the end. It's wobbling about a bit, so he must be singing. Got a formal black anorak on as well, with a flower stuck in the lapel. And a bow!"

"Chic," murmured his son.

"Nice to have a bit of class up on Everest," said his mother. "Change from all them toe-rags with Vaseline

in their beards and month-old underwear. Ooh, look, they're setting up tables! Give us the glasses."

The yeti passed them across.

"Check tablecloths!" cried his wife. "Matching serviettes!"

"Napkins," corrected her frowning son. "Tch!"

"Wine-bottles with thick candles in them! Breadsticks! Fingerbowls!"

"Never mind all that codswallop," snapped the yeti, "why have they all started hopping about?"

"It's a tango!" shrilled his wife, bringing slabs of snow sliding from the roof. "They're dancing!"

"Well, well, well," said the yeti. "That's another innovation, bringing females up here. This is clearly an entirely different class of human, Mother. This is a definite improvement on germs."

"Better tents, too," said his wife. "Net curtains. Carriage lamps. Potted poinsettias. And what is that thing you can see through the bead curtain of that nice lilac tent with the chihuahua sitting on the Kashmir pouffe outside it?"

The yeti snatched the binoculars. He lowered them, after a while, very slowly.

"It would appear," he murmured, "to be a four-poster sleeping-bag."

"Oooh!" said his son.

"That couple in the middle of the dance-floor are ever so good," said his wife. She craned her neck. "Is that Sherpa Tensing?"

The yeti shook his head. "No," he replied. "Just gritting his teeth a bit."

The music stopped. The couples walked off the floor, hand in hand, and sat down at the little individual tables, the candles flickering between them. The yeti's wife sighed.

For some time, as the alpine night thickened, the yeti family watched the mountaineers below. And then, as a blue fingernail of moon rose slowly over the west Lhotse peak, they saw the climbers push back their chairs, blow out the little candles, and retire, armlocked, to their tents.

It grew very quiet.

"They'll be mating now," said the yeti's wife wistfully. "Isn't it all just so romantic?"

"Ritual dance, slap-up hot dinner, bit of the other," murmured the yeti, "they're just like anybody else, really. Who'd have credited it? Humans haven't half come on over the past few years, Mother, am I right?"

His wife nodded, smiling as only a yeti can.

"Amazing thing, evolution," she said quietly.



RODEO'S URBAN COWBOYS:

HARD, TOUGH AND PROFESSIONAL

sport by Jill Bowen

GUESTS LEAVE the dinner party in fine fettle with good rural servings under the belt... aged Scotch, followed with a great meal, superbly chosen reds and scintillating conversation around the magnificent cedar table. It's way past midnight. In the southern NSW town of Holbrook, the host takes his departure too.

Hitching a horse float to a sedan, he shoots off into the night to Cootamundra. Much later that day, after a total of 12.28 seconds work, he is \$260 richer. Holbrook veterinarian Rick Tindal has notched up yet another win in steer wrestling in two rides at the Cootamundra rodeo. A man with a busy rural practice, Tindal is one of the country's top cowboys.

At a Sydney dinner party five days later, the star attraction is one Dave Johnston. The man excuses himself from most of the meal. Few people ignore *haute cuisine* these days, but Johnston happily passes on the strawberry macaroon cream dessert. His after-dinner liqueur is soda water. Johnston is a fanatic weight-watcher, and a Monday-to-Friday surfer-golfer in order to keep himself fit as a full-time rodeo athlete.

Muscle is everything and flab is nothing when you're mixing it aboard a one-tonne bull who's agile as a cat. Johnston is one of the country's best bull riders. Last year on the rodeo circuit he rode 60 bulls at eight seconds a pop. That's eight minutes work, and for his efforts, Johnston earned the

type of money guaranteed to make an anxiety-ridden junior executive strangle himself in his corporation tie.

If horse racing is the sport of kings, then rodeo is the king of sports, so says Johnston. He doesn't think kings live as well as he does. He wouldn't change places with one. Once they might have been called rough riders at buck jump shows but now, the result of an image shift, they're called cowboys. Rodeo, once hick, is now slick; the sport traditionally overlooked in our sport-obsessed country appears destined to burst into prominence in the '80s.

It's whipcrack fast, sophisticated and skilful. Compared with rodeo, golf is just a leisurely stroll, athletics and tennis are predictable, swimming is dreary, and in football, soccer and cricket there is safety in numbers. It's only in rodeo where the rugged superstar competes as an individual against others, and also against top stock. Rodeo insists on stamina and skill. Fast bucks mean fast bucks. A split second can mean the loss of championship titles, prize-money and sponsorships that go with them — or currently — don't go with them. Despite 1500 active members of the Australian Rough Riders' Association who will compete for more than \$500,000 at more than 130 rodeos this year, the sport is under-promoted and under-sponsored: a sitting duck up for grabs.

Nearly 500,000 Aussies paid at the gate to watch pro-rodeo last year, but



scarcely a soul saw it on TV, certainly not in the cities. Other sports are more favored. Rodeo can rarely crack one mention in the columns allocated to sport in newspapers.

A couple of points have always been against it: image, and the fact that it is country-based. Cruelty is no longer an issue, the beratings of a mere handful of animal liberationists and hysterical women excepted. All is okay these days. The RSPCA says so and ARRA's stringent rules make it so. It is now realised that it is in the nature of some animals to love to buck... rogue bulls and horses that double as ham actors. These days, they are carefully nurtured for the sport and supplied by top stock contractors. If they weren't, most would end up in cans of pet food. About 30 bucking bulls in the contract stock of Pat Speedy, of Kalbar, Queensland, are fed two tonnes of carrots daily (sometimes by hand) and rugged-up at night. But with a person aboard they can behave meaner than does Oil Can Harry.

The stock provided by top contractor, Garry McPhee, of Benalla, Victoria, prove the love-to-buck-point. In the arena, they rage and twist long after they've dusted-off their human burden. Most cowboys adore McPhee stock. It provides better rides.

Image is yet another factor. For too long rodeo has been plagued by a brawling and a swaggering image — clapped-out cars with cowboys at the wheel cruising to rodeos with a can in one hand and a Chiko Roll in the other, plus a few dumb birds in the back.

Today's top cowboy is a new breed. Says Les Bell, of Orange, Bare Back Bronc Champ of 1980: "The sport no longer attracts or consists of ringers from the bush who fight, drink, sit half-boozed on a horse hoping to stay aboard and win a quid. It only ever did in amateur rodeo anyway." Bell, 26, spends more money keeping fit than he would on booze.

The "old image" has been tossed, Bell says, but it has taken a little longer than the few seconds it takes Rick Tindal to toss a steer. A fringe element can still cause trouble.

Bell, big and burly, says: "To those in the know they are very easy to spot... the big beer guts spilling out over frayed jeans don't spell top cowboys. We work to dress regulation. Sloppily dressed guys with long hair, cheap hats of no distinct shape, who look up to shit are not true cowboys. They're around, especially in the city pubs, hanging over bars, counting for nothing, not making sense."

A spin-off from *Electric Horseman* and *Urban Cowboy* puts an image in front of the public well removed from



true rodeo. Yet some of our best cowboys and electric horsemen are in fact genuine urbans... the Canberra horse trainer (Team Roping Champion 1980) Bill Hughes, the Brisbane newspaper deputy editor Bob Howarth, Ulladulla bank manager John Lamb, Queensland accountant in training Warwick Turner, Noosa plasterer Steve Hodge, the former Melbourne boxer Graham Heffernan, the former Queensland top footballer Forester Grayson, Adelaide silversmith Bob Berg, the Melbourne farrier Peter Bookluck... all full or part-time top rodeo men.

The current kingpin is the 1980 All Round Champion Cowboy Neville McCarthy, from Tottenham in NSW. Marlboro seized upon McCarthy for their ads. The horse, Chesty, on which he has won two calf roping titles, is featured in them. Equally important to 27-year-old McCarthy is Danny, a second cross Del Mingo quarter horse he has arranged to ride on, which has won about \$87,000 in prize-money since November, 1977. He'd hate to compete without either fine animal. "You'd have to go through a lot of good horses in this country and the US to get better," he says. McCarthy now holds the Australian bulldogging (steer-wrestling) record on Danny (of 3.1sec) and, until January, the calf roping title on Chesty (of 9.005sec).

He took to full time pro-rodeo seven years ago, owning a Ford 360 truck with a crate on the back and an old horse called Jack. Currently he has a truck-trailer combo valued at \$30,000 and 11 horses (irreplaceable) and he carts \$3000-to-\$4000 in saddles to each rodeo. McCarthy has won 11 trophy saddles. When he and his wife, current champion All Round Australian Cowgirl Yasmin McCarthy, settle down and build a home, he'll turn his trophy saddles into bar stools.

McCarthy is a man on the move. He and Les Bett have probably travelled



Photo by Craig Lamotte

more within the country in the past year than have any other Australian sportsmen. "I hit 76 rodeos in every State during 1980," says McCarthy. "After one Saturday night rodeo at Bundaberg, in Queensland, I then flew straight to Northam, Western Australia, for a Sunday rodeo, and then straight on to Tottenham. I'd hate to tally the miles travelled in one year, but on top of the massive number notched up by most other top rodeo fellows, Les Bell and I would have

Three of the best (from left): Rick Tindal, Garry McPhee, Bill Hughes.

traveled 20,000 miles further in a bid to catch the action."

Given that the test of any leading Aussie sportsman is how he rates with overseas competition, Aussie rodeo stars rarely have the chance. "The Americans do make it tough," says Johnston. "Aussie guys who go there have to earn \$10,000 in six months to be eligible for a sportsman's visa to bat further. The problem is to get the 10 grand up after coping with higher entry fees, the travelling costs and the

accommodation. It didn't stop Darryl Kong of Brisbane and Jim Dix of Collie, Western Australia, from making it to the finals a few years ago. Kong came third in the saddle bronc ride and Dix second in the bareback bronc." McCarthy says: "I'll go to America when I'm good and ready. If we all went to America for the glory of it, who'd be left at home to promote the sport?"

Well, who promotes it now? Banks, cigarette and hat companies hook in

with sponsorships, and the media personality John Singleton got behind the sport a few years ago, promoting three of the biggest two-day rodeos ever seen in the world. They were held in Sydney, Adelaide and Kooralbyn, Queensland, and they all drew mammoth crowds. Singo provided the opening that rodeo needed.

Champion Rick Tindal explains: "Traditionally rodeo's been a country sport put in front of limited audiences and Singleton provided an opening wedge by putting rodeo before city people. That is the answer to the sport's future — rodeos run in centres of big population for 87 percent of Australians live in high density urban areas. You can get the paying public through the gate easier. You're closer to press and TV. It's easier to attract sponsors in cities. With large crowds before the action they know they're getting their money's worth."

"Large crowds through city gates will make rodeo gel. What is also needed is access to indoor venues to allow for easier budgeting, pre-selling of tickets and even, if you like, mass hysteria. Large crowds sitting close together under a roof create a tremendous atmosphere — even if nothing is doing. Combine the crowd and atmosphere, top stock and the talent of rodeo and the whole show will go through the roof."

"It happened in Melbourne last year when crowds refused to go home at the end of an indoor rodeo. Earlier, thousands had been turned away at the gate. We need a small arena in a complex that will cater for at least 10,000, preferably an indoor set-up to look after the city person who is prepared to pay up and be entertained for three hours. Rodeo can provide the goods for him."

Wherever the Aussie cowboys ride this year, it will be for bigger money. The prize-money at this year's World

Titles at Rockhampton in September looks like being \$80,000, not great by current golf or tennis standards, but the entrepreneurial types are hovering. The rodeo boys hope that out of the woodwork will emerge a fellow who'll do what Jack Kramer did for tennis in the '50s, and Kerry Packer did for cricket in the '70s.

Wherever they ride this year they'll be welcomed with grabbing arms. In many country towns, rodeo has already taken over from football as the biggest spectator sport. And spectators mean town business. So the towns love cowboys. At the Mt Isa rodeo a few years ago, gross takings at the rodeo alone were in excess of \$130,000.

And the welcoming arms this year will not only belong just to business houses. Try women. Top cowboys attract women as a magnet attracts filings, says Les Bell. "There's no shortage of parties when you're rodeoing. There's no shortage of birds chasing cowboys. There never is a problem for a cowboy to step into town and win a bird. And a champion in any sport always wins the best birds."

The Brisbane *Courier Mail* deputy editor and acknowledged cowboy, Bob Howarth, thinks the danger element in the sport may have something to do with it. "Also, with the western thing raging, most of the romeos on the rodeo circuit are doing better than ever. And some of those guys do extraordinarily well."

He goes on: "So many other sports are now very 'tame'... in them you can't do this and you can't do that. For God's sake, out in the rodeo arena a one-tonne Brahmin bull does its best to kill a bloke. In every other sport they'd be padded with protective gear up to the eyeballs and then topped off with a crash helmet. The rodeo athlete goes out there to compete in just jeans, boots, hat and shirt."

"I can foresee the media taking a far bigger interest. We put on a city promotion in Brisbane to indicate what rodeo was all about by featuring a bucking machine at Ballymore. I think it was the biggest press reception ever held in Queensland. More than 100 turned up and had to sign an indemnity form before coming in. The game got aboard and the casualties included the producer of *Nationwide*, a leading radio station announcer, a TV reporter and newspaper journalist. All broke bones in their hands."

Howarth hooks into rodeo whenever he can. The newspaper's staff tend to hoot a lot when he fronts work on Mondays hobbling and bruised after a weekend burst in the arena. "I'm 38. I started in rodeo five years ago in steer wrestling. I never thought I could launch myself off a horse

travelling like greased lightning and do combat with a big steer and overcome the fear of getting hurt.

"I still feel a tremendous sensation before the start of each ride. I can actually feel my heart beat. I'm aware of a horse rigid and tensed up under me with its haunches pressed back against the chute — like a sprinter in the starting blocks — and eyeing that steer like a cattle dog. When I nod my head for the steer to be released and touch that horse at the sides, we're off. In top pro-rodeo you've got to get that steer in the first six metres to be among the money. Amateur rodeo is a bloody bore. They chase the steer around the arena three times first.

"The steer probably has got a two metre start on me. I launch myself from the horse, right arm crooked around the right horn and left hand holding the left horn, and the horse veers to the left, clearing my feet of the stirrups. When you hit the ground, you're travelling fast and virtually 'dirt ski'. When you feel the steer slowing down, you pull his head and try to manoeuvre his left horn into your left-hand jeans pocket, crooking the other arm around the muzzle of the steer. Then you make a stand, lean backwards and the steer (two and a half times heavier than you) should go with you."

The tension builds up in a similar fashion for bullrider Dave Johnston. "The adrenalin starts pumping 15 minutes before an event. I isolate myself from other competitors and do warm up exercises (doing the splits — almost — just to warm up the groin muscles). If I go in cold, my muscles will tear. If I go in warmed up, they'll only stretch. I don't have nerves anymore although those bulls weigh over a tonne and I only weigh 70 kilos. I only think about how he is likely to behave. The unknown factor is always the performance of the stock."

Bullriding is the cheapest event in which to compete. Even so, a bullrope will cost \$60. RSPCA-approved dull-edged spurs cost \$50. Protective leather chaps, \$100. A single glove for riding hand, \$15. In the saddle bronc (cowboys must always use their own gear), a saddle costs \$800 upwards. Special bare-back rigging nuts out at \$200. Boots for everyone are \$140 and upwards. Compulsory western gear isn't cheap and is costly to replace. In the time events — steer wrestling and calf-roping — a proven roping horse is from \$3000 upwards; plus the costs of ropes. Not to mention entry fees.

The pace is fast — on and off the arena. It's expensive when you go to compete and don't win, or if injury is sustained. At Mt Isa recently, Dave Johnston was horned savagely and

received a punctured lung. He spent five days in hospital. Three days later, Johnston collapsed while in Brisbane. Doctors later removed two litres of congealed blood and assorted bone fragments from his system.

Mike Kenyon, the macho photographer who hammers round the circuit making a good living photographing the sport, was rammed by a bull into a fence at a rodeo. He wasn't too well at the rodeo party that raged that night and wanted out. Cowboys gave him something of a rubbish and told him to stick with it. He complained of feeling crook the next day on the return drive to Sydney. Bob Howarth recalls saying to him: "God, you're bloody hopeless, Kenyon, you'd better go and front a doctor." The hospital doctor told him: "I don't know how you have managed to do it, but you've been walking around for a day and a half on a broken leg."

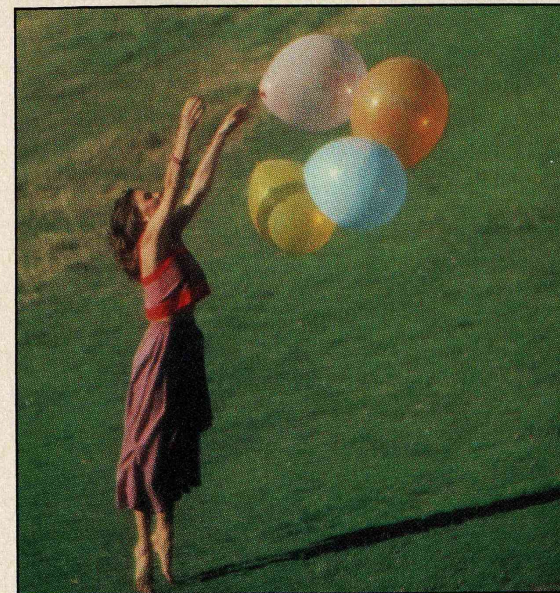
Says Rick Tindal: "There are more deaths in football, motor bike and car racing. Even our serious injuries are small, only three in the past 12 years. Considering the forces at work, it's pretty low. We do get a lot of bruises and cracked ribs. But accidents have dramatically decreased because of the stricter rules for all facilities (good chutes, fences and a regulation seven centimetre arena surface softened by disc ploughing which is easier on stock and reduces injuries when riders are thrown). Apart from that, there is a greater emphasis on top-peak condition by competitors. They work out in gyms and pursue mid-week occupations to keep themselves fit. There's no heavy booze scene. Top men don't stay top men on booze, and the drug scene is non-existent. Rodeo is a clean cut sport..."

Rodeo is more than a sport. It's a career and a creed, and as people look to something different, rodeo shapes up as the last sporting frontier. It will remain that way, remote and in dirt-brown authenticity until the big sponsors and promoters administer a large financial injection of oomph to launch the sport in the cities. There are stirrings of progress, not to mention a promotional campaign in which rodeo is being billed as "the greatest high you can have with your jeans on." And increasingly, it's a "high" more people really want to experience. Given time, it is more likely that they will.

For those interested in sponsoring the sport or for general inquiries, the address to write to is: The Secretary, Mr Jim Stuart, the Australian Rough Riders' Association Incorporated, PO Box 264, Warwick, Queensland, or else telephone on (076) 612 457.



"What the hell do you mean — turn the light off?"

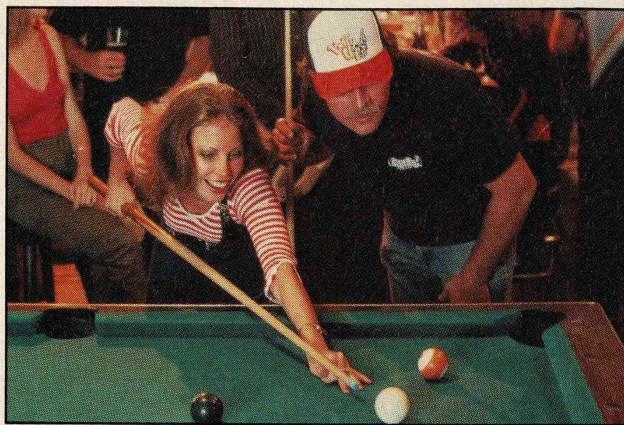


*delicious, delightful:
either will do to
describe debbie, a lady
who loves the sea,
old movies on TV, and
guys who're into the
simple things of life . . .*

DEFINITELY DEBBIE!



Photography by Mario Casilli



Debbie Boostrom's love for the sea started very early, in school: "If I wasn't in class, I was in the ocean, swimming, fishing or water-skiing. Or else I was playing billiards or pool. Clean-cut though, I drank only milk." School's out, Debbie's off to see the world: Europe, most of the US. All of it with a guy in the back of an old van . . .





"It took a long time, travelling and bouncing around from one place to another to satisfy my wanderlust. No rules, no regulations." Debbie tried her hand at deep-sea fishing (above). And afterwards she rested, most beautifully . . .





Travel's over. Debbie lives in a garden house, by the sea, of course. "Just say my love life is content. Very content." Her ambitions are simple ones. "My idea of a big time is staying home with my boyfriend watching old movies on TV." She knows what she wants and will get it . . .





Debbie offers her view on men: "I like a man who wants to get to know you before trying to take you to bed. I'm basically an old-fashioned romantic." The sea's lure is still with her too. "Being on the water always makes me feel good." She certainly seemed to feel good the day she was allowed to take the wheel of a cabin cruiser (above). Great fun, but also tiring under the hot sun. Eyes right . . .



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Dellie Bonhomme

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Debbie Bonstead

BUST: 37½ WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 107 SIGN: Cancer

BIRTH DATE: 23/6/55 BIRTHPLACE: Peoria, Illinois

TURN-ONS: The beach, nice clothes, nice people, Porsche's, wine, steak & lobster, Jacuzzi's, pinball

TURN-OFFS: Load people, cigarettes, liver, jealous people, bad breath, heavy drinkers

FAVORITE MOVIES: Superman, Gone with the Wind, Star Wars

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: I Love Lucy, Bugs Bunny, The Bob Newhart Show, The Muppet Show

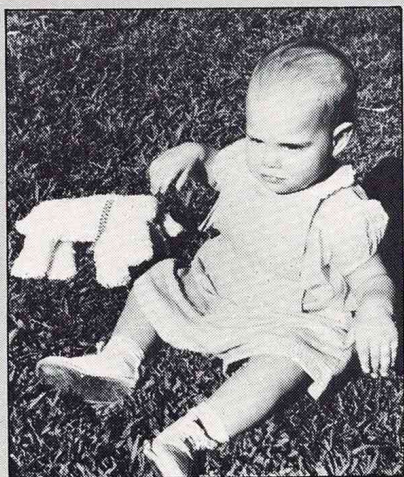
FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Clark Gable, Barbra Streisand, Sean Connery, Bob Hope, John Wayne

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming, roller skating, water skiing

FAVORITE BOOKS: Wynner, by Mel Tormé, 79 Park Avenue, by Harold Robbins

SECRET DREAM: To be happily married & live in a nice house

IDEAL EVENING: Lovely dinner with candlelight, a good bottle of wine & music by Vivaldi



My friend & I
Age 1



What a Nifty hair style
Age 7



My first Modeling
job Age 17

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Can you explain to me how this lipstick got on your collar?" the suspicious wife sneered.

"No, I really can't," the husband smirked back. "I distinctly remembered to take my shirt off."

The Kings Cross landlady suspected her beautiful female tenant was breaking house rules with regard to having men upstairs. One evening, she knocked on the girl's door and inquired, "Are you entertaining gentlemen in there?"

"I guess I must be," simpered the lovely young girl. "They keep coming back."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *female puberty* as cherry blossom time.

When an angel who had the night off paid a visit to California, he landed in a discotheque run by a man named Samuel W. Frank, and drank so much that he grew careless about his belongings. When the winged one flew home the next morning, he was stopped at the Pearly Gates by Saint Peter who sternly asked, "Haven't you forgotten something?"

"Heavens," exclaimed the hung-over angel, "I left my harp in Sam Frank's Disco!"

Then there was the English peasant girl in the Middle Ages who was thrown in jail for seducing the King. It seems that she was the first person to be prosecuted for tampering with the Royal Male.

How did you like your stay at the nudist camp?" asked one bachelor of another.

"Well," responded his friend, "the first three days were the hardest."

An advertising company searching for real blondes to photograph required each applicant to prove her claim by revealing that usually-covered growth of hair. The interviewer, examining one young woman, exclaimed: "You're not a true blonde. I can see a few black hairs down there."

The not-very-sweet young thing advanced to his desk and slammed the paperweight down on his fingers, which instantly turned black. "You see," she said, "they've gone black, and they've only been banged once."

A man we know hobbled into the pub, sat down gingerly on a stool and ordered a double whisky. With trembling hands, he downed half and muttered, "It's got to be my lucky day. I was having sex with my girlfriend when some idiot hurled a brick through the window and hit me right on the backside."

"What's so bloody lucky about that?" we asked him with much surprise.

"Ten seconds earlier and it would have hit me on the back of the head," he said.

To bed a sweet blonde was my goal
When I holidayed up at South Molle.
I praised with great flair
Her silky-soft hair,
And it turned out quite fair, on the whole.

He sat staring glumly into his beer. "Whatever's wrong?" asked his mate.

"Aw, the wife's got a bee in her bonnet. She's making me pay for sex now."

"How much is she charging you?" asked his friend with some hesitation.

"Ten dollars a time," he replied.

"You shouldn't complain," responded his mate, "she's charging the rest of us \$20."

A beautiful woman went to the dentist to have a cavity filled. He greeted her cordially, assisted her to the chair and gave her some novocaine. A few moments later while reaching for his drill, he suddenly stiffened. "Miss," he asked, "do you realise your hand is clutching my testicles?"

"Certainly, Doctor," she replied calmly. "We're not going to hurt each other now, are we?"



Without any warning, the defendant in the indecent exposure case jumped up during cross-examination, pulled down his trousers and began to masturbate.

"Isn't that illegal?" gasped the shocked young spectator to her law-clerk escort.

"It certainly is," answered the fledgling attorney. "He's getting fingerprints all over Exhibit A!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay \$25 for jokes used.



"But seriously, folks . . ."



AC/DC

(and the man in Bon Scott's shoes)

*Ridin' down the highway,
Goin' to a show,
Stop in all the byways,
Playin' rock 'n' roll.
Gettin' robbed, gettin' stoned,
Gettin' beat up, broken boned,
Gettin' had, gettin' took,
I tell you folks,
It's harder than it looks.
It's a long way to the top
If you wanna rock 'n' roll,
It's a long way to the top
If you wanna rock 'n' roll.**

Ronald Belford Scott (1946-1980)

AC/DC, Australia's wildest rock 'n' roll band, is on the brink of world stardom. But the lead singer is dead, and out into the hot spotlight, before the screaming fans, struts his replacement: a 33-year-old unknown from the north of England. How does it feel?

"Aye, that was the worst part, knowing he was still there. He is. A couple of times I had frights in the

article by *Vince Lovegrove*

Photography by Bob King

night and woke up in a sweat." Brian Johnson is speaking, the Geordie boy who replaced Bon Scott, a man who had lived for fame but died too soon.

"The worse time was when we were in the Bahamas doing an album. I was really afraid. I could feel something and it scared the shit out of me. I can't explain it. I'm not a man who believes in that kind of stuff, but he was there. I told Malcolm (Young, AC/DC's rhythm guitarist) the next day. He just smiled and said 'yeah'."

The first time I met Johnson was during AC/DC's return tour of Australia earlier this year. It was almost a year to the day after Scott, also 33, had died. He had embarked on an all-night drinking spree at a London pub. Scott suffered badly from asthma and, collapsing drunk in a friend's car, vomited and choked to death. The coroner wrote death by misadventure.

Following his death, AC/DC didn't waste too much time. They barely missed a beat.

Malcolm Young: "I thought, well screw this, I'm not going to sit around mope all bloody year. So I just rang Angus (his brother, the band's lead guitarist) and said, 'Do you want to come back and rehearse?' That was a few days after he died. I'm sure if it had been one of us, Bon would have done the same thing." The first step was to get a new singer.

Enter Brian Johnson. "This is the first time I've been sober since I've been here," said Johnson on the fifth floor of AC/DC's Sydney publishing company, Alberts.

How did he get the job?

"I was chucked in the deep end when I joined. I had to put up with a load of shit from a lot of people. I knew that if it didn't work out, I'd be the greatest scapegoat in the world. I didn't think I'd get another shot at the big time. I'm the same age as Bon so I'm no spring chicken. Anyway, when I first got the call from AC/DC for an audition, I wasn't working.

"I had to join a queue of people, all doing auditions. As soon as I walked in I liked the guys, they were just sitting there in their jeans, plonkin' on their banjos, not one of them looking like a big hype. They said, 'Do ya want a beer, ya must have had a long journey?' And I had, all the way from Newcastle. I didn't have a car so I had to hire one. I couldn't afford it, mind, but the lads paid the costs later.

"I couldn't believe my luck. When I walked into the audition it was obvious they'd seen a million guys. They'd been there for two weeks. They told me they wanted somebody different... they sure got somebody different all right. I can't sing a note. When I go onstage I just let go with

the band and become part of the instruments. It's only rock 'n' roll."

Not surprisingly, Johnson is no stranger to rock 'n' roll. He wears the scars of a blooded rock 'n' roller: puffy eyes, pale skin, a slight beer gut, rapid fire anecdotes and obvious personality traits that reflect hardship, frustration and years of hope. He constantly ruffles his unkempt, frizzy hair.

Since his early teenage years, Johnson has been living for the rock 'n' roll fantasy. In the early '70s he enjoyed a slight success with mediocre pop group, Geordie. It was during his days with Geordie that he actually met Bon Scott, who was in England with his then group, Fraternity.

"I toured with Bon when he was in England, you know. We had a rap and a pint together. But I didn't realise until last year that it was the same guy who later fronted AC/DC. It's funny, when I meet mates of Bon's, I get this feeling he must have been a great lad."

Bon Scott was lead vocalist with AC/DC for five gruelling, life-sapping years. He joined the band during its embryonic stage in 1975. Rock music was experiencing a recession then, its simplicity and innocence having been eroded and almost destroyed by greed and the money machine. AC/DC was one of the groups spearheading the return of simple rock 'n' roll worldwide. The band was wrongly labelled "punk" at the time. But it was simple rock 'n' roll that AC/DC took with them as they worked and re-worked the European rock circuit. From the group's rolling rhythm section pounding out its own non-compromising 12 bar blues beat, to the extroverted arse-flashing antics of demented "schoolboy" Angus Young, AC/DC took rock back to its rightful place: the streets. It was raw, primitive, sexual. Scott wrote lyrics and they went straight to the point:

*Some balls are held for charity,
And some for fancy dress,
But when they're held for pleasure
They're the balls I like best**

— Bon Scott, Big Balls

Scott's sexual innuendo came from the heart. He dragged them from his own experiences, and the blatant lyrics were the language of the street.

By 1978 AC/DC had gained a near fanatical following in England, Germany, France, Holland and other parts of Europe. They had also begun a massive onslaught on the *numero uno* rock market: America. Although their recordings weren't selling in the millions, they were selling.

But it was on the blistering, mind-destroying live circuit that AC/DC excelled. From Detroit to Atlanta the wild colonial boys won hordes of fans,

their electric high energy act pulverising audiences into submission.

In fact, my last booze-soaked chin-wag with Bon Scott was in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1978. The group was headlining a concert, with support band Cheap Trick, and Scott was strutting across the floorboards displaying his generous assortment of tattoos.

Bon and Angus Young, sweat dripping from their bodies, came downstairs to the traditional backstage party after the show. Later Bon and I trundled into his dressing room to begin a night of nostalgia. He changed out of his stage clothes — ragged, torn, faded denims into some extremely sharp clothes, including a checked sports coat which was at least two sizes too big. Bottles of scotch in hand, we sauntered to the waiting chauffeur-driven limo, and drove to the plush Peach Tree Plaza Hotel.

I was impressed. Personal driver, ritzy hotel, the best looking groupies I'd ever set eyes on: this was the rock 'n' roll dream.

"I'm tired of it all," Scott surprisingly confessed. He had to be joking. "No way, I really am tired. I love it, you know that. It's only rock 'n' roll and I like it, but I want to have a base.

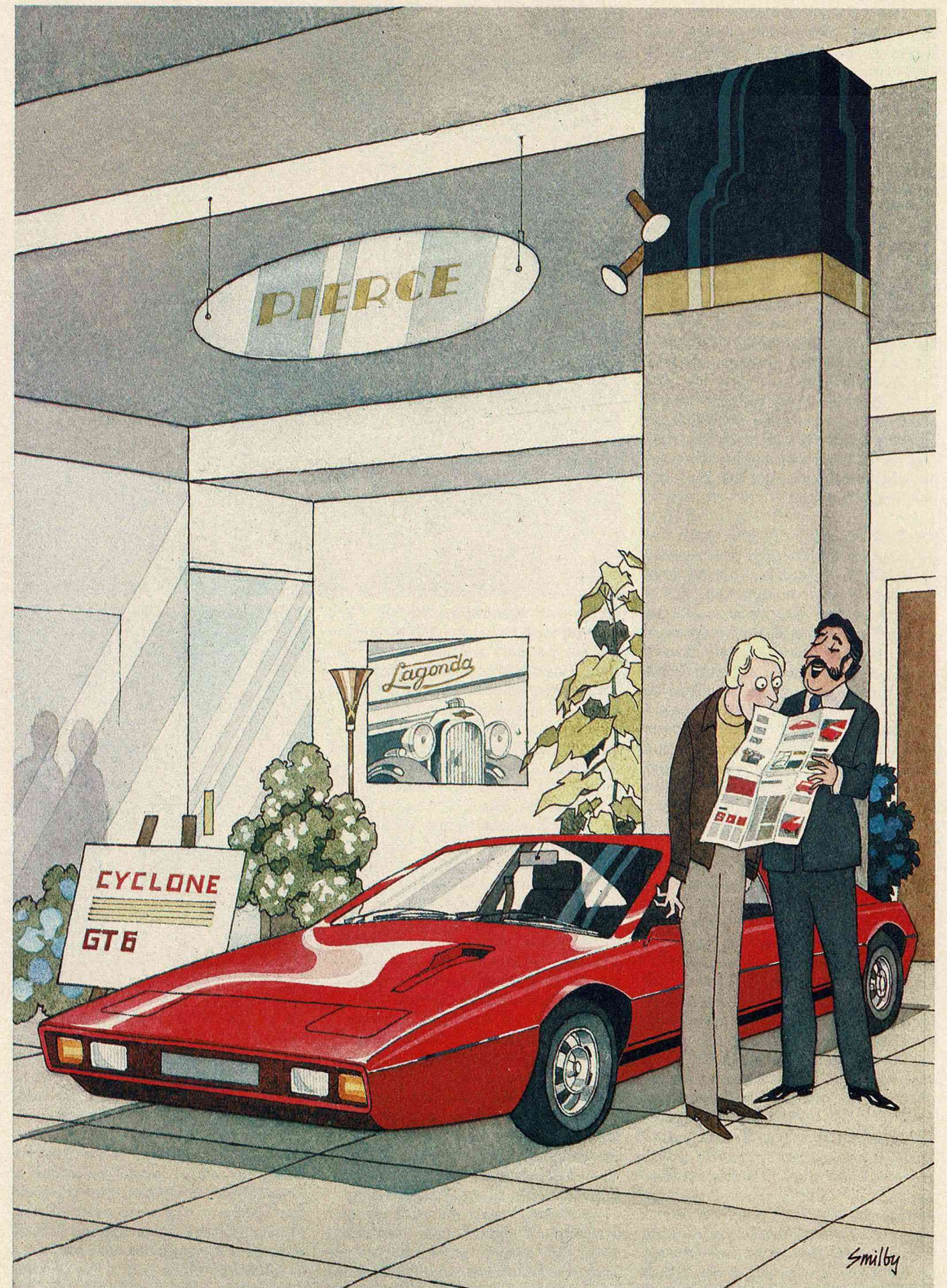
"The constant pressures of touring without a base are screwing me. I've been on the road for 13 years. Planes, booze, hotels, groupies, people, towns, they all scrape something from your insides. AC/DC are doing it and we'll get there soon, but I wish we didn't have them crushing day after day grinds to keep up with." He laughed it off and took another swig.

"Rock 'n' roll. You know that's all there is, but I can't hack the rest of the shit that goes with it," he said.

Before joining AC/DC, Bon sung with Fraternity, then based in Adelaide. The band were a bunch of hard-nosed, non-compromising guys. They toured England, returned to Adelaide, and before too long Scott left and took part in a loosely formed band designed, basically, to accommodate out-of-work musicians. It was after an argument at rehearsals one night that Bon took off on his motor bike, and travelling at 140km/h, ran too close to a car. The bike was wrecked and Bon was in a coma for three days.

Three months later, he was scraping barnacles off boats in Port Adelaide Harbor. To earn extra cash, he helped me paint my run-down booking office. I was booking bands into Adelaide's staid old pub scene. I was booking just enough money-spinning acts to bring down a little-known, rough-house, raw rock group from Sydney, called AC/DC.

The backbone of the band was the duo of Malcolm and Angus Young,



"And furthermore, although this car is essentially GT in both line and performance, its interior is sufficiently roomy to permit sex in no less than 14 positions, as the color photos in this brochure clearly illustrate."

brothers of George Young, the man who, along with Harry Vanda and Stevie Wright, were once members of the Easybeats, way back in the '60s.

Bon said he could rock these "arrogant little rockers" from Sydney into the ground. One day AC/DC dared the "old man", almost a decade their senior, to try. The get-together took place in a house in suburban Adelaide. The first place in the world to experience the electric energy of AC/DC.

The next five years would see energetic rock music erupt from AC/DC, both live and on record. It was a time when Bon Scott became a star, a rock 'n' roll showman. And AC/DC became the only Australian act to captivate a wide cross-section of nationalities on the live rock circuit.

To Bon, success meant more booze, more women, more dope, more energy, more rock 'n' roll and more life. And just as the band was making its international breakthrough, the Bon fire burnt out. Too soon.

FRIDAY, February 13. The Perth Entertainment Centre. The first concert of AC/DC's Australian tour. A tour that would be controversial. Backstage there were pre-concert tensions. George Young and Harry Vanda were there, so was Snowy Fleet, former drummer with the Easybeats. Malcolm Young took me up on stage to see the specially-built miniature pub. The audience couldn't see it. It was hidden behind backdrops of black cloth, a simple little bar with a prominent sign telling all and sundry whose domain it was. A dart board was being used by an excited Brian Johnson and Bon Scott's brother, Derek.

From the very first guitar riff on this Friday the 13th, six days before the first anniversary of Scott's death, it was obvious that ole hell-raising AC/DC were back in black. On stage, Scott's aura was still there. Also the highly magnetic aura of Johnson. He didn't blot out his predecessor, but took over where Scott left off. A new direction, well illustrating the recent worldwide accolades bestowed upon the band... voted France's most popular group for the second year in a row... voted Detroit's most popular act, beating local boy Bob Seger... smashing attendance records previously held by the heavyweights, Led Zeppelin... selling some three million copies of their previous album *Highway To Hell*, with Scott taking vocal honors, and eight million copies of their album *Back In Black* (a tribute to their fallen warrior).

The imposing rhythm section of Malcolm Young, Phil Rudd and Cliff Williams was unrelenting in its blistering attack. And rock solid Angus



No, rock 'n' roll ain't noise pollution: At top, Bon Scott on tour in Atlanta. He's with two members of a local female group, Rose Whipper and the Heathens. Both shots at right show Bon and Angus Young carrying on in Atlanta.

was strutting, prancing and leaping in the air. He stripped down to his pants, sliding his unbuttoned shirt to and fro, to and fro. The crowd clamored for more. With perfect timing he defiantly dropped his pants, turned his back on the audience and the face of authority.

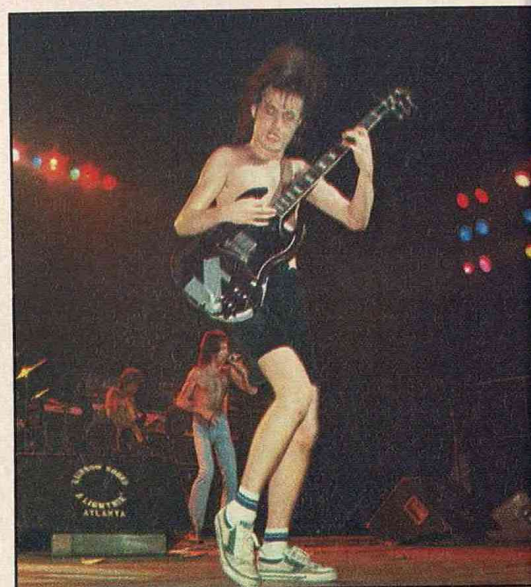
The demented "schoolboy" incited the crowd to get up off their seats and climb into the same groove as the heroes. They wrung out all their hits including *She's Got The Jack*, *Highway To Hell*, *Rosie*, *She's Got Balls*.

"Here's a song for a very special, sweet lady in tonight's audience," Johnson yelled in his penetrating voice, "Mrs Scott, this one's for you." The band lunges into *Highway To Hell*. Her son wrote the lyrics.

"It's just simple rock 'n' roll. It's fun. It defies critical analysis. Once the simplicity and the fun's gone, it ain't rock 'n' roll no more." The words came from 26-year-old Angus Young.

As I sat backstage with he and Malcolm, a unanimous, deafening chant for "More!" made it impossible to speak. But there would be no more that night.

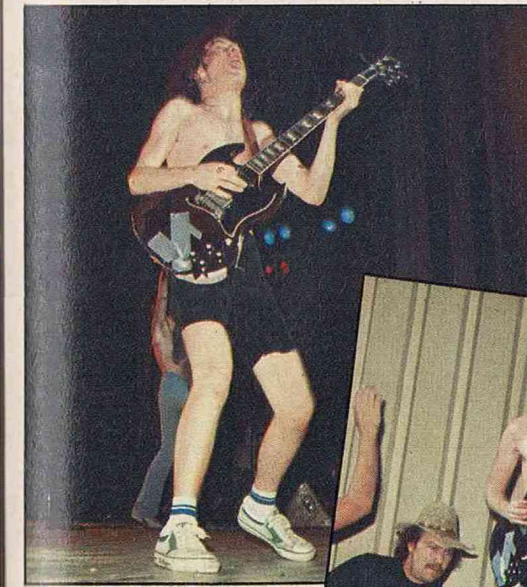
I had not seen the Young brothers since Atlanta, in '78. Offstage, Angus seemed quieter and more reserved. Perhaps as a result of marriage. "A



lot of things have gone down since then," he quipped. His mood seemed pensive. Was this the man damned by parents and the media?

"It's either us or them," he said, flicking the ash from his umpteenth cigarette. "Everyone wearing a suit and tie is one of them. It's a constant battle no matter what you're doing. Here in Perth they won't let the guys into the bar at the hotel we're staying at because they're not dressed in a tie or jacket. We could buy that bar."

Malcolm piped in: "That's the whole thing about rock 'n' roll, it's just anti the system. If you gain financial success, you are expected to do what they want. Mind you, it's an easy trap to fall in, lots of money,



Photography by Rennie Ellis/Scoopix

being a star, willing to pressures from record companies and all that. Shit. Like our American record company told us we had to have a single hit before we could do anything. But we didn't want a single hit. If we make a record and it becomes a smash, then fine. But we don't want to cash in and have a hit just for the sake of having a hit. We want to sell albums and we've sold albums."

Angus talked about Australia: "When we first started, we knew we couldn't survive in this country, not

because of the people, but simply because the area's too big, and the population's too small. We had to go. We knew we'd start from scratch everywhere and that's what we did. We systematically started at the bottom in every one of those countries and we literally worked our way up... live. On stage."

Malcolm: "What happened is that we came back to Australia after a couple of years, for one tour. The media and the people weren't even interested, so we said screw it. We weren't going to do a mediocre tour, why should we? We said that when we eventually broke in the States, it'll break for us here, and that's exactly what happened. It represents seven years of hard-slogging, live work."

Angus: "Anyone can have a chart hit if they work the right system. Queen have heaps of hit records in America, but just can't get it together on the live circuit. There are just so many pop bands. They dominate the charts. They're there for two weeks, they can't tour unless it's small halls. We are possibly one of the very few rock bands still doing it live. We've worked bloody hard to get where we are and our audience knows it, we know our audience and they know us. It's the only way."

Continuous live touring has destroyed many famous rock families, yet AC/DC has four members still happily married, two with kids. Angus again: "It's not so bad for us anymore. We can afford to take our wives with us on tour. They understand that the music comes first. Everything else comes second."

Families or not AC/DC have been involved in more than their share of punchups. It is synonymous with the band, whether they like it or not. One of the greatest Oz rock tangles involved AC/DC and Deep Purple. The latter came to Australia when they were the heavy metal kings and AC/DC were just another Aussie rock 'n' roll band. AC/DC were to take the stage immediately before the grand entrance of Deep Purple. The heavy metal big noters ruled that these punks from Sydney could not place their equipment at the front of the stage for fear of upsetting Purple's equipment.

Of course, this made it impossible for most of the audience to see them

so AC/DC ignored the instructions and proceeded to move their equipment to an even better vantage point. Tempers flared, fists flew and there was a brawl onstage. AC/DC never appeared in the show. They simply walked off the stage and went home, leaving the promoter with an hour to fill, and a world headlining act without a warm-up band.

These days they don't get into so many fights, but the potential is there.

Angus: "Most of our fights are restricted to security people and cops who've somehow got this incredible superiority complex, especially in America. Recently, Malcolm came off stage after just finishing a set, dripping wet, guitar in hand, when this dirty great big cop came up and asked him for his stage pass. Malcolm didn't exactly take his pass on to the stage with him, so he told the cop to piss off. Then this cop pulled out his pistol and grabbed Malcolm, so a few of us sort of went up behind and in front of him and kinda sorted him out."

"Then there was the time in an American town called Kalamazoo. We went back to our hotel and trundled up to the bar for a drink. It was a conservative room, just like this town, and there was this '40s-type brass band playing, collar and tie affair. Predictably, they refused us a drink and said we was underage. I mean, really, it was crazy."

"So we argued and argued and closing time was getting closer and closer and we were getting thirstier and thirstier. Malcolm went over to the bandstand while the band was playing, and grabbed the trombone from the player's hands, upon which the band stopped playing and the room fell into deathly silence. And he just fair smashed this trombone on the stage demanding that we wanted a drink. What else could we do, after all? They called the cops, of course, and they really wanted to do us in. There was pretty fast talking done by our manager that night, I'll tell you."

IT WOULD BE accurate to say that the entertainment industry survives on a constant barrage of criticism. Home in on that huge slice of entertainment that is rock 'n' roll and you'll find the knives sharpest, betrayals most frequent, and tunnel vision at its narrowest.

To survive is a tribute to the survivor. A combination of miracle and spirit. AC/DC have the spirit. It's a long way to the top if you want to rock 'n' roll.

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THE RESOURCES BOOM: Can we dig it?

THERE ARE two words that should bring a chill to those sunny souls, many of them in the Federal Government, who believe that something called The Resources Boom is about to give Australia a free ride into a new era of wealth and ease. The words are "Britain" and "Argentina".

Britain is in the middle of a boom in the most important resource of all — North Sea oil — and has hardly ever been worse off. And Argentina in the '30s stood where Australia is now, its pockets bulging with untapped resources. And where are they today?

Could our newest Golden Age be nothing but a grand illusion, a vast

By Maximilian Walsh

Illustration by Davis/Farrell



mirage in the desert that retreats as we press toward it?

So here, exclusively for PLAYBOY readers, is a penetrating analysis of the opportunities and of the pitfalls waiting around the bend. It's by one of Australia's most perceptive political and economic commentators, Max Walsh. He's spent more than 20 years studying the Australian economy, and he knows the personalities involved. And now read on, because if we blow it — this will be why.

In Australia we are inclined to talk in a starry-eyed fashion about the coming resources boom. Multi-billion dollar figures trip off the tongues of our politicians. Every so often a curmudgeonly Treasurer or one of those whom Prime Minister Fraser is fond of scorning as "knockers" points out that our success is neither preordained nor guaranteed.

Those who imagine that the boom is simply going to be an exercise in economic body-surfing should take a glance at history. Rather than delve into the arcane works of professional historians, let me point out to you that the one country of the western world currently undergoing an unprecedented resources boom is the United Kingdom. The North Sea oil is now flowing in such quantities as to transform the UK from a high importer of this precious commodity into a net exporter. Yet if asked to nominate the international economic basketcase, most people would rightly say the UK.

While it would be both glib and unjust to identify a direct and total causal relationship between the UK's current economic problems and its transformation from being an entrepot economy to a resource-endowed one, there are connections. Perhaps the most obvious of these, and it is one of particular relevance to Australia, is that the existence of North Sea oil did encourage a climate of economic permissiveness which deluded successive governments into a cargo cult mentality. Second, when the price came to be paid for those years of slack economic management — slack because governments had convinced themselves that they could afford to borrow against future oil revenue — the price was then increased to near intolerable levels by the nature of the forces unleashed by the oil money.

What Australia has to learn from the British experience is that cargo cultism is no more realistic a policy for a government operating in the sophisticated industrialised world than it is for a primitive tribe in New Guinea. We can learn from the British experience but it is important to appreciate that we have certain advantages

not present in the British economy and, unfortunately, certain grave disadvantages. While our problems are not unique, this particular mixture is uniquely our own.

The largest problem confronting the successful management of the Australian resources boom is that of containing inflation. It is not the only one but it is central to a constellation of management concerns such as economic growth, employment, and equity. Unfortunately the language of the economist tends to obscure the social implications of the subject under discussion. The problems of handling the rapid growth of our

"Inflation risk number one, because it is already with us now, must be identified as a wages push."

resources can be summarised here by saying that even if we do remarkably well, Australia will be a very different country at the end of the decade to what it is now. Some of us will be very much better off.

It does not necessarily follow that everybody will be better off, and it does not require much knowledge of human nature to fully appreciate the tensions implicit in a society where the rewards from the exploitation of its natural resources — the nation's heritage — are distributed in a discriminatory fashion. If the distribution mechanism is going to be determined by inflation and government responses to inflation, then the injustices will be all the greater.

We have already had a taste of what inflation is going to mean in the '80s. The Federal Treasurer John Howard's reaction to recent large movements in average weekly wages has been to increase interest rates. The Treasurer virtually told Parliament that the only way in which

the government could stop employers from buying industrial peace was to squeeze them for funds — to soak up money through offering high interest rates for government notes and for bonds. Mr Howard was being rather more political than economic in his description of the tools available to the government in bearing down on the economy. Apart from controlling the money supply through domestic interest rate movements, it can also appreciate the currency, reduce levels of protection or increase the taxes. Obviously, what a sensible government does is shoot for a mix of these. However, even sensible treasurers are surrounded by pusillanimous cabinet colleagues — therefore, the present concentration on interest rate policy.

Monetary policy is a fearfully blunt instrument, especially when you have a government incapable of acknowledging the realities of the marketplace. Recently when the government increased its interest rate structure it was holding one of its expensive public relations exercises in Canberra giving awards to what are called small businesses. One of the government's acts of alleged kindness to the small business sector has been its policy of enforcing a structure of bank overdraft rates which ensures lower rates for small businesses than for large businesses. Unfortunately, what the government cannot do, at least under its present policy, which is always subject to change, is direct the banks where to lend funds. Naturally banks, which are in the business of making money, are diverting funds to large businesses where they can charge 14 percent and more for overdrafts and not 12.5 percent as for businesses with overdrafts of less than \$100,000.

The current misuse and misrepresentation of monetary policy is but a convenient contemporary illustration of how easily governments slip into managerial corruption. Now, as I go through the really difficult options facing future governments, you will be able to imagine how much more likely it is that short-sighted, vote-hungry politicians do not want to know the economic implications of taking the soft option. Our inflation is but a convenient chapter heading to explore the future problems we face and it is not possible to do much more than point to the obvious risks in this area.

Inflation risk number one, because it is already with us now, must be identified as a wages push. In 1980, the average weekly earnings per male employee rose by 14 percent; for non-managerial employees, the rise was of the order of 15.2 percent.

The forecast given at the time of the last budget was that in the current

financial year wages would rise by 12 percent. The figure was itself viewed with alarm by the Treasury because it was up from 9.5 percent in 1979-80 and 7.75 in 1978-79. Superimposed upon this demonstrable acceleration in our wages is the growing success of the 35-hour-week campaign. At the moment the industrial movement is pushing for the 35-hour week only in those firms and industries where cuts in hours can be effected with little or no change in costs. This productivity bargaining would prove acceptable if Australia had a wage fixing system based upon the principles of collective bargaining on a firm or industry basis. It doesn't. We have a strongly centralised system of wage fixing, in which, as our experience has demonstrated, it is impossible to contain significant changes in wages or in conditions to just a section of the Australian industrial movement.

The exception to this has been the concept of special allowances for remote areas. Often these payments have been conveniently labelled as remote-living allowances when in fact they have been, essentially, just profit-sharing arrangements. This industrial fiction is going to come under critical scrutiny when the resources boom moves into settled areas.

The push to a universal 35-hour week will become inexorable and it will be successful. It took less than 12 months for the so-called work value increases which began in late 1979 to move through the work force to the extent that more than 80 percent of employees received the \$8-per-week increase. Work value quickly became a meaningless label applied to the increase. And the same fate can be predicted for productivity bargains. The push to the reduced working week will be successful because of the very structure of the Australian economy. It is now far too easy for significant sections of the economy to be their own price makers. When people can protect themselves from the ravages of inflation — be they organised labor securing the indexation of its wages, monopolistic or oligopolistic firms capable of simply passing on price increases, or organised professional groups able to dictate their own fee structure — then the will to fight inflation withers. What then happens is that the burden of the fight is shifted to those unable to control their own destiny. The most obvious of this group are the unemployed. They represent the casualties of an economic system which has erected all sorts of artificial barriers to the pursuit of rational economic behavior.

In this respect there is no more obvious inflation-feeding monster than

our existing industrial structure. As Malcolm Fraser has recently found, to his chagrin, the soft underbelly of manufacturing, when it comes to conceding shorter working hours, is that which enjoys the privilege of official protection from competition through the operation of the tariff. It is now more than a decade since the Tariff Board demonstrated what was theoretically obvious — that when it comes to feeding wage push inflation, the highly protected sectors of the economy are the main culprits.

A decade ago, inflation was of the order of about four percent a year. The high-protection lobby was then able

"The push to a universal 35-hour week will become inexorable and it will be successful."

to command the attention of the politicians, as it still can, by arguing that the protection is equated with employment. Actually, it is about profits, not employment. But through the '60s and the early '70s, the case against high protection was essentially one of arguing that such a policy acted as a brake on productivity — as well as economic growth — by sheltering industry from competition. The structural adjustment argument remains valid, but because we chose to ignore it the pain of change is going to be much greater.

The case for dismantling Australia's tariff barriers during the '80s can be put in another way. It is axiomatic that if Australia is to have a resources boom it is going to increase the level of its exports.

As we increase these exports, we will certainly also have to increase our imports — not to do so would mean a build-up in our holdings of foreign exchange leading to an explosion of our local money supply. This would itself

be inflationary unless the additional funds were mopped up. Unfortunately to do that would involve making use of high interest rates — which would of themselves attract more funds into the country.

An alternative would be to revalue the Australian dollar and I have no doubt that this will be a part of any package of responsible economic management. It is already happening. But revaluation adversely affects the export sector of the Australian economy. It is true that it also affects adversely local manufacturers who compete with imported items. The combination of these two groups — exporters, consisting of miners and farmers, and manufacturers who face additional competition — represents formidable political clout. We have seen in the past the way in which a government can be paralysed with fear about exchange appreciation. The very same people who fought so long and hard against a rational exchange rate appreciation in 1971 now occupy positions of immense political power in Canberra.

This time around, however, a new and frightening dimension has been added to our regime of protection. During the past decade, we have seen the muscle of the manufacturing sector exerted in such a fashion that we now have in situ a collection of quantitative restrictions which are far more egregious in their economic implications than the old tariff system. These privileged sectors of the economy, such as footwear, clothing, textiles and motor vehicles, are in practice exempt from any problems of competition which might be caused by exchange rate appreciation. You can be certain that other politically persuasive pressure groups will seek membership of this protection racket if the government embarks on significant exchange rate appreciation.

The only rational policy open to a government that does recognise the implications of the resources boom is to begin dismantling the protection racket. It has to eliminate the super protection provided by import quotas, otherwise it will find itself facing increasing demands from the under-privileged manufacturers. It would be truly perverse economic management to operate a country where you deliberately damaged your most efficient producers — the miners and the farmers — to preserve your most inefficient. Apart from the economic nonsense that's involved in such an approach, there are wider political implications. Australia cannot long live in a world as a major trader of its resources unprepared to grant access to other people's manufactured goods,

for such anti-social behavior will sooner or later produce the worst possible response from others.

The alternative to doing nothing about our industrial structure and being scared on the exchange rate front is guaranteed domestic inflation. Perhaps I have been a mite presumptuous in assuming that everybody understands the consequences of the inflation. Apart from the social costs involved in putting more and more people out of work to fight it, inflation can by itself simply destroy those economic advantages Australia has by virtue of its natural endowments.

Australia is resource rich but it has no resource monopoly. What we are long in is low-grade base materials — iron ore, coal, bauxite, lead and zinc. Even these metals have a high labor component in their ultimate price and, to the extent that inflation increases costs above and beyond the cost of our competitors, we will lose markets. Even in the sectors where we are using capital intensive means to inject low cost energy into the exports, such as aluminium smelting, the labor component is still important.

Where labor cost is crucial is in the construction phase of development. High levels of inflation will quickly discourage foreign investment in what

remain fairly high-risk investments. Inflation impinges on two other problem areas in the rapid progress of mining and other similar projects — raising the money, and then getting the workers.

The government has adopted an approach to national development of letting it rip. The one proviso has been a local equity requirement. It can hardly be said that the latter has acted as much of a brake on the rate of development. Why it has not is that the concept of equity is a largely illusory one. It tends to be equated with ownership and control in a quite misleading way. There is, I believe, a quite persuasive case to be made out for encouraging foreign investment in our resources but one has to acknowledge that there is a history within this country of political unease at what is perceived to be too much foreign ownership. What is defined as "too much" is, unfortunately, in the eye of the beholder and tends to vary over time.

There is another rather ominous dimension to the foreign investment debate which has only now begun to emerge. It is the problem of economic colonialism. Evidence is accumulating to suggest that the States, in their determination to secure investment in

aluminium smelting, have committed themselves to deals which involve subsidising of foreign investors by the local taxpayers. Certainly this is the case in Victoria where the government has entered into a most extraordinary arrangement with the big Alcoa organisation. Also it is arguable that the same result has occurred in NSW where a more disingenuous approach on the part of the government has so far concealed hard evidence from the eyes of the electorate. A fundamental assumption in arguing the case for foreign investment is that the government is supposed to protect the rights of the community. When it fails to do this there is no case for foreign investment. What has happened in Victoria and NSW is that the two governments have sought to expand the State's employment base by selling off at bargain basement prices non-renewable resources. The case against these State governments is therefore not conclusive.

A plausible defence can be mounted on the grounds that the key resource, steaming coal, had a negligible opportunity cost and that break-even or subsidised electricity rates virtually amounted to seed money. It is perfectly true that Australia cannot move into the more profitable, and also the employment creating area, of fabrication unless it does have the smelter capacity.

So the implications of Australia becoming an economic colony of the major industrial powers — something we face with our aluminium smelting operations — are worrying. There are compelling reasons why colonialism has passed out of fashion. Not for a moment do I suggest that a State or Federal Government would deliberately court economic colonialism, but that could in fact be the price paid for unfettered and irrational competition between the Australian States for further overseas development funds.

Those proponents of the current development boom are inclined to defend the concept of a free-for-all between the States on the grounds that market forces will sort out the problem. It is true that in the long run the marketplace imposes its own will. However, before ever accepting the slogans of the marketplace proponents, we should examine what we actually have in Australia.

It is complete and utter nonsense to assert that our State governments are operating within a marketplace environment. They are financing the rapid expansion of power stations, ports and coal loaders — where State money is involved in the latter — through the backing of the taxpayer. This backing enables various State

governments and their authorities to borrow what funds they need in the market at a premium interest rate over that of private sector borrowers. No commercial return is needed for an electricity authority to invest a billion dollars in a new power station. All that is needed is simply a reasonable expectation that the power thereby produced will be sold at something approximating its cost of production. Heavy shortfalls will of course run the risk of a political backlash.

There are undeniably short term benefits to a State from pursuing such a policy. Employment opportunities are increased both at the time of construction and to a lesser extent during the operating period. This employment, and all the wages thereby generated, do have a multiplier effect throughout the community.

The big question is whether by opting for this form of rapid development we have sentenced ourselves to a lesser future than otherwise would have been the case.

If this rapid development explodes wages, then that will certainly be the case because inflation is a disease that can only be cured by purging — and there is an economic and social cost in such drastic treatment.

The risks of this inflation are immeasurably greater when we have a significant section of the development boom totally insulated from market forces. I'm referring here to the fact that State governmental activities are infinitely more protected than those privileged industries operating under quota protection, for the States can always fall back on the tax payer. That is why we have seen the greatest concessions to industrial militancy made by State governments — in NSW it is the electricity workers who have set the pace on the 35-hour week. In Victoria it is the site workers at Loy Yang who are virtually calling the tune for construction wages there.

A second but equally significant aspect of the insulation of the State governments, and of their authorities, from the pressures of the marketplace is that their activities simply crowd out the private sector. They can do this in the labor market by bidding up wages paid for skilled workers.

Equally importantly they can do it in the money market by crowding out the private borrowers. Already this is happening. The cost of money is being set both by the Federal Government's emphasis on controlling the money supply as a counter-cyclical policy tool and the States bidding aggressively for funds for infrastructure projects.

That the magnitude of the problem is not appreciated is evident from the list of big spending items of what

might be described as a monumental nature promised by Malcolm Fraser.

It would be wrong to say that the government is blind to these problems. The recent Premiers Conference saw an attempt to come to grips with the problem of explosive spending in the public sector.

As an example of its goodwill, the Federal government has been engaged in a detailed examination of its own spending program. In a simple, theoretical way, we could suggest that Australia's limited resources be allocated on a basis of priority set by its economic advisers. Fortunately, we do have a government in Canberra philosophically opposed to any such thinking. It is just as well because what little practice we have had in this country at bureaucratic direction has been disastrous. The countries with totally centrally controlled economies have not enjoyed superior economic performance to more market-oriented economies and they have a much inferior civil liberties record.

We in Australia have been fond of describing our economy as "mixed", pretending that we have had the best of both worlds. To some extent, we have had, in the past.

But the oil price rise back in 1979 suddenly transformed the Australian

economic ground rules. When steaming coal became a valuable exportable commodity, we entered a whole new ball game.

It is evident that you cannot have a successful mixed economy as far as energy policy is concerned — at least not the old model mixed economy where public utilities operated on non-profit lines. We are going to have to begin putting our power utilities into a commercial frame-work.

Such questions are usually consigned to the too-hard basket. After all, Australia has always muddled through and the enormous upgrading of our energy resources should make that muddling through all the easier.

That might be so. But I always remember the Argentina analogy. In the 1930s, the Argentine was just as resource-rich as Australia with a destiny that nobody doubted. Maldistribution of wealth, economic mismanagement and a virtual plague of popularity-seeking politicians reduced that jewel of an economy to an almost unsalvageable condition. I guess they were saying in Argentina in 1930 — the future is ours. We are saying it here now . . . and it can be . . . but we are not going to get it on a platter.



"Those aren't insect calls, they're paging beepers."

GOD HELP those anthropologists whose unenviable job it will be in centuries to come to examine the strange paradox of the Australian sickie.

All around us are the symbols of our physical prowess — showcases stuffed full of gold medals, vast sporting arenas everywhere. How can they come to any conclusion other than that Australians must have been one of the healthiest races ever to inhabit this planet — sports-loving, milk-fed, bronzed gods and golden goddesses — muscled hearties who roam the world flexing their physical virtuosity at the cowering judges, smelling of liniment and winning things?

But, are these oh-so-super-fit, these super-human creatures who can crush billiard balls in their bare hands, members of the same race who have one of the highest absenteeism rates in the industrialised world? Are they the same race who will take a truly phenomenal number of days off work each year due to sickness? You bet your lunch box they are.

Here it will be necessary for the anthropologists to scour every time capsule and plumb the depths of our culture to understand the paradox.

For us there is no mystery.

Yet to the Australian worker, the sickie is one of the most hallowed facets of our industrial folklore and a great national pastime. It is as Australian as Don Bradman and meat pies, and as traditional as Billy Tea.

Once properly tutored, any Australian worker who struggles manfully toward the thrombosis ward through each working year without taking his quota of days off — the ones known as "sick leave" — can expect to be regarded with the utmost curiosity and suspicion, like a man trying to buy a Rolls Royce with cash. Anyone who is not a fully paid-up supporter of the great Australian sickie is probably a mad communist, a New Australian or even worse.

Killjoy bureaucrats in departments of labor occasionally do make half-hearted sallies on our right to take the odd sickie — you know, when we really need a day off. The bureaucrats hold seminars, unfold their computer printouts, drink public service tea and natter away about something called industrial fatigue. They are also fond of sending busy-body questionnaires asking bosses why their employees seem to all stay away in droves on Mondays and Fridays (and Tuesdays after long weekends). They never do ask the person who matters and who knows — you and me, the workers!

Malcolm Fraser is always pulpitting to implore us all to work

harder for less. But you should notice that he will always draw the line at having a slash at our sickies. Take away our sickies and the barricades will be up in the streets before you can say "tax cuts for all!"

But this does not mean that we should relax our iron defences against detractors of the Great Australian Sickie. There are always those who take pride in ransacking the things that have made Australia great.

While the Department of Productivity did announce back in '76, just before it disappeared, that Australian workers took 46.9 million sick days a year, this is no cause for complacency in the ranks.

No more recent figures are available since Productivity was later merged

with Industrial Relations — for some reason they ceased to compile them all (too many to count?) but the National Sickie Scoreboard must by now have notched up the 50 millionth sickie of the year.

Undeniably, many of these sickies are fair dinkum ones — the result of genuine industrial accidents — work-induced disease and illness. But then again, many of them are not.

The former Minister for Productivity (who is now the Minister for Something Else) said of this pioneering 1976 sickie survey that it showed — gasp, shock, horror! — that some sickie takers might not actually be sick. The minister claimed, incredulously, that "some absenteeism in industry" (he means sickies) "is caused by boredom,



What gives the Australian Boss ulcers? **THE SICKIE** Playboy's guide to doing it in style humor by Lee Patterson

by poor interpersonal communication and by poor management/employee relations in the workplace."

Surely this is a finding equal in stature to Einstein's discovery of $E=MC^2$, to Newton's proclamation of his laws, or, at least, to the invention of the string bag.

I WOULD BAULK just this side of making a certain number of sickies per year for every worker compulsory, but consider the many advantages of the Great Australian Sickie.

First and foremost, it does allow the genuinely sick person to be sick.

Second, it allows merely bored or jaded workers to discreetly have a day off, to recharge their batteries and to return to the fray full of beans,

creativity and zest — thus improving productivity and profits.

Third, the sickie is a socially binding pastime, a ritual in which we can all share and participate, knowing that homage is being paid to a genuine Australian tradition. And fourth, the sickie is an indirect way of introducing shorter working hours. It's a sort of back-door arbitration.

Apart from which, the Establishment have gone along with the game in a formal and institutionalised way for decades.

The Australian Public Service now provide their workers with two weeks, that is 10 sickies, on full pay and a further 10 sickies on half pay as long as they don't take more than three in a row without spiriting up a medical

certificate from somewhere. And, if you like, you can take a year's worth of this entitlement in advance! Furthermore, if you are a female and pregnant, you get 12 weeks paid maternity leave and your job back if you return within 12 months. (Males had paternity leave but Malcolm took that away). If your Auntie Flo dies, you get the day off and if you have to move house, you also get a day off.

The NSW Public Service fists out the sickies as follows — in your first year of labor for Nifty Nev you are entitled to 10 days paid sickies, 15 in the second year and 30 days each year after that (again provided you can produce something that resembles a medical certificate if you are taking more than three days at once). Nifty is less generous with maternity leave, compared with the Federal Public Service, but he lavishes plenty on those seeking a quick sickie — you get two and a half days for funerals, moving, etc, in your first year, but you get five days off spread over two years thereafter, on a cumulative basis, which means that if all your friends live a long life and you don't have to go to many funerals, you could claim a whacking month's worth of sickies as funeral leave after a few decades of dedicated service to the State of New South Wales.

The benefits to industry and the economy from our fascination for this way of sneaking a few days off each year are legion. First, there are tribes of people dependent on the Great Australian Sickie for their jobs — these include temporary staff who might be called in to do your job while you're away — careful they don't do it better than you do — doctors and health workers busily issuing medical certificates; and the boss who gets something to feed his ulcers on but at the same time is relieved by the profit he makes from less wear and tear on plant, machines, equipment and typewriters while you are not using them.

Further, the leisure industry heavily depends on those prone to crook sickies for their multi-million-dollar turnover — sex-cinema owners on wet days, ice cream sellers at beaches on hot days, publicans, operators of Nottell Motels for those who like to spend their sickies in bed together, sun tan oil suppliers and a host of others too numerous to mention.

So, it can be seen that taking a sickie is actually a patriotic and constructive act which benefits you, your fellow workers, the boss — one way or another — as well as the Gross Domestic Product.

And, if there were no sickies, there would be no velvetised jobs for public servants to conduct the departmental

Illustration by Ned Gullie

inquiries into why people are taking so many sickies.

But, if the sickie is to be defended from any conniving attacks, there are certain rules you must observe.

First, if the sickie is to function successfully and most efficiently, certain pretences must be maintained. The boss must be convinced beyond any reasonable doubt that you are truly ill and need the day off.

Never mind the winks of complicity or frowns of disapproval from fellow employees, some of whom will behave like social workers at a delinquent boys' home annual picnic. It is the boss you must convince. Don't just say you feel a bit headachey, listless, run down or a touch of the flu coming on. You must exhibit all of the symptoms of the bogus disease you have chosen to camouflage your sickie. Diligent attention to the performances on television's *Young Doctors* program will be of benefit here if you are to win over the boss and keep up with the rest of the Monday morning fibbers and bare-faced prevaricators.

So here are some Don'ts:

- Avoid, at all costs, actually getting sick upon your sickie! What could be worse than plotting and planning a sickie so you can go water-skiing with your mates, then coming down with a 24 carat case of Asian flu the night before?

- Never take a sickie on the same day your boss decides to take one. Bumping into the boss at the bowling alley or out on the beach on a sunny Wednesday afternoon will cause both of you untold trauma.

- Don't put your job at risk just for the sake of a sickie. Give your boss a go and give him credit for some intelligence. How did he get to be the boss if he's as dumb as you think he is? (If you are in the public service, don't answer that.) By all means, tell the boss to get stuffed on your first day on the job — and observe all the usual golden rules of Australian industrial relations. But do not take him for granted in the area of the bogus sickie. Bosses do expect a decent minimum standard in the subterfuge and the excuse-making you employ in getting your day off. So apply yourself, think of some exciting excuses and never disappoint him. This will make the game all the more interesting for the both of you.

- In choosing whatever disease, disorder or piece of domestic upset you are going to invent to justify the day off, be careful not to use injuries or diseases which require you to display too many visible symptoms. If you claim to have twisted your ankle or sprained your arm — you are going to have to keep up the pretence for a

number of days after you return to work, to maintain credibility. Invariably this can lead to you bandaging the wrong arm or affecting the limp in the wrong leg from day to day, and so contribute to your being caught out. If the office fink is prone to whack you on your allegedly sore arm just to test your story, for heaven's sake always remember to cry out in ferocious and bloodcurdling pain. Stick to diseases or injuries which do not require you to go green or limp.

- If you are going to make a regular practice of taking the random sickie, remember to keep a list of the excuses you have used previously. Nothing is more embarrassing than remembering, as the words fly from your lips, that this is the sixth time in three months that you have had a terminal attack of meningitis and need a few days off.

- If you are actually going to stay at home on your sickie and the telephone rings, always try and get some-

"Never take a sickie on the same day your boss decides to take one . . . bumping into the boss will cause you both untold trauma."

one else to answer it and say they'll see if you're strong enough to come to the phone. If you are really going where I think you are going, which is the pub or the beach, then leave the bloody thing right off the hook, or wise someone up at your place to say you have got your head in the toilet throwing up and are too ill to speak to anyone. If you are supposed to be home sick, but aren't, you can't leave the phone ringing. That allows for too many awkward questions when you do go back to work. What you cannot afford is a reputation as a shirker. Play the game and leave the phone off the hook when you go out.

Now, here are some helpful suggestions for arranging yourself with a fool-proof, guilt-free sickie:

We'll start with the easy ones first — the occasions when you only need a couple of hours or a half day off. The trick is to use an excuse which will strike an immediate strong chord of irresistible sympathy with him, or her, and enable the boss to sympathise with your dilemma. For example, if you just want the afternoon off to go for a swim, sit in the park or play billiards at the club, then just explain

that you have been standing in a queue for two hours at the medical benefits fund. Bosses, like everyone else, have stood fuming in queues at the medical benefits offices while the applicants for refunds are quizzed and ranted at by the untrusting, Nazi-like interrogators with the little rubber stamps — and all of the answers. Everyone has to stand in queues at banks, insurance companies or medical benefits funds, to reclaim something that is theirs anyway. This is a good excuse because it has the virtue of being credible, and probably true.

- The Good Samaritan ploy is also worth a try, as long as you use it sparingly. Again, for a half day off, you can always have been at the Red Cross, giving blood (hint that yours is a particularly rare type) — perhaps to be used to save the life of a poor, sick little orphan kid.

Who is going to hassle someone as selfless as that? All you need as a prop is a piece of surgical tape or clear adhesive tape and a little piece of cotton wool. Tape the cotton wool into the crook of your arm and make sure you stroll around the office the rest of the day, with your sleeves rolled up to show off the evidence of your gallantry. If you are questioned about why the blood-letting took more than an hour, say you fainted and had to lie down in a darkened room for a bit.

- Other excuses which usually have a positive effect on bosses are those which allow you to transfer the blame for your illness on to your job. Migraine (never bother with a common old headache), is a most satisfactory disease to cultivate as it can strike without warning and has a high profile as a condition most people would like not to have, therefore engendering that rare emotion in human beings — sympathy. Also there are no outwardly visible symptoms — just screw your tightened fists to your temples and roll around the floor a lot with tears in your eyes, or else bang your head against a filing cabinet, as if to shake the devils out.

A symptom of migraine is blurred vision or wavy lines in front of the eyes just before the victim experiences the most brain-shattering pain and is forced to lie down with the curtains drawn. Regrettably, there is no pill for migraine. All you can do is stay at home all day. Isn't that a pity?

- Ulcers, caused by the industrial strain and overwork — rueful look at the boss when you break the terrible news to him — are a useful justification for the odd day off. While ulcers are more treatable and detectable than migraine, they can also be pretty elusive. Nausea, indigestion, plus gut-creasing pains and generalised agony

should accompany any sudden sickie you are planning to take on these grounds. Drink lots of milk very theatrically and in front of everyone in the office, stare grimly at the wall with your hands screwed into fists and emit occasional soft groans.

- Food poisoning is another very plausible excuse because it can be caught and overcome very quickly and is difficult to disprove. Use it especially after office parties or when you have had lunch in the office or the works canteen the day before. It usually takes from one to six hours to strike and confirms what everyone has always suspected about the food in the canteen anyway. Say: "God, I vomited all night" and use the word vomit a lot in conversation, as many people, including bosses, find it a distasteful word which provokes unpleasant images they would rather not think about, thus leaving you in peace to your sickie.

- Equally reliable is the good old fashioned flu — Russian, Asian, or the local variety — it does not matter. Most useful is the 24-hour virus flu which just about everyone gets these days. If the surf's up, you can extend it to being a 36, 48 or 72-hour flu, accordingly. You do not even really need a temperature or a sore throat — just an overall feeling of malaise, a headache and indeterminate pain in the muscles of the neck, arms and legs are all you need to complain about to convince the boss and even some doctors that the best thing you should do is to go home, have a long hot bath and retreat to your bed to beat the unwelcome beast off.

The boss will appreciate your good sense, because, as much as he doesn't want you to take an unjustified sickie off, he also doesn't want to risk you infecting the whole office if he insists you stay at work. It just wouldn't be fair, would it?

Return, once you have had your sickie, looking spry and energetic. The boss will realise, believe me, that he got the better end of the bargain. He's no fool.

If you are a regular sickie taker, it will do wonders for your credibility if you are under suspicion, to arrange for some really visible demonstration of some injury or illness. I once knew a girl who had spilled hot cooking oil on her arm and taken a couple of legitimate and deserved days off work.

"Spilled hot oil all over yourself, have you?" they all snickered disbelievingly when she came back to work with a heavily bandaged forearm. "Go on, we know there's nothing under that bandage but cotton wool, take it off," they chanted, now emboldened. My friend played it to the hilt. Slowly

she unwound the thick bandage and then dragged it off the burned area, revealing a very unpleasant, festering burn to the horror of her colleagues. She has never been worried about any sickie doubters ever since.

- If you plan to kill off a few close members of your family so that you get to have the day off, for God's sake keep a list of the dear departed so that you don't make the cardinal error of killing the same Aunt Flo off twice in the same year. Bosses have this strange faculty which allows them to remember things like the names of supposedly dead aunts. Look a bit subdued when you come back the next day. Wear black. Look vacantly into the middle distance a lot. If you want two days off, have Aunt Flo die in a far-off country town, requiring some travel to get to the funeral.

- It will be of great assistance to you in securing bogus days off work if you have a slightly deranged friend who rings up needing your assistance

"Food poisoning is another very plausible excuse because it can be caught and overcome very quickly and is difficult to disprove."

and, therefore, necessitating your absence from work. An acquaintance of mine has perfected this ploy in a most remarkable manner and with the numbing dexterity of a scriptwriter for *Number 96* or *The Young Doctors*. He gets away with it because he doesn't try it on too regularly and because the tales of woe he spins around his mythical, tragedy-prone friend leave the boss reeling with confusion and alarm mixed with sympathy — an anguished hand clasped to his receding hairline, while the sickie-taker is already off and out the door. The whole performance is straight out of the TV soapies — and how it rates!

All he usually does is to get a co-worker to ring his telephone extension so that he can swing the whole fantasy into operation. Doris — the mythical tragedy caller — is always caught up in something big. She has either been falsely arrested on suspicion of armed robbery and needs you to go to court and stand bail for her; had triplets and been deserted by her husband and has just been thrown out on the street by her landlord because hubby ran off with all the money and the bailiffs are here to repossess the furniture; or

contracted a terminal disease and is in the Little Sisters of the Bleeding Heart Hospice for the Dying and in need of your presence at bedside; has had both legs cut off at the knee in a tram accident in Melbourne where she ran off chasing someone named Nigel with whom she is catastrophically in love, although Nigel is secretly getting off with Doris's sister, Naomi; Doris has swallowed 400 barbiturates and drunk a gallon of Corio whiskey in a desperate suicide bid because she didn't win the Miss Office Furniture contest this year and she is calling out for you; Doris is off dog-sledding in Antarctica and you have to help her load up with Pal and see her off; or else she has been pack-raped by a passing Mongol horde in a suburban bus shelter and you are needed at the rape crisis centre.

Just tune into *The Young Doctors*, re-runs of *Number 96* or *Restless Years* if you run out of ideas. Be as outlandish as you like. Everyone likes a good yarn — the office will be spell-bound with the intricacy of Doris' life and moved by the compassion you are willing to show to your nit-witted friend in giving up your time (or the boss's time to be more exact) bailing her out of trouble.

Get a friend to ring up and shriek uncontrollably on the phone occasionally so that Doris is established as a real, living, breathing person.

- If you really want a day off and you are desperate for an excuse, one that will usually work once or twice is the old "special clinic" ploy. It's a bit rough on the old reputation, but just amble slightly nervously into the boss's office and announce that you've got to go down to the "special clinic". The boss is usually too embarrassed to ask what sort of "special clinic" it is in case you are talking about the VD clinic. Thus, you cleverly exploit society's big hang-up about anything to do with venereal disease. The poor man is hardly going to ask to see the evidence of your assumed affliction, and is likely to be even half sympathetic and let you go, so anxious will he be to end the conversation. You didn't actually say you were going to the House that Jack built, but you've probably won yourself a day off.

Above all, you must be consistent in your stories. Once you start off with a disease or condition requiring continuing medical attention and days off, stick with it. And don't bother feeling guilty.

Guilt will probably only make you feel ill and you'll really have to take a day off sick. This is to be avoided at all costs.





THERE IS A tinkle of windbells. Tiny bronze egg cups, black with age, the intricate carving still showing when the street lights hit them through misty rain. Prayers inked on to strips of cloth flutter from their clappers. "They are to protect the house from undesirables," Oshi laughs. The bells sound like part of the wind that skates across the old tile roof. The light from a lantern fixed beside the door shows a sign in Japanese, five small symbols are beneath the characters. Oshi says: "The five rice cakes. It is the only sign of its kind in all Kyoto." He opens an

umbrella, holding it more over me than himself, and tugs an ancient looking bell-pull. The door opens immediately, as though someone is waiting just to answer the muffled jangles. "To keep a customer waiting would bring these ancient gables crashing down around their ears." Oshi's whisper was something of pride and something of amusement. There is just time to quickly glance around. We are in a back street: narrow, clean, shining with fine evening rain that blurs the neon lights over the city. A taxi is taking off, hooting the slow cavalcade of bicycle lamps; barely

Illustration by Mark Salowski

THE STORY OF A 20th CENTURY SAMURAI

article by Geoff Pike

and it has been so all along. Inside, the room is low and wide, lit by paper lanterns colored bright orange and deep red. It is furnished with low, lacquered tables to seat maybe eight or 10, flat cushions, tatami matting on the floor, a small tip-up fountain trickling lazily in a corner. A mass of plum blossom splays out from an earthenware jar.

"Don't they have electricity?" My voice comes out as a dumb whisper, completely out of place in this simple elegance. "Oh yes. But they prefer the old ways. Everything here is old." I decide to keep quiet.

The room is warmed by a hibachi, flowering with cherry red charcoal. In a raised alcove, which I had already learned was called the tokonoma, sit two more women, doll-like, ageless in the cornstarch white of their make-up. Carmine cupid bows of lips part in smiles to show pearls of teeth, their eyes black and slippery as olives underneath it all. They bow from a sitting position, fingers still moving over the strings of samisens. Our feet are guided under the table. There is a heater beneath it. A heavy quilt is tucked snugly around our knees to trap the warmth. It is called kotatsu, I remember most of the things Oshi has told me on the bullet train we took from Tokyo.

We glow with a perfect warmth, outside from the kotatsu, inside from tiny eggshell cups

room to squeeze between the gutters, figures dismount to press against wooden facades of small shops and private places.

The woman's silhouette is unmistakable against a dim, warm light from somewhere within. She bows deeply and repeatedly as we pass inside. Undeniably female in her tininess; a great mass of hair is built high and set with delicate ornaments. She makes chidings that seem to be aimed at the weather as she removes our shoes and replaces them with comfortable straw sandals. First mine, then Oshi's. "She says this is no

weather for warriors." Oshi grins at me, as if in conspiracy.

Another figure, even tinier, bows silently from the shadows, takes our coats and holds out a light garment. "It is for you to wear while you are here. A happy coat. Put it on. You will find it most agreeable. It will keep you a happy man."

The second woman says soft encouraging words as she slips the silk over my arms, neatly, without fuss or undue ceremony. "She says you are very wide." Oshi is enjoying himself, not at my expense but as a good host eager for his guest's enjoyment,

of strong green tea. I look across at Oshi. He is a good host, unsparing with the monumental expense account I know he carries. It goes with being one of the best marketing experts in Japan. A bright man, Oshi, handsome as a movie poster, with a small well-formed body that is always dapper to perfection in a range of tailored Western suits. He is a graduate of the Harvard Business Institute and Westernised enough to shorten his first name from Oshita to Oshi when entertaining foreigners. But he is genuinely at home wrapped in the steel blue happy coat. They say that he is descended from the aristocratic

Knights of Bushido. I can believe it. I am fortunate to be his guest. Oshi told me that he was born in a village, well outside Kyoto in the Kansai region, the eldest son of a land-owning family. Brilliantly successful in his career, he is an expert in all things Japanese and, unlike most, he is confident enough to talk about it.

We have three more days. A field trip, he calls it, to introduce me to Japan. It is typical of his corporation, vast beyond belief, to presume to impart anything so complex in so little time. It had not been easy to arrange the Geisha house. Even for Oshi. There is only one authentic house in Kyoto, and it is reserved, as a rule, for the very rich. And even then only to entertain those from overseas. Oshi shakes his head with genuine sadness.

"The old things are going so very fast." Lifting his sake cup in a silent toast. "Soon there will be no sake, only whisky. No Geisha, only bar girl; no tea house, only whorehouse."

Tossing the warm rice wine back and holding out his cup for more, he says: "No, they don't go to bed with you. Not in such an authentic house as this. Not usually." His good looking face turns aside to hide a smile. "But, of course, most things can be arranged."

To get off the subject he turns back, grinning. "It's like the English myth of what lies beneath a Scotsman's kilt. Do they or do they not?"

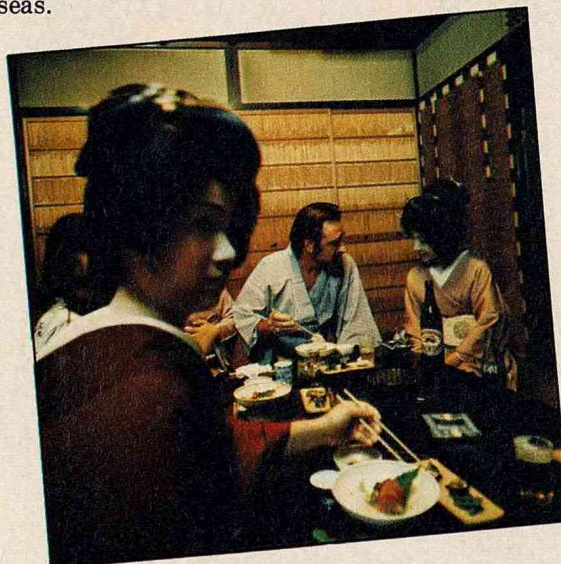
On the train Oshi had outlined the itinerary. It is a tight-packed schedule of meetings and surveys. "I have however, allowed for a little relaxation in between." His attention to detail is tireless. Nothing is allowed to go by without the relevant background data being fully explained.

We had eaten for almost three hours, but not in the usual sense. We did not sit down to attack a plate of food; no slicing into slabs of meat and spearing of vegetables. Instead, it had been like a form of entertainment, a continual procession of exquisitely arranged appetisers, always small. It was artistic in its presentation.

The samisen players had left the tokonoma to help with the serving. Sashimi was prepared at the table: the pink and white flesh of raw fish (yellow jacket or mackerel) sliced and fashioned into rosettes on a bed of grated turnip, dipped in light green mustard and chilli vinegar; fairy-like shellfish in a batter light as air surround pieces of fresh prawn, baby eggplant, shiitake mushrooms and chrysanthemum leaves. I count 15

bowls: pickles, soups and sugared fruits, a platter of cherries — white, black and red, plus melon of several kinds and a fruit called nashi.

The sake has loosened Oshi's tongue: he sucks noisily at noodles. "You must make noise," he says, peering merrily over the top of his bowl. It is the first time I have seen him drunk. It seems to expand him. The sleeves of the happy coat spread like wings as he remonstrates. "In the old days Geishas like these often had great prestige. They were favorites of the rich and powerful, the merchant and the politician, trained from birth in the ways of singing, dancing and repartee . . . all the joys of relaxation. It has always been the same. Japanese



men find their pleasure outside the home. Even today."

He buries his nose in a whisky glass and lifts a cup of sake to chase it. "To the shujin. It means master of the house." He is the Bushi class, he tells me, too loudly for the room.

"Bushido." He strikes the table.

"Bushido. The way of the warrior code of honor in feudal Japan, rulers of the samurai." His face is flushed, with passion or booze — it's hard to tell — but I can well believe him.

"Retainers of the daimio." He slams his palm down again, making the bowls jump. I do not ask him what daimio means. I know he will tell me: "great feudal barons of Japan, who built up vast tax-free estates between the eighth and 12th centuries. They held more power than the Imperial Government, until Yoritomo (a 12th century warlord) ruined the system." He lowers his arms.

"Samurai. The greatest code of human conduct ever to evolve from courage and honor. Abolished by the Meiji restoration." (The passing of power in Japan from the warlords to the Imperial family in 1868.) He looks like he is going to spit. The ladies sit

motionless except when attending to our needs.

NEXT DAY is bright. The way it can be only when it has rained until sun-up and then cleared. There is the palest yellow wash of sun, not yet warm. The air is fresh and cold as a drink of water. I can feel it filling my lungs through the open window of the hire car. We are on our way to Osaka. Oshi has brushed up remarkably well considering we didn't leave the Geisha house till 4 am.

He is again wearing a well-cut suit of charcoal grey, a starched handkerchief spreads like a fan from his breast pocket, cuff-links shine. He is close-shaved with his black hair pomaded and precisely combed. Not a sign now of the samurai warrior from the night before. Level-headed, polite Oshi, gazing through minutely polished hornrims at the passing life of the countryside.

Oshi is an expert on village customs. We pass by a group of children disentangling a kite from telephone lines. Their mothers are gossiping on a corner. Oshi: "Perhaps it's better for them now. Not long ago these peasant women gave birth in the barn, hanging on to a length of rope and leaning over a bale of straw like a cow. Or in the birth house, a place set aside for the impurity of child-birth, so that the home may not be contaminated. Now they have doctors. Newborn babies in those days were not considered human beings until certain Rites of Passage were performed. In my grandfather's day baby killing among the poor was no great crime. Shortages of food and the hardship of earning a living were reason enough to commit Kaesu or Modosu; it meant 'to send back', to return to the world of souls rather than be accepted into our world."

Oshi laughs.

"It is hard to believe that one of the greatest industrial nations on Earth once had such customs and still does in certain parts. These people," he waves a hand, "still believe in Ubu-meshi. In the same way that they will place colored rice on the forehead of a dead man to see him through his journey, so they will place Ubu-meshi, birth rice, beside a baby's head together with a carefully selected stone from the river bed, the Ubu-Gami, so that the child will rise in the world with a skull no one can crack."

The villages we pass through are as simple as paintings in their composition. Trees seem to be where trees should be, houses are fitted to suit.

"Do you know," inquires Oshi, interrupting my rapt imaginings, and



"Pack my things, Denise . . . I'm leaving you forever."

pointing to a group of workers wading between pea green strips of young rice plants, "people like that still bury placenta in a mound of earth so that the father can be the first to step over it. They believe the child will be in danger if an animal is first to cross the spot... the father's act will protect it." He sits back and sighs. "We move so fast in the cities. These people do not move at all. I wonder which of us is right?"

The factory complex in Osaka is gigantic. The introductions are endless. "Don't bow," Oshi advises me after several embarrassing encounters. "Bowing is the old way. The Shi-Nou and Kon-Sho classes, farmers and tradesmen, bowed always to the Bushi class... the underdog to the overlord. Now, bowing is only for politeness to customers, for greeting old friends or for respect for the elders. We have learned to shake hands from the Americans, also the business card. You must always be ready to exchange cards."

The day is long and tedious. By mid-afternoon I am tired. Oshi looks at me with slight concern. "I have somewhere special to take you. It will restore your energy."

We drive out of the city again, heading into the hills. Approaching a picturesque village a half hour later, the car bumps across the cobbles of a hump-back bridge. The place is known as Kurama Osen, or Horse Saddle Mountain Spa. A sun-worn airy hotel is tucked away among pines at the foot of Kurama mountain. Our rooms are joined by a balcony looking out over a Zen garden, pebbles are raked in impeccable rows in exactly the right direction. Stone lanterns shoot long shadows across the carefully-designed winding paths.

The surrounding garden is colored with the pale pink and mauve of

miniature azaleas, tall clumps of iris: white, purest blue and deep indigo. An arbor is hung with baskets of scarlet and magenta fuchsia above a water garden where fat-bellied carp, red as flame, fan themselves among lotus stems. There are vivid pockets of evening primrose in which the day's last butterflies are still busy. Birds, throaty as the English thrush and blackbird, warble above the sound of fast-falling mountain water. The air is alive with insect sounds: cicadas especially. Dragon flies hang, their wings backlit, as sitting in cane chairs, we watch the sun disappear. Of course, Horse Saddle Mountain has a legend. Oshi knows it. It is the perfect time for him to tell me:

AT THE END of the 12th century, a boy named Minamoto Mo Yoshitsune lived just outside Kyoto. It was a time when the two great houses of the samurai, Genji and Heike, overthrew the aristocratic power of a man named Minamoto No Yutomo, the founder of Japan's first Shogunate (rule of the lords) period and Yoshi's brother.

Under the samurai rule, the boy spent his childhood in the safety of the Kumara temple, and grew up with the bitterness of defeat. Determined to avenge his brother and his family honor, young Yoshi spent every day deep in the pines behind the temple, developing his skills with the sword. The elders of the temple, observing his warlike and rebellious spirit, refused him a fencing master for fear his skill might become a serious threat to their quiet way of life.

It just happened though, that on the mountain above the temple lived a monster named Tengu, distinguished from lesser monsters by his magic ability with the naked blade. He nurtured a monstrous dislike for the knights of the samurai and offered to

teach the lad the art of swordsmanship. Tengu and Yoshi met in the thick of the pines each morning and the ring and clash of swords would play till after sundown. When Yoshi was ready, he walked from the temple down to Kyoto and challenged Benkei, the most famous master of the samurai sword. Benkei, who had spent a lifetime collecting the fallen swords of his dismembered opponents, had 99 hanging on the wall when the young fellow showed up. They fought all that day and into the night before Yoshi proved his superiority and Benkei became his faithful servant for life.

The locals claim that, on certain clear dawns, and at twilight, the pine forests and bamboo thickets still echo with the ringing of blade on blade. But it's probably only the rushing of the mountain spring from Tengu's lair.

TEA IS SERVED no less attentively than behind the protected eaves of the Geisha house, except that the serving girl at the hotel is dressed in a simple white kimono and accompanied by an old lady of great charm. Food is brought, all of it in tiny dishes — raw fruit, vegetables and nut pastes.

"It is all vegetarian here," remarks Oshi, picking up a fig.

"A perfect place to come when the body and mind need rest and recuperation." He keeps glancing at me as he says this. I have the suspicion he is slightly ashamed of his performance as a hard drinker. As if he is reading my mind, he fills our cups.

"No alcohol here," he says. "People come to breathe the air and take the waters. That is all. Oh, and the old one is an expert in the art of moxibustion and massage by the pressure and release of blood flow. Do not let her frail looks fool you; she has attended the sumo stables in her time."

His gaze seems lost, watching the sun set. At this moment, I can easily accept the early Nipponese worship of the Sun goddess and have an inkling, at least, of what it must have meant to be of the Bushido class.

HE TAKES ME out to lunch. It is an agonising crawl through traffic to a station where we take a train to Ryogoku, the suburb where the sumo stables are to be found. Oshi, I discover, is a sumo fan. We pass Kokugikan, Tokyo's largest sumo stadium to which he holds a season ticket. The place where the world's biggest men come together like runaway trains.

We pass under the rows of lucky lanterns, and the signs depicting a giant sumo's head about the size of a hot air balloon. Inside it is as tiny and fragile as a doll's house; amazing, considering the average customer tips the

scales at anything up to 200 kilos. We are served by sumo novices; huge, gentle looking men, their hair tied in the traditional bun.

"The old woman feeds them in exchange for a day or two of service in the kitchen. Her only son was a sumo champion. He died before he turned 30. Many do. The strain is great."

"Why do they do it, then?"

Oshi gives me the look he reserves for ignorant "gaijins" (foreigners).

"It is the greatest of honors. They live only to compete."

I look at their glowing bulk. Behind that polite benevolence is the strength and the staying power of a deck winch. They bring us the famous chanko nabe, a special hot-pot dish designed to stack on weight as you sit there. Of course, Oshi has the recipe: a light stock made with soya sauce cooks in a huge clay pot. Heaps of sliced chicken, fish, burdock, carrots, spinach, beancurd, black mushroom, onions and bean shoots are brewed together with generous slurps of sake.

"You are allowed to eat all you can, but do not accept a third helping. It is considered bad manners."

NEXT WE STOP at a small bar. Oshi is well known to the girls who sit on bar stools like exotic birds. They twitter over our arrival and bring whisky without being asked. Three of them, his favorites, detach themselves to join us; they are small and look cheap in gold lamé mini-skirts, with eyelashes more than a centimetre long and red gold streaks bleached into their hair. Without warning, they all spring up and begin gyrating, none too expertly, to a disco beat from the bar jukebox.

"It is all right," says Oshi. "It goes with the drink." He whispers: "Unlike the Geisha, they are willing and not too expensive."

We stay for an hour. In that time, Oshi outlines the marital attitude of the Japanese male. His marriage, he explains with the help of a half-bottle of Suntory, was arranged by his parents. Yuki was selected for him and he had accepted her.

"Did she love you?"

The question sounds idiotic, but I ask it anyway.

"How could she? She never lifted her eyes to look at me. That was the way. We had never met." The go-go dancers have changed into high gear. He slaps a half exposed cheek happily.

"Most Japanese men meet in places like this, if they can afford it."

"What about their wives?"

"Why should they mind? To be married is enough. To be married is everything. What else is there for them? By the time they are 30 they

are no longer needed in the work force. Of course they do not mind. They have a man to cook for, bathe and keep house for, children to attend. Why should they mind?"

OSHI'S HOME IS a small apartment suspended somewhere above an ocean of suburban flats. By the time we reach it, he is already showing signs of that now familiar flush. Yuki, tiny and fragile looking in a pale lavender kimono and deep purple obi, greets us at the door.

The introduction is embarrassingly abrupt, but she doesn't seem to notice as she removes Oshi's shoes and replaces them with slippers. She would have removed mine if I had let her. She bows us into the small but beautifully furnished living room and immediately provides whisky and glasses. Within minutes, Oshi has picked up the thread of our earlier conversation in the bar.

Did I know that the suicide rate in Japan is of such staggering proportions that the figures cannot be published? He belches. Did I know most of them were brought about by love affairs and marriages? I did not. He will tell me.

Suicide was an honor in old Japan. Today it is the misery of defeat. Did I know how many different kinds of suicide there are in Japan? Once, when a clan nobleman died, his wives and attendants died with him. That's how strong the bond had once been. If a girl was unable to decide between two lovers, she simply killed herself. Japanese society, he went on, well inspired by all the whisky and my attention, created the suicide rituals of hara kiri, the thrusting of a blade deep into the abdomen, and seppuku, disembowelment with the cutting of a cross. Another way was to slice the skin until blood was drawn and then

an attendant would decapitate you from behind.

Even today, he explains, lovers often enter the death pacts called shinju or toshi, ceremonies that predate the Edo era (1603 to 1867). "It is the sign of true declaration."

His words are almost boastful, and there is no mistaking the pride behind them. Yuki sits unmoved, rising only to fill our glasses.

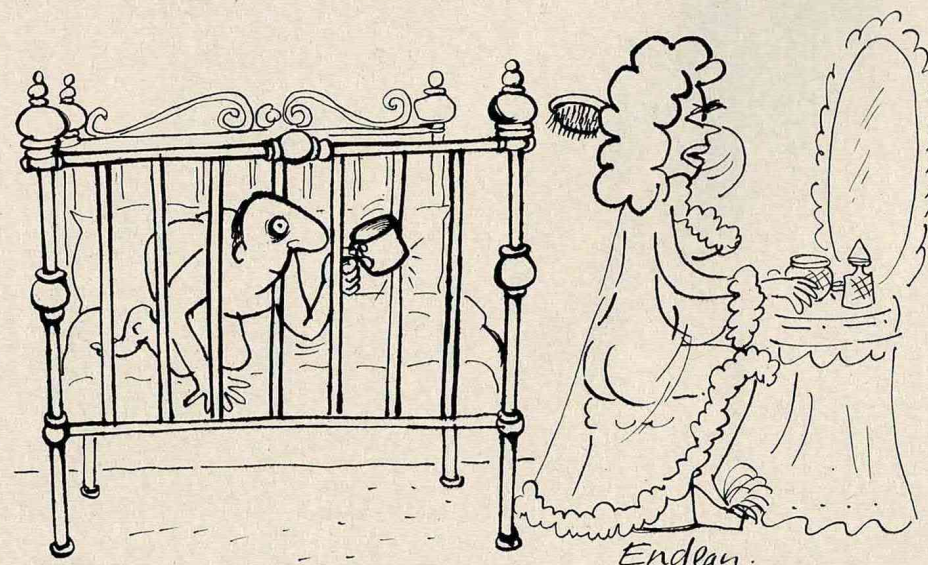
"There are many forms of toshi. To pull the nails, draw the intestines, crop the hair, thrust a blade through an arm or a leg or sever a finger. It was so prevalent in earlier days that one of the shoguns prohibited it."

"The shinju death ritual is still a problem today in Japan, committed by men and women in love who are unable to live together, or also by homosexuals or whole families who find the battle for existence has too high a price." It is still hard to tell if Oshi's passion is brought on by his breeding or the booze.

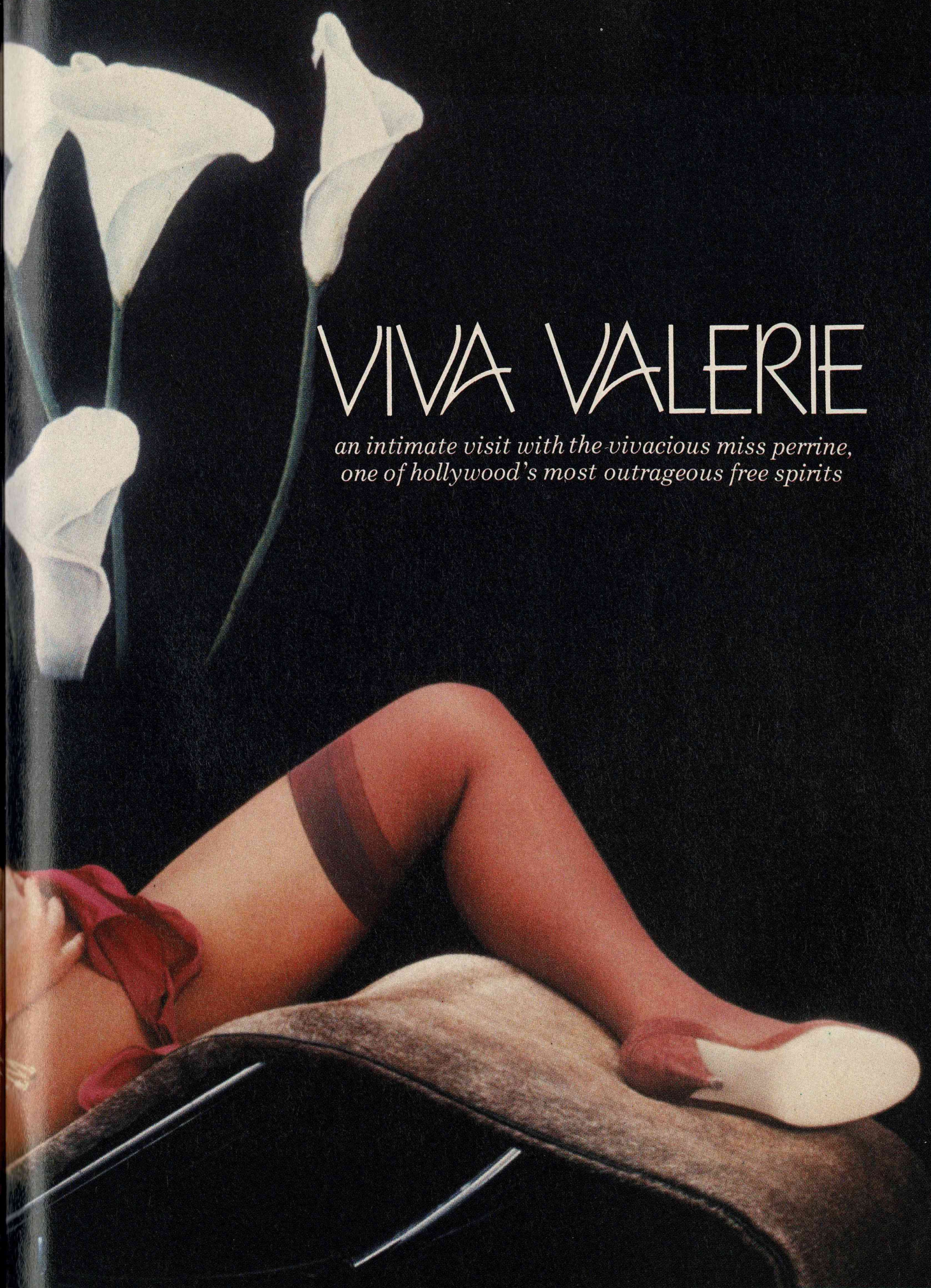
"Is it surprising in a society where there is no such thing as privacy inside or outside the home? Where the family code is still stronger than any lesser emotion? Where love must be made in cars or at the love hotels?"

There is a knock on the door. Food has arrived, catered for by a neighborhood restaurant. "This is always the custom," says Oshi as his wife arranges small bamboo containers of seaweed, miso soup, quail eggs, raw fish and salty plums. She quarters some mandarins and decorates the plates. I excuse myself for a few minutes. When I return, Oshi, the knight of Bushido, is face down on the floor. Yuki serves me daintily. She does not eat. It is not the custom to eat in the presence of foreign guests.

"He will sleep now," is all she says.



"All right, all right — I know it's your first night out of prison."



VIVA VALERIE

*an intimate visit with the vivacious miss perrine,
one of hollywood's most outrageous free spirits*



HOW MANY curvaceous ex-Las Vegas showgirls have copped the prestigious Cannes Film Festival Best Actress Award? Valerie Perrine did it, winning in 1975 for her portrayal of the comedian Lenny Bruce's wife in Lenny (with Dustin Hoffman). But that's not all Valerie has done. Her glittery film credits include Hollywood blockbusters — like both Supermans and The Electric Horseman — and a lavish failure, Can't Stop The Music. But she's also travelled the intellectual circuit in Bruce Jay Friedman's Steambath (a made-for-television play); her film debut was in the movie version of Kurt Vonnegut Jr's Slaughterhouse Five. Those successes, Valerie insists, stem from much more than just her pretty face and (usually naked) body. Like what? "My mind," she says. And she adds: "I say what I think and don't think before I say it." Confused? Don't be. Valerie Perrine is an outspoken woman, one who ridicules women's liberation and who loves sex (and loves talking about it too).

Says interviewer Robert McGarvey of their meeting, "She's cute. She must be. Because she bans smoking in her house and I still stayed for several hours." If a chain-smoking writer can bear abstaining from cigarettes, plus tolerate the 350 kilos of dogs that freely rumble through her house, you can bet that what Valerie Perrine has to say is hot.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you sleep with four dogs and that you've had your brass bed specially reinforced because of it?

PERRINE: It's an antique, king-sized brass bed and the mattress is on a wooden box that sits on the floor. There's absolutely no pressure on the bed itself . . . Three of my dogs sleep on the bed. The mastiff doesn't. It's a very high Victorian bed and he can't get up there without my helping him and I don't do that very often. Because he's — it's too much! There's no room for me when the four dogs are on the bed. But we seem to have it all figured out. There's always a dog next to the pillow, one on the side and one at my feet. They like sleeping on the pillows the best — they actually put their heads on the pillow, just like people. Thurber (the mastiff) sleeps at the foot of the bed. God forbid somebody should come into my room in the dead of night!

PLAYBOY: They get along, we assume.

PERRINE: No! They fight. I've a hole in my arm to prove it. But only two of them fight at the same time. They don't get in huge pack fights — unless they get out of the house, God forbid!

PLAYBOY: They never stray?

PERRINE: No, no! When they're all four in a pack, they can be dangerous. I can't handle all four of them. They go after other dogs, kids . . .

PLAYBOY: They're, er, well behaved now.

PERRINE: (Menacing laugh) They certainly are, aren't they? Do you know, the



Valerie appeared on the local screen most recently in *Superman II* — that's her with Gene Hackman on the left at top while Christopher Reeve is seen raising the standard at right. In the centre shot, Valerie is carried away by Jack Nicholson in *The Border*. Above, with the Village People in *Can't Stop The Music*.



people next door are redoing their house and some jerk — one of the guys who is putting in a fence there — put his hands through the fence. Well . . . they bit him. They were all *grr-ing* (*Perrine makes vicious, teeth-gnashing growls*) and he went to *pet* them! I couldn't believe it!

PLAYBOY: Tell us, how did the daughter of a career military officer ever happen to become a Las Vegas showgirl?

PERRINE: I have *no* idea. Just boom, like that. I didn't know a soul — just checked into a motel and started knocking on doors . . . I worked at the Desert Inn until they decided to make the girls wear see-through costumes. I said I'd quit unless they made me the star of the show, which they did, and I liked that. Then I got this big thing in my bonnet about going further than just Vegas. Not necessarily in show business; just with myself as a human being. I'd *done* it in Vegas, so I left and went to live in Europe, travelling around. Then I came back to LA and three months later, I was doing movies.

PLAYBOY: You had no prior acting experience. How did you get the female lead in *Slaughterhouse Five*?

PERRINE: Totally out of nowhere. I was having dinner at a girlfriend's house. An agent was there, too. He saw me giggling and carrying on and asked if I could act. I thought, Why not? So I said yeah. He took snapshots of me out to the studio (Universal), they arranged a screen test and I got the job. I'd never been on a movie lot before in my life.

PLAYBOY: In the past, you've been quoted as saying, "I can't act." Can you?

PERRINE: I said I couldn't act? I'm not so sure I said that. I might have said I *don't* act — you know, I'm not conscious of acting. I might be reacting. To say I can't act sounds as if I think I don't have any talent. I've *never* thought that.

PLAYBOY: For good reasons. Director Bob Fosse said of your work in *Lenny*: "Quite simply, she is the best actress I've ever directed." Didn't you return the compliment when Fosse suffered a heart attack a few years back?

PERRINE: This is true. I did send him a life-size pinup of me in nothing but a G-string. It was put up in his hospital room.

PLAYBOY: To cheer him up?

PERRINE: (*Laughs*) Like Fosse said, it cheered up the staff.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about nudity in posters, in magazines?

PERRINE: Obviously, I don't believe anything's wrong with it — or I wouldn't have done it. I would still do it. I don't think there's *anything* wrong with nude pictures — as long as you don't show your (*coy voice*) private area. This I will never do.

PLAYBOY: Because privates are privates?

PERRINE: Uh-huh. (*Laughs*) But tits and ass! My God, it's nothing. The whole world sees tits and ass.

PLAYBOY: Pinup star Lynda Carter, who



seemingly just found religion, recently complained that she "hated" how men looked at pictures of her, that she "wanted to scream" when she thought about it.

PERRINE: You said somebody who "just found religion." I don't think I ever lost it. And I have never thought people would think lascivious thoughts when they looked at something like that. What makes her think they're thinking bad thoughts? Maybe they're thinking good ones, like, "Hmmm. Look at that one!" What's wrong with that? It's a perfectly natural, lovely reaction. Or, "Isn't she beautiful! Doesn't she have a nice body!" Even if it's, "I would love to make love to her!" — that's a lovely thought.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to people's looking at a picture of you and then wanting to make love to you?

PERRINE: Not as an insult. I take it as a compliment. God forbid somebody'd think, "Make love with her? *Uuuggghhh!*" That's when you're in trouble!

PLAYBOY: A theme that runs through your press coverage is, Valerie Perrine: The Sex Symbol. How does that grab you?

PERRINE: You have to have some sort of image. What's wrong with sex symbol —

nothing! I think it's nice — if that's what they want to think. I don't consider myself a sexy person... I don't know what it is to be sexy. I've never met — I've never looked at a girl and thought she was sexy. Even when I see a man who's sexy — which doesn't happen very often — there's not one thing I can define as sexy. I may look at one guy and think he's sexy because he's funny; another because he has blue eyes and blond hair; and another one because he has \$10,000,000. (*laughs*) I don't understand the whole thing. I don't know what it is that makes people sexy. For me, it's always changing; it's different with everybody. That's why I don't understand when people say Valerie Perrine is sexy. I don't even understand what they mean.

PLAYBOY: So you're not gratified when people say you're sexy?

PERRINE: Being sexy is a superficial, shallow attribute. It's temporary. It's not something you've done. It's just something people think you are.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, many people do think that you're sexy. You created a sensation, for example, when you came on-screen with bare boobs in Bruce Jay Friedman's *Steambath*. That was a TV

first — were you conscious of that at all?

PERRINE: No. It was just acting. Don't forget — I worked topless in Vegas. It's no big thing. God, they really make such a big thing out of mammary glands! It's the way I look at it. And I'm probably one of the *most* prudish girls when you get down to it. I'm very, very difficult to even get to kiss on the 20th date. (*Laughs*) But as far as walking around showing your mammary glands, to me it's silly to make a big thing out of it.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps it depends upon the size of the mammary glands in question. Still, that's a novel distinction: being prudish yet willing to be naked in public.

PERRINE: I'm *not* willing to be naked. I'll *never* show my private parts. I always have on a G-string. For me a G-string is *dressed*. I could probably be a nudist if I were into running around with other naked people.

PLAYBOY: High collars, not bare chests, usually go with prudishness.

PERRINE: I know. But don't forget, I was raised in a convent. My mother was a very strict Catholic. As far as morals and sexual intercourse and everything, I was raised with very strict rules. But I guess she never bothered to tell me about





covering up the breasts. I guess *she* figured the two went hand in hand.

PLAYBOY: Maybe we can get to the bottom of this. Of your portrayal of Eve in *Superman*, *Variety* said you were "sensuous yet almost innocent"—

PERRINE: That explains my nudity thing. It's sensuous because I don't know about it and it's innocent because that's where my mind is coming from... You know, you see these women doing this (poses "sexily", with her breasts thrust forward). Trying to stick them out and hold it in and doing all this consciously. I am *not* conscious of what my body is looking like. Therefore, there must be that certain innocence that comes out. Because I'm not thinking sexy.

PLAYBOY: If you're not, that certainly sets you apart from the rest of us. Which makes sense, since you're generally classed among Hollywood's "characters." Why do you think you are?

PERRINE: Maybe because I say what I think and I don't think before I say it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't another factor that while your image is rooted in sex, you're quite different in private?

PERRINE: Actually, I can be quite funny. I *like* to be funny. It's *fun* to be funny. This surprises people, because they think I'm going to be one way and I turn out to be, er, sort of amusing. The closest I've ever come to being myself in a movie is *Can't Stop The Music*, and it's a comedy. Alan

Carr, the producer, called me "a natural comedienne". I'm *always* trying to crack jokes or one-up people. They don't expect that from me, they think it's more cute than it really is... because they expect me to be, uh, slutty.

PLAYBOY: Another surprising fact about you is you've never married. Why not?

PERRINE: I don't want to. I've never met anybody I *wanted* to marry.

PLAYBOY: Are you opposed to the institution of marriage itself?

PERRINE: No... can't fall in love.

PLAYBOY: Is it simpler not to?

PERRINE: Of course. Absolutely. Life is *much* easier when you're not in love. There's no big traumas going. It's really much easier, at least for me. I would have made a great nun.

PLAYBOY: Let's get physical. In 1974, you said this to *The New York Times*: "Personally I like sex, and I don't care what a man thinks of me, as long as I get what I want — which is usually sex."

PERRINE: Boy, was I stupid to say that... It's still true. I remember saying it. It was *half* said in jest. But, basically, it's — I sure blew my cover, didn't I?

PLAYBOY: One thing it isn't is innocent.

PERRINE: Awww. Depends on what you mean by innocent. Maybe I was talking about somebody I was having an affair with who I thought was wonderful. But maybe that'll be the only affair I'll have for a whole year and a half. I think — I *know* I

don't fool around a lot. Unfortunately. (Laughs) Just can't bring myself to...

PLAYBOY: Can't bring yourself to what?

PERRINE: I don't like that many men.

PLAYBOY: You don't meet that many men whom you find —

PERRINE: Attractive. Exactly. And I can't do it just for sex's sake. If I'm sexy toward somebody, yes. But that's because I so seldom have that feeling toward somebody — I'll go get it.

PLAYBOY: A few years back, you sought stimulation of a sort by making a practice of dating younger men. Do you still?

PERRINE: No.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

PERRINE: Dunno. Grown up. *Changing*. Always changing. I like *all* men, young or old. (In a Mae West voice) I don't want to limit my possibilities.

PLAYBOY: A last question about sex appeal. Is there anything you'd like to tell *PLAYBOY'S* readers about being sexy?

PERRINE: Relax! It's sexier to be relaxed than worried about anything. It's true. A guy's not sexy when he's worried about his hair, his skin, his clothes. He's sexy if he's relaxed and cool — I think I'm dating myself with that word cool — but... just relaxed. Frenetic is not sexy.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you frenetic?

PERRINE: Yes! And I don't think that I'm sexy. (Laughs)



ULTRALIGHT FLIGHT...



article and photography by Allan Moulton

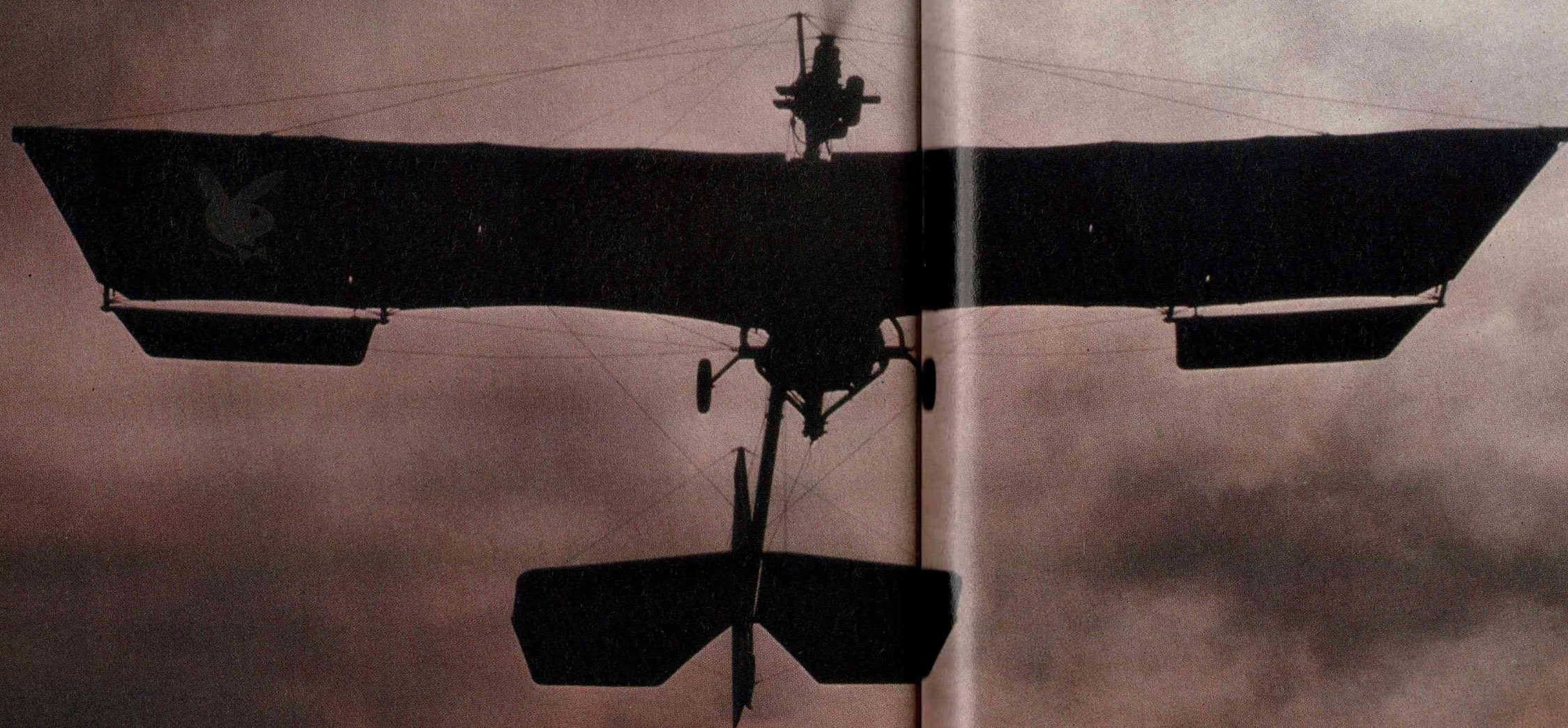
THE THREE skeletal craft stand aloof among their silent riggers. And in the eerie half-light before dawn they squat like tired pterodactyls contemplating extinction.

Dawn's orb highlights them... with their fiddly steel frames and narrow wings wrapped in taut nylon. Pram wheels hanging askew off the spring steel landing struts bolted on to a fragile harness. Piddly two-stroke lawnmower motors hanging just like swollen growths from a pipe jutting forward above the pilot's seat.

Their flimsy outlines and maze of slack rigging remind one of a caricature of an old aircraft from Ralph Steadman's bristly pen.

A light wind springs up. Pregnant clouds scud by. The men mutter about

It's a breeze



rain, about wasting time . . . the bantering starts. Nervous energy sparks a crossfire of bad jokes and puns. It is locker room time before the really big match.

David Hodge, 55 kilograms in his socks, is nervous. He's about to try to take his custom-built craft up on its maiden flight. He worries about the added weight of the long-range fuel tanks and the extra fuel they hold. Although based on a standard Condor design, David has incorporated many modifications. They add weight, complexity and style. Every square centimetre of fabric and framework is a gloss black. The tail, its rudder and flap, highly shined after many layers of finely-sanded and polished paint, reflect like mirrors. Attention to detail is evident from the red plastic covers on each nut and bolt likely to snare or snag; the crisp outline of the white bunny on its wing.

Ten minutes to final countdown. David fusses. He wants to fly. He takes up the slack rigging and checks out the controls. The craft tenses, the wings firm, the rigging sings. The pretend image fades. David dons a full-face helmet and settles into the cosy sheepskin seat. The white fluff is

a bone of contention. The other pilots claim it will provide too much drag. A watching girl claims it looks more comfortable than the split fibreglass perch on her boyfriend's craft. David indicates he can't hear anything. A friend tugs the modified 45 horsepower skidoo engine into buzzing action. A final check on controls — ailerons, rudder, throttle. The joy stick is a little stiff. David decides he can handle it. Thumbs up.

The black craft looks lively. David digs his heels in to brake. The grass runway, a barely-mowed path through tall grass, falls off into a dip and then rises again. The prop wash lifts up a cloud of dust. He's off.

The low sun reflects off the shiny black surfaces. The take-off is a long affair. He's playing it safe. Lift-off! With a barely perceptible leap, the Condor rises and peels off into a slow right turn. The watching friends cheer and scurry to get their own craft.

Soon the sky is alive with their busy buzzing and low-level antics. Like frantic mosquitoes they circle the take-off strip, occasionally peeling off to do a touch and go landing.

Meanwhile the black Condor is taking it easy . . . there'll be no showing

off on this flight. There's a heart-stopping moment when David finds his craft failing to respond positively to a kick back of the joy stick. The nose goes down. Only the inherent glide characteristics of the craft's wing-design save the day.

The landing is uneventful. David is ecstatic. "I was apprehensive before take-off. Who wouldn't be on a maiden flight? But I know Condors and this one is a winner." He admits that the seven years of intensive hang-gliding experience have helped.

Above us the drone of the metallic mosquitoes continues — their flight paths defined by fences on three quadrants and the ire of householders to the north. Access is on weekends only, the large site belongs to the army and is for weapon training in the week.

Still, theirs is basically free flying. Restrictions are minimal. The Australian Directorate of Civil Aviation — noted for their tough approach to air safety legislation — have taken an international lead in exempting minimum airplanes from certification, from registration, professional maintenance and licensed piloting, provided they are solely for sport flying, only in areas away from population, and below certain height limits.

Ultralight craft developed from the hang-gliding craze of the early '70s. And it was an Australian who helped to pioneer the way. Bill Bennett, a "brave soul" according to his peers, experimented with attaching a small two-stroke engine to his back and flying conventional hang-gliders. The method did not catch on. Besides the obvious dangers and discomfort of attaching a prop/motor combination to the body, the unit was simply not efficient as a means of propulsion.

The purists hung in with the gliders and the exciting new generation, the Rogallos — high performance aerobatic craft — while the experimenters re-invented the airplane.

The ultralights, these nimble, fluttery craft, are a curious mixture. Jan W. Steenblik, editor of *Air & Space* magazine and an ultralight builder himself, describes them as a "mix of something old, something new, and much that is borrowed."

"They meld such diverse components as stainless steel aircraft cable, Dacron sailcloth, plastic hang-glider fittings, and bicycle wheels."

Jan says that the five years of swift evolution of the ultralights bears comparison with the early years of the airplane. The new breed of designers are stretching the thresholds of flight.

Among them are Steve Grossruck of Issaquah, Washington. His Kasper-wing tailless monoplane won the Outstanding New Design Award at the



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Experimental Aircraft Association's 1980 fly-in and convention at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Despite that award, and the fact that he was among his peers, Steve was then grounded. His Kasperwing was simply too radical — too good to be true.

Steve's invention, with its flared wingtip rudders like pinball flippers, is so aerodynamically sophisticated it can parachute vertically. He demonstrated this ability before a stunned crowd. He deliberately stalled and cut the motor at 500 feet and sank straight down. At 40 feet he dropped into a short, steep glide to a feather-soft touchdown. The crowd's applause didn't soften official attitudes and he was grounded. Steve was realistic. "It's official ignorance. In any other airplane," he says, "that manoeuvre would be dangerous. But not with this wing. They just don't understand the technology. This is going to revolutionise the aviation industry." But, there's a long way to go before the Kasperwing 747 drops in on us.

However, you can get a preview of that sinking feeling by trying the world's oldest form of manned flight — hot air ballooning.

Dubbed the "Sport of the Gods" by Marie Antoinette, this Brobdingnagian mode of flight will celebrate its 200th anniversary in 1983. The pending occasion has sparked renewed interest in Australia, and more than 40 local balloons are expected to become airborne together in the bicentenary year's celebrations.

The world's first air travellers — sent aloft in September 1783 by the Montgolfier brothers — were a sheep, a rooster and a duck. And ever since, hot air ballooning has attracted an equally diverse human cargo.

On November 21, 1783, a young physicist, one Jean-Francois Pilatre de Rozier, and an army major, Francois

Laurent, Marquis D'Arlandes, soared aloft in the first manned flight. A crowd of 400,000 — almost the entire population of Paris — was on hand to witness the epic event.

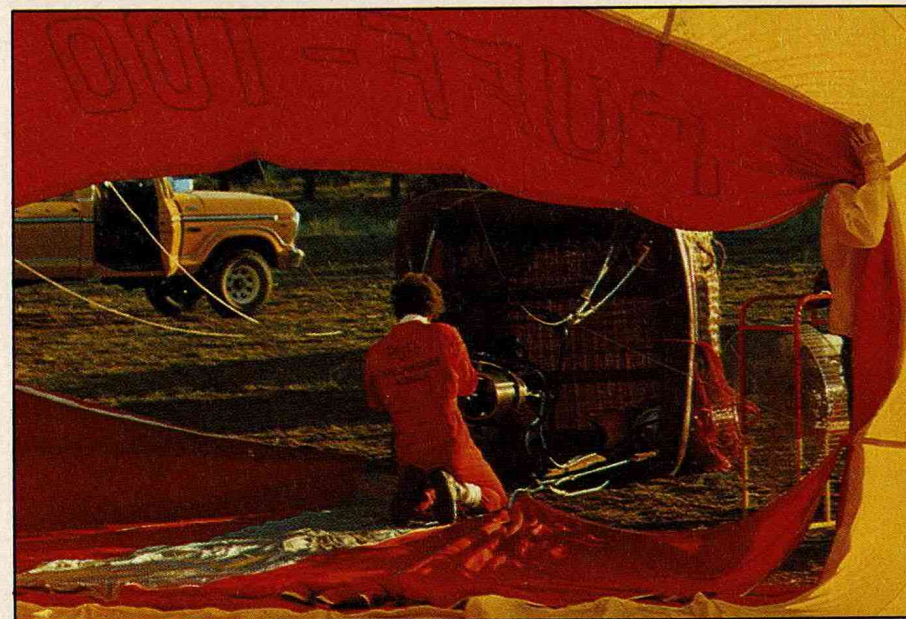
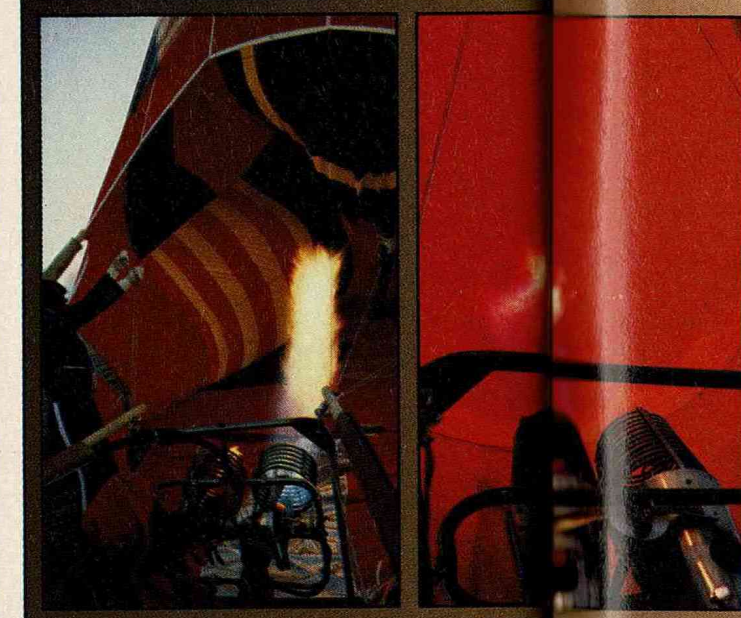
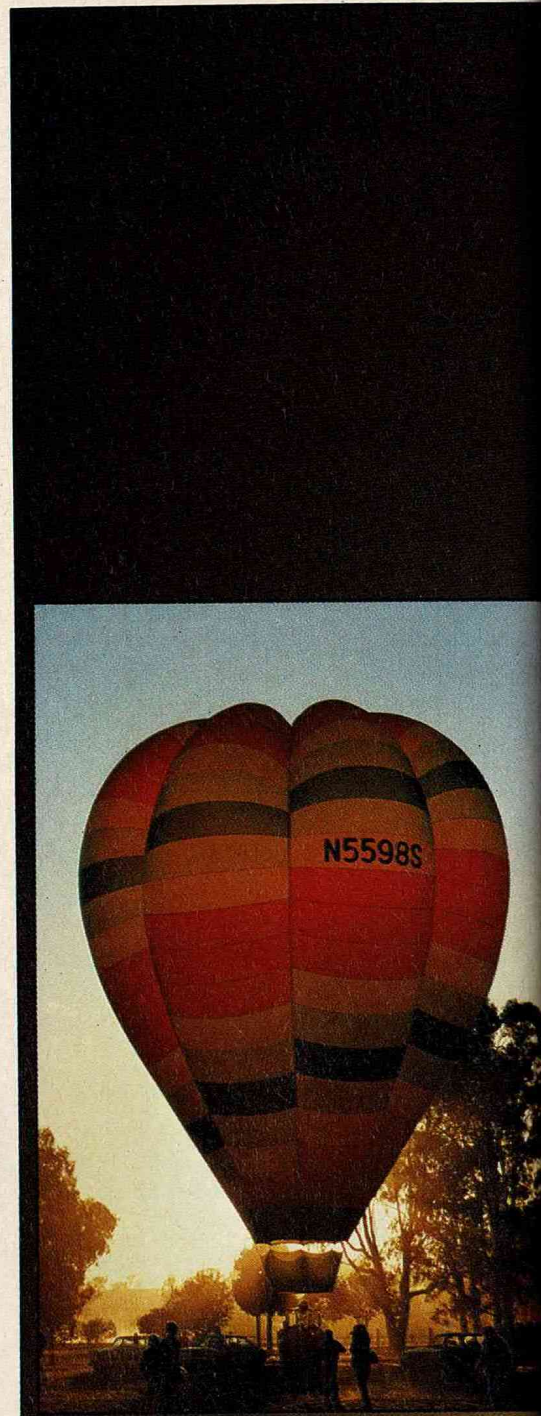
Two years later, the challenge of flying itself was already *passé*. New adventures were needed and sought. Crossing the English Channel was on the cards, and the first successful attempt was made by a Frenchman, Jean-Pierre Blanchard, and an American, Dr John Jeffries. The pair took off in a light north-westerly wind and reached France some two and a half hours later, having thrown overboard all their ballast, most of their clothes and every loose item in the basket other than the first airmail letter!

Blanchard went on to balloon in the United States until he died from a heart attack during a flight in 1808. It was his 60th voyage. He was also responsible for the first parachute jump from a balloon — in 1785!

During the early decades of the past century, balloonists became obsessed with breaking or creating records — their egos matching their inflated vehicles. These attempts culminated in the current impressive records for altitude (53,198 feet) held by Chauncey M. Dunn of the US and distance (3,339 kilometres) held by Donald Cameron and Christopher Davey of Great Britain.

These record-breaking craft were expensive, super-sophisticated flying machines, designed for efficiency in soaring. Cramped capsules housed life-saving oxygen gear, life-rafts for unintentional splashdowns, and extra harnesses, parachutes and other technology. They were not comfortable.

Compare them with the waist-high woven cane baskets of the sport balloonists who have their fun careering through country skies at weekends. And the even simpler designs of the



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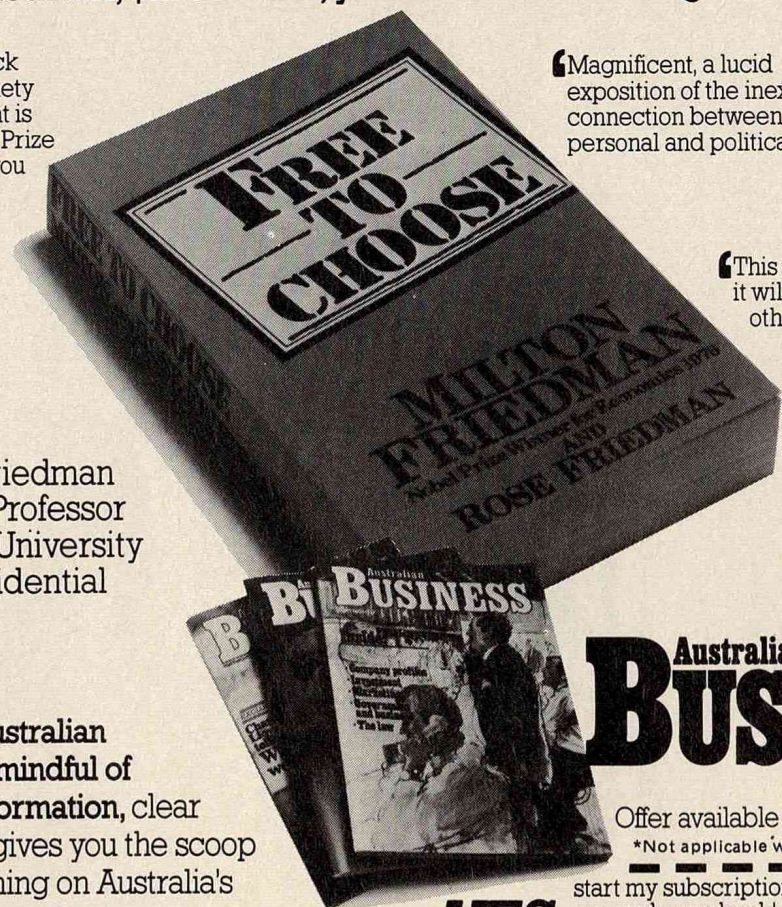
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minimists - hot air balloonists who fly the tiny 12,000 cubic feet balloons from a harness slung below. With 20 litres of propane gas they get a flying time of 30 minutes, and after landing, their gear packs up into a bundle small enough with which to hitchhike.

There are also the "smokies" - hot air balloons which give the pilot a one-way ride! To get back to terra firma you have to use a parachute. They gained their name from the method of inflation: made from muslin, or any other porous cloth, the balloons are filled with hot air and smoke from the kerosene burners. Once the smoke tarts have sealed the cloth and inflated the envelope, the pilot is strapped into a harness, the tether rope is cut and the smokie rises straight up. About 1000 feet the harness is released and the saving parachute employed. The deserted balloon turns upside down, empties through the neck, and falls back to be reclaimed and used again.

The use of parachutes for descent was started in Australia in 1890 when Miss Val van Tassell, a member of a big American barnstorming family, soared above Newcastle - suspended below the basket on a trapeze - and finally floated down beneath a canopy. In recent years local balloonists have been incorporating a *grand prix* event into competitive flying. A balloon pilot and parachutist climb to 3000 feet, the parachutist jumps, the balloon descends as rapidly as possible and all make their way back to the starting line as quickly as possible. With balloons capable of climbing up to 700 feet a minute, and descending and landing at about half that speed, it makes for some dramatic viewing by spectators.

Hot air balloonists are a many-faced lot. If they're not challenging the thresholds of manned altitude flight, careering across the Alps or Mt Kilimanjaro, landing in sewage ponds, or else playing tag with high-voltage power lines, they're hedge-hopping across the countryside, playing games like hare and hounds (aerial tag) and drinking copious quantities of bubbly.

The sport is booming in Australia and participation is becoming easier (read on). But the aerial highs are not confined to the ultralights and the balloons...gliding and hang-gliding interest is soaring too.

Participation in both is easy and the skills that follow enhance all flying activities. Both have their standard, almost fool-proof, basic craft suitable for the beginner and the staid - but safe - long-term glider pilot, but for those into adrenalin highs these two come close to the ultimate.

Hang-gliding has developed over 15 years through several phases...the

initial experimental craft were just that; airborne gliders full of quirks, quite often unstable, and responsible for a lot of broken bones. They were then followed by stable wings that carried even the newest novice safely after minimum instruction; then came the new generation. Bored with simply soaring, a few bright sparks began to explore the design limits. Wings became longer, narrower...the glider faster, more fickle, but oh so manoeuvrable. The exploration continues but, for the newcomer, the stable wings still exist.

The original glider - the powerless, tow-launched airplane without a motor - has also evolved dramatically in recent years. See them fly in formation and then swoop from 2000 feet to level off waist-high and scream up again like a whip's lash and you'll never think of them as toys again.

But, like hang-gliding, there is a controlled way to learn the sport, with the beginner graduating slowly from dual flights with instructor to solo flights over a period.

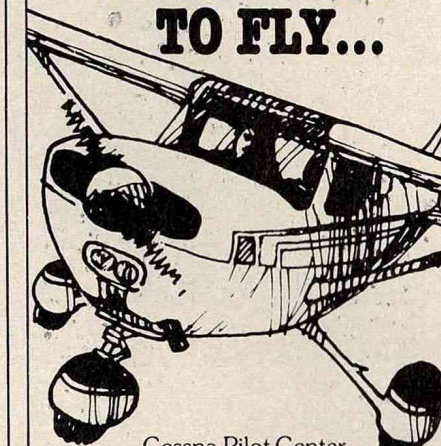
Ultralights, hot-air balloons, hang-gliders and gliders share low-cost upkeep and flight time, a certain freedom and a lot of thrills, but outside of the sport and fun arena they're not a very practical bunch. Payloads are minimal, long journeys impractical and controlled navigation from point A to point B difficult. However, as always in the world of flying, there's an answer - the light plane.

For 18 years, I've been flying on assignment for newspapers and magazines and, in the process, covered an estimated 400,000 miles - bored to tears. There's something weird about sitting strapped into a plush seat 30,000 feet above the world and, in a few hours, leaping the continents. It does make for a definite culture shock. However, just weeks ago, while upon this assignment, I paid \$20 merely for an introductory flight lesson with Sydney's Bankstown Airport-based Rex Aviation, and 45 minutes later I was a convert.

My flight instructor was a sparkly blonde, Jenni Leeden, a BA from the University of NSW, who had originally done the rounds of the flying schools to take advantage of their introductory offers and to seek the course that suited her. She signed up with Rex, and later came on staff as a receptionist. Whenever possible she continued her training and within two years had her private and commercial licences. She qualified as an instructor two days before our outing in the sky above Sydney.

Jenni took me through the pre-flight checks and in the process wiped away the aura of mystery which went

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with the ritual of walking round the plane and testing the fuel tanks. Strapped in, she explained the workings of the various controls, the way the Cessna 152 was steered while taxiing, and told me to get it on to the runway. With practise, my meandering course finally settled down. A final check, and a call to the control tower, another few words of instruction. "Okay Allan. It's all yours. Get us up in the air." Jenni crossed her arms and off we went. I made it. It was a magic moment seeing the wheels lift off and to realise we were airborne.

For the next half hour Jenni took me stage by stage through the turns, climbs, descents, target headings and then into the final turn and descent for landing. I blew it. My zig-zag path down to that narrow strip of tarmac bisected with twin white stripes was a bit hairy until Jenni calmly took over. Later I watched a few audio-visual flight preparation lessons, and then received an outline of the various course options. It was a reassuring step-by-step process being offered for an adventure in the air.

Yesterday I mailed an application form to NASA!

GETTING AIRBORNE

Ultralight flying:

The MAFA — the Minimum Aircraft Federation of Australia — basically controls the activities of the country's growing band of seat-of-the-pants fliers. Their secretary is Alf Boxall, 12 Maxwell Road, Pagewood, NSW. Tel: (02) 349 3564.

Many ultralights are built from imported kits or made up from registered designs. However, Steve Cohen of Ultralight Aviation, 58 Oak Road, Kirrawee, NSW, manufactures the highly successful and tried and tested Condor. This craft, with its nine metre wingspan, can cruise at nearly 70km/h. It needs barely 35m to take-off and half that to land. With 30 litres of fuel on board it will cruise for more than 250km. The basic Condor will cost \$4000.

Hot Air Ballooning:

The Federation of Australian Balloonists has representatives in each capital city happy to welcome new enthusiasts. Further details can be obtained from the Adventure Travel Centre, 28 Market Street, Sydney 2000. Tel: (02) 29 8057. Australia's only balloon manufacturer, Phil Kavanagh of Kavanagh Balloons, 39 Jubilee Street, Wahrenoonga, NSW, makes a full range of balloons from 56,000 cubic feet to 96,000 cubic feet. They range in price up to \$20,000 inclusive of envelope, basket, burner, inflator fan and propane tanks. Tel: (02) 487 3735. During winter months (from Easter through to late September) the sleepy NSW country town of Canowindra is the ballooning capital of this country. Each

weekend of fine weather balloonists fly from the town football pitch.

Hang-gliding:

TAHGA — The Australian Hang Gliding Association — is the national voice for the country's 1500-plus active hang-gliders. The secretary is Mrs Marsha Conley. Tel (02) 692 2872 (w) or (042) 94 2545 (ah). The NSW branch address is Box 4, Holme Building, Sydney University, 2006. A new hang-glider costs \$1000 to \$1300, and instruction is normally available at point of purchase for about \$130 for five days' training. And if you're in NSW it will pay to visit Stanwell Tops, north of Wollongong, on a weekend when there is a five to 15 knot southerly blowing. The sky gets positively crowded as expert gliders take off from the Tops, which have been praised by world authorities for its exceptional conditions. You'll also get a lot of good free advice on what to buy first time up.

Gliding:

There are two simple ways to learn to be a glider pilot: join a club and go at weekends, or enrol in an intensive five-day course. It takes about 25-30 flights on the intensive course to go solo; about 50 the club way. There are about 6000 glider pilots in Australia and they all belong to State branches of the Gliding Federation of Australia. The five-day mid-week instruction courses are now available from —

NSW: Narromine Soaring Centre, Narromine Airfield, Narromine, 2821. (069) 89 1856. Southern Cross Gliding Club, Camden Airport, Camden 2570. (046) 66 8882. Sportavia Soaring Centre, Box 78, Tocumwal 2714. Tocumwal 63.

VICTORIA: The Gliding Club of Victoria, Box 156, Mt Waverley 3149. (057) 62 1058 or (03) 232 1098.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Waikerie Gliding Club, Waikerie 5330. (085) 41 2644.

Light aircraft:

Costs vary somewhat depending on the skill of the pupil, but an unrestricted pilot's licence can cost at least \$4000 and 45 hours' training. Various flying schools we approached (through the NSW Yellow Pages) quoted prices varying as much as \$500 for the instruction alone. Rex Aviation at Bankstown Airport, (02) 70 0661, were typical of the more established schools. They're part of the nationwide Cessna Pilot Centre "Fully Integrated Audio Visual Flight Training System". It is an intensive course backed by experienced instructors. Cessna Pilot Centres are found throughout Australia.

The Royal Aero Club of NSW, Box 255, Bankstown, has an enviable record among students and instructors alike. Today, many of their trainees are at work in other flying schools. Telephone (02) 70 0291 for details of their introductory training flight offer.



THE YEAR OF THE WHITE KNIGHT

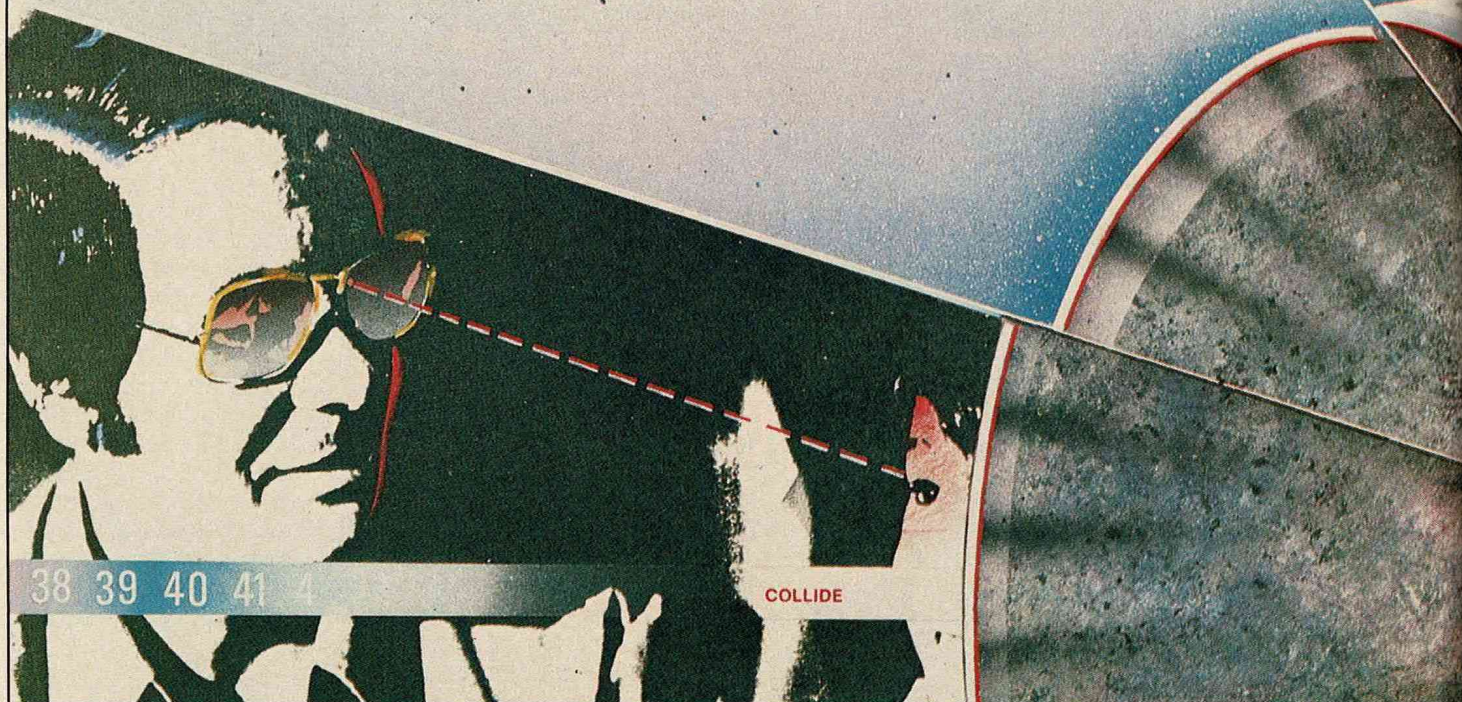
HE EXPLAINED to Sandra, a new-wave television producer, that having watched so many Kojaks, Quincys (the earlier series only), Callans and Rockford Files (the earlier series), he was now "ready to write a White Knight formula series for television."

Yes, it was an old-wave idea. But this would be an Australian White Knight — a very special White Knight — a Knight of the "New Energy".

"My whole past life has been a preparation for this," he said. "I was not slumped there in front of your television set for those years when we were together, throwing my empty

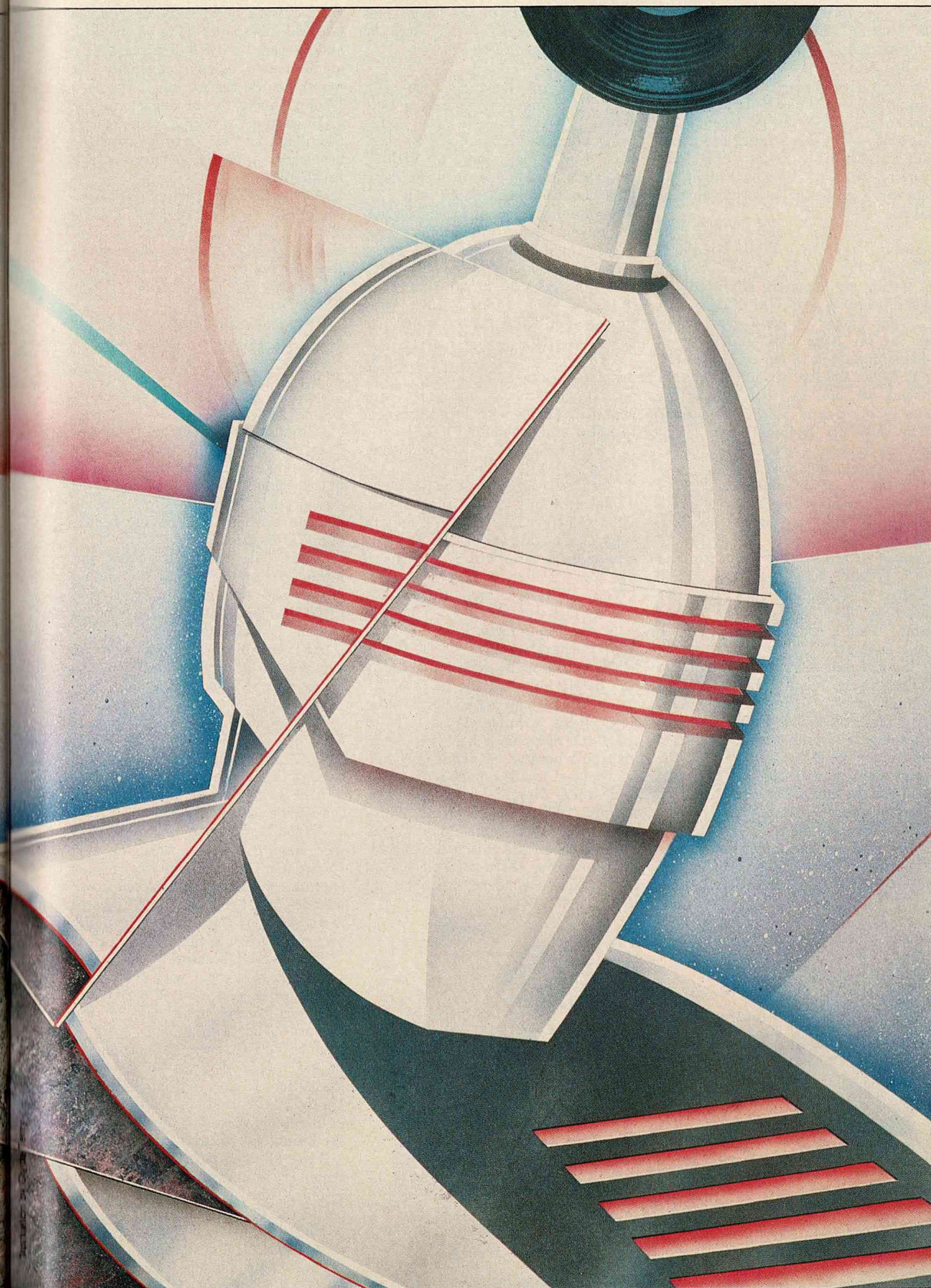
**-a collection of omens
and sub-news, and a
memorandum of feelings**

fiction by Frank Moorhouse



38 39 40 41 4

COLLIDE



beer cans into your empty fireplace, for nothing. That was preparation for this moment."

She said, "They were the years of the Old Hedonism. But as Stephen would say, the White Knight thing all began with the Arthurian legends and Gawain — all these series are about the Knights of the Round Table." She was referring to Stephen Knight, an associate professor, a medievalist at Sydney University.

"Through the Looking Glass," he said, "— there is a White Knight in *Through the Looking Glass*. I re-read it during my hepatitis, admittedly, a yet different type of White Knight."

Alice looked on with great interest as the King took an enormous memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began writing. A sudden thought struck her, and she took hold of the end of the pencil, which came some way over his shoulder, and began writing for him. The poor King looked puzzled and unhappy, and struggled with the pencil for some time without saying anything; but Alice was too strong for him, and at last he panted out, "My dear! . . . it writes all manner of things that I don't intend —" . . . Alice had put "The White Knight is sliding down the poker. He balances very badly". The Queen said, "That's not a memorandum of your feelings!"

Sandra said that she always felt a nausea sweep over her when she heard adults quoting Alice in *Wonderland* or Winnie the Pooh. People clung to these books to make themselves seem oh-so-very childlike and yet, at the same time, suggesting that they had grasped the enigma of existence from reading these books. "Frankly," she said, "they crap me off."

He said he had not touched the book for 30 years. "It was during my hepatitis," he said. He said something

about the books lending themselves to imposed meaning — they were the ultimate in non-directive fiction.

"Maybe."

"Before you hang up," he said, "and to change the source of quotation, I want to read you something from the *Village Voice* on hepatitis, from a foggy piece by Richard Goldstein, but it describes the hepatitis condition reasonably well . . . 'the combined effect of social isolation and physical stress can become a crisis of existential dimensions . . . the street seems threatening and impenetrable'. Goldstein goes on to say that when the liver isn't working, then some fundamental harmony or other has been shattered."

"There is something, too, about people who quote the *Village Voice*, and you mustn't go on about your hepatitis. People with hepatitis seem to enjoy talking about it."

"With hepatitis — well suddenly, you know, that's all that's left."

But it was agreed that he was to do a treatment for a White Knight series. That was November 13, 1978. Sandra suggested he talk with Laura Jones as a possible co-scriptwriter. He made a file and wrote on it in Texta Color, "White Knight", and in brackets "(ring Laura Jones)".

Now, turning forty, it was good to know the next life move.

On November 21, one month to the day before his birthday, he came into his work room with the morning newspapers, a coffee cup, a piece of toast and marmalade held dog-like in his mouth because his hands were full. He dropped the newspapers on to the desk where they fell on to the folder saying, "White Knight (ring Laura Jones)" in green Texta Color. As he watered the plants with a cup of cold, undrunk coffee, there on his desk from last week, and wondered again if it did

the plants harm, he tilted his head to read the newspaper lying on the desk and he read " . . . had been planning a simultaneous suicide ceremony for months to be carried out if the code 'White Knight' was broadcast . . ."

He stopped watering, or coffeing, the plants and sat down to read the newspaper with an alertness which became a chill.

AAP-REUTER: Georgetown, November 21. — The People's Temple members in Guyana and the United States had been planning a simultaneous suicide ceremony for months to be carried out if the code 'White Knight' was broadcast.

The code apparently was never broadcast and Jones summoned his followers to the death meeting by telling them over the loudspeaker: "The time has come for us to meet in another place."

Although he had almost recovered from the hepatitis his body was still skewed by it and it was with a residue of the sickness that he sat there in his swivel chair; even its slight motion gave to his body a terrifying feeling of precariousness.

Shakily, he finished his toast and marmalade and alongside his welling anxiety he wondered if Jones had lifted the line: "The time has come for us to meet in another place."

He very much doubted that he would begin work that morning on the White Knight series with Laura Jones — aura Jones — as co-writer. No.

What would have happened to him had Jones broadcast the code White Knight? Should he stay indoors? Was it safe to move about?

And what sort of questions were these to be asking?

At the New Hellas lunch club that day, having done no work, he said to the political and historical people there at the lunch, that the Jonestown suicides must be the most bizarre news story of the century "and my own story is just as bizarre."

He told them his story.

Donald said, "So what? There is nothing to be said about it, even if it is the most bizarre news story of the century. And even if your story is equally bizarre there is nothing to be said about it. It is an historical aberration. It says nothing about the United States that we don't know — or about the West. Nothing about the decline and fall of anything."

They all then turned to him as a tennis crowd moves its head, looking to him to prove there was something perhaps to be said about it.

He found, as Donald claimed, that there was nothing really to be said.

"But there must be something to be said," he came back. "You people

must have something to say. It could not be beyond analysis."

"What then?"

"I don't know what."

They looked at him — the lunch club — with censure for his having introduced a promising subject and for then having nothing to say. They went on to talk about the coming of the republic.

All right, there may be nothing to be said, he thought, nothing to be said there in the New Hellas, about the Jonestown suicides, but it asks that something be said. Or was it saying something, not to the lunch club, the world, but to him alone?

In bed with Belle he told her that he thought it was the most bizarre news story of the century. Maybe nothing like it has ever happened in recorded history, he said. And he added his own story.

He then explained to her all the problems of the reporter, the stringer in Georgetown, who first got to the story, who had first heard about the bodies brought in from the jungle.

He would have been boozed — living in Georgetown to begin with — and he would have had to convince the New York office of AP or maybe *The New York Times* that it really had all happened, and that he had not been just hallucinating.

"I'd like to get some sleep now," Belle said, hitting the pillow in emphatic preparation for sleep. "Why don't you get decent pillows?"

"I was brought up to be able to sleep on anything. Don Anderson from *The Australian* bureau in New York says that it was probably the greatest mass suicide in history. But I suppose a Jewish village in Poland will claim the record. There were, I believe, mass protest suicides among Polish Jews."

"Go to sleep now," she said, "You mustn't let it preoccupy you. Your libido needs sleep even if you don't."

"I can't help my libido — hepatitis affects libido."

"And turning forty."

"Imagine the poor drunk stringer in Georgetown when he had to say — over a bad telephone connection — to New York City, that four hundred Americans in the Guyana jungle had suicided because one man told them to. Imagine trying to convince bleary reporters in New York."

"Mmmm."

Belle was not the right person for him to be with when turning forty. She was so sensual, but she was the wrong person for him now. They were making do with each other.

That was all right too.

At the Thanksgiving party put on by Sam and Jessie — Jessie being an

American — he said to the faltering conversation of those who gathered together only on Thanksgiving, and had forgotten each other's names and interests since last Thanksgiving, and who needed an hour or so to get rolling again, he said that those Jonestown suicides must be the most bizarre news story of the century, "and I have a pretty bizarre story of my own to tell too — connected with it."

The guests at the Thanksgiving party listened thankfully to his story, but he arrived at the end of the story to find that they had nothing to say.

"Imagine the poor stringer down in Georgetown," he prompted, "trying to convince the bureau in New York that four hundred Americans had got together in the jungle and suicided."

Jessie then said that the bureau had probably told him, "Go have another drink, Harry."

They laughed. She said that they probably hung up on him at first and said to each other "pretty strong stuff they brew in Georgetown."

"Jungle juice," a guest said.

She went on to say that when they eventually believed him he probably complained that he would need a junior reporter to help with all the names, ages, and so on.

Despite Jessie's input the Thanksgiving conversation could do nothing more with those suicides. Everyone became thoughtful.

He said that probably some Jewish village in Poland would come up with a bigger mass suicide. He didn't know why he kept saying this.

"Surely things can't be that bad in the United States," Jessie's father remarked, at last. He was visiting Australia. "In our country can things really be that bad?"

He waited for Jessie's father to say some more. But no more was said. The conversation hung there among

the thoughtful guests, but nothing more came.

As they all went in for their turkey and pumpkin pie, he said to Jessie's father that he wouldn't take it to mean the decline and fall of the West. Jessie's father said he hoped not.

In the car on the way to the airport to drop Millicent, with whom he had lived last year in another city, and who was now passing through on her way back to the United States to a conference of the Modern Languages Association, he said that he had planned a television series with the working title *White Knight* taken from a lecture by Stephen Knight and on which he had planned to work with Laura Jones — aura Jones — and how on the first day of work the Jonestown suicides occurred according to the plan, "White Knight".

"Now, is that a bad omen for the series?" he asked her.

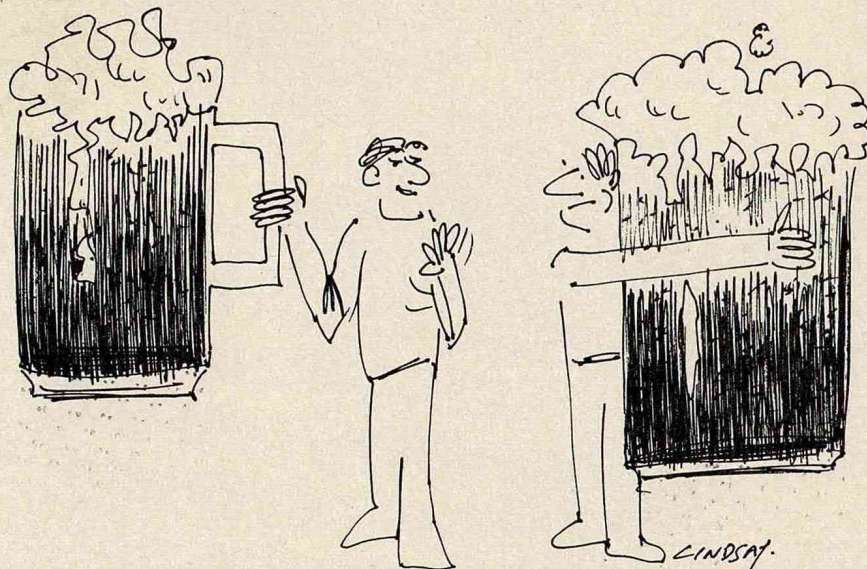
"Or is it a bad omen for you. Or for your turning forty," she replied pointedly. "Did you ever read that hepatitis can not only affect your libido but that it can take away your will to live?"

Yes, he said, that he had read this, "I could hardly have not read it since you sent it to me marked with a Stabilo pen. And you shouldn't say things like that to the sick."

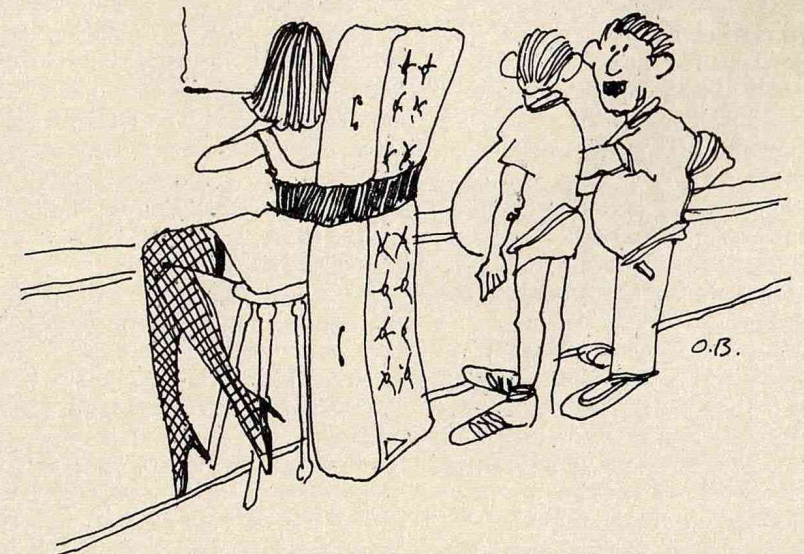
"You told me that the sick, too, love the truth," she replied. "And you have to make up your mind whether you take omens or whether you don't take omens."

They kissed at Customs Control and he felt shielded by the automatic sliding doors of the airport departure tunnel and glad that she was out of the country for the time — she and her Stabilo spells.

In December he turned forty. He spent Christmas and then his birthday with Belle, the wrong person,



"No thanks . . . I'll just stay for the one."



"Doesn't make it half obvious, does she?"

and they stayed drunk and debauched in motels round the country, away in the bush, but they knew they were the wrong people to spend birthdays and Christmases together and that they were just waiting for someone more suitable for those sorts of occasions to come along in their lives.

"But it feels okay," she said. "Oh yes," he said, with enthusiasm.

In February he had met his friend Milton at the international airport on his return from study leave in the United States.

Milton remarked, first thing: "What about all of those suicides in Jonestown!"

"Why do you mention the Jonestown suicides?"

"Well, I was in this commune in San Francisco when it all happened," Milton said.

"Here, let me take your luggage," he said to Milton, "but go on, tell me about Jonestown and then I'll tell you my story."

"I had this incredible fight with Sheena — really bad in a way neither of us had before with anyone else or with each other. We generally never do fight like that. Pulling hair — smashed mirrors — and she scratched me, flesh under the finger nails..."

"Quincy would have found that."

"What?"

"Nothing — go on."

"It was so bad. We both went off — I went to this bar. I don't know where she went. But we both felt suicidal. I kept working out how to suicide. She tried to telephone this doctor she knew to get some sleeping pills. She was suicidal. Next day: Jonestown."

"Jonestown."

"Really! A guy at the commune who is into lasers said that the Jonestown thing triggered suicides all over the United States. That there was this beaming out from Jonestown and Sheena and I were lucky to have resisted it. Or the signal was weak."

"It could have been the hills. The reception is bad in the hills."

They put the luggage into the car.

"It is Alice holding the end of the pen," he told Milton, jocularly, "— our lives."

"You're right!" Milton said, "The CIA is in there somewhere."

"I'll tell you — I'll tell you what's really coming down the tube from the Jonestown thing," Milton said.

Milton talked disrhythmically as they drove fast around the car park looking for an exit. Milton hit his forehead with his hand, "Of course — I missed it at first — the Ballad of the White Knight — White Knight! Jesus the ramifications are fantastic."

He did not work in January — the White Knight folder still lying on his

desk from November. When wandering in the city, hours early for an appointment, he bought the sea mail *Economist* for November 25, 1978.

The *Economist* had "something to say."

The religious sects are the grass forcing itself out through the concrete... the religious innovation is one of the last and best examples of free enterprise... half forgotten fragments or animism and the dark other side of the religious coin... if things go well, the time between now and the 21st century could prove to be as important in the development of the human consciousness as, say, the fifth century BC (which saw orderly intellectual thought taking root in Greece); the first century of the Christian era (which saw the offering of a new link between the spiritual and material halves of life); the seventh century (which saw the first real explosion of the concept of man's individual powers and responsibilities)... it could lead to a pacification of the long civil war in inner space... most appear to have drunk cyanide found mixed with grape drink in a tin tub. Mr Jones had dispensed his mock suicide potions before. The spasms of the first children ended any doubt. Many tried to run into the jungle. They were turned back by the camp's heavily armed guards or shot down... at one level the story is another example of the special quality of America; the country where the best is better, but the worst is also worse than anywhere on the globe.

The pacification of the long civil war in inner space, yet. He was ready.

Now if the *Economist* leader writer had been at lunch at the New Hellas he would have had something to say. But it was not a Sydney way of talking and he would have just been ridiculed over it.

AAP-MILTON telephoned, "More on Jonestown — I am over my disrhythmia now — more stuff is coming down. I'm told there are 913 bodies in a hangar at Dover Air Force base in Delaware. No one will claim them. They will remain there forever. Refrigerated. A complete commune. The dead commune — the title's yours, have it, take it. The ramifications are truly fantastic."

"It's just the grass forcing itself through the concrete," he told Milton as he put down the telephone.

"Right!"

Was this then the commune which beckoned to him? Was this the commune, at last, which wanted him?

He learned from Sally McMillan in the New York bureau of *The Australian* that the bodies were in fact flown from Dover Air Force base out

to California to be buried. Delaware didn't want them buried there.

Sandra rang about the treatment on the White Knight series and he told her he had not done any work on it. He told her why.

She said "oh" and then asked him how he was coping with being forty.

"Fine," he said.

"Are you sure?"

In April, 1979, he read that the code name for the suicide pact was not "White Knight" but "White Night". It had been misreported. There was no explanation of either code name.

He did feel something lift from his whimpering psyche but still could not work on the treatment.

He phoned Milton, "They had it wrong," he told him.

"But Jesus," Milton said, "you came within one letter of being hit by the laser. Or very close to death. It came close."

"I missed by one letter — a 'k'. I'm A-Okay."

"Don't laugh — that's the way it works. There's a lot of stuff coming out on just that sort of thing now from Hungary."

When Millicent came back from the States he asked her if she had ever wished him dead.

"I surely have — on the day we split up and on many other days subsequent," she said. "Did you get my letter from the States?"

"No. When did you post it?"

"Around Christmas. You should have got it by now."

"It must have gone astray."

"In some ways I'm glad," she said. "It was bitchy." She did not elaborate on the contents of the letter.

She said, "Tell me, what's it like being forty?"

"Wretched. No — it's okay. I'm not really going through a crisis. At least I don't think that I am. Something, though, was certainly going on. I think it just missed me."

In that week while contemplating beginning work on the treatment he fell down writhing with pain on the floor of his office amid the struggling indoor plants.

Gripped with agony, he called a taxi which took him to the doctor. He was then taken to hospital where he underwent emergency surgery.

He came out of the operation with tubes in his mouth, nose, and penis, and with a drip in his arm.

They gave him pentothal and he saw a sun-filled field of yellow flowers and it beckoned to him. It was, he thought, death beckoning, no doubt. He considered it, decided, for no obvious reason, to say no this time, he would not go into the never-ending warmth of that sun and to death's

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corny field of swaying yellow flowers, as yet.

He fell then into a deep sleep and did not die.

After his discharge from hospital he went to stay with Millicent, but decided that was inviting her to cast a spell against him during her dark moods and said he would go to convalesce on his own in the Hilton. Millicent was speechless, as, clutching magazines, he moved his body gingerly from her house to the taxi. He could not go to Belle's house because she was not someone you convalesced with, her life-surge was over-vigorous, and she had once said that she was "into scars".

The months of August and of September he spent in Canberra, the seat of government. While in that city a Senator Knight, a new-style senator, rang him and wanted to talk to him about copyright legislation.

Of all the senators, why Senator Knight? He told himself that it was White Night now that he had to watch for — the Knight business was all over. He went to see the senator and after the appointment watched himself carefully but nothing at all of any note occurred.

In August, still in Canberra, he read a poem in the magazine *Quadrant* which was written by Evan Jones. He did not register the name Jones until he had entered the poem.

Sometimes he read poems because he knew the poet, sometimes because of the title, sometimes he just grabbed a poem and read it as a random sample of "poetry". He had read this poem as a random sample of "poetry".

It was titled *Insomniacs* but he was not an insomniac, that was not the reason he had read the poem.

In stanza three he read:

Insomniacs, bless them, are never afraid of the dark: bad nights are

called 'white nights' for that dull white which lurks quietly behind their eyelids, dingy, mean. Nothing at all like innocence, purity or peace, signalling that all the nerves would like to break. Something in the whole being is at war.

He put down the magazine. Oh, oh, something was still going on. The laser was still searching for him.

That night and for a few nights he sweated after going to bed, fearing that his sleep would now be disrupted — that that had been the message of the poem. But it was not, and he did sleep soundly.

His two companions in Canberra were named Lewis and after a heavy drinking bout with one of the Lewises in the week he read the poem he became ill again with hepatitis.

He could hardly move from his bed, pinned down with an immense lethargy. He found he could do nothing but sleep.

That night while lying in bed with his new sickness in his rooms at University House, he heard music from a radio next door carried on the wind and he heard the announcer say that the piece of music which had reached him on the wind was called *White Night* and that it was played by Kenny White and his orchestra. The wind dropped and he heard no more.

While lying there during the next few days he wondered why his two companions in that city — the seat of government — should be both named Lewis. He asked the non-drinking Lewis and she said that in Cottle's *Dictionary of Surnames* it said that Lewis meant great battle. "Why do you ask?"

He shook his head weakly saying, "Oh nothing."

This Lewis dropped in the airmail *Guardian* for him to read and he read

that the Moscow International Book Fair had refused to allow the book *White Nights* by the Israeli Prime Minister Mr Begin, to fly to the Soviet Union. The book was an account of Begin's persecution and torment in a Soviet labor camp.

He found himself saying aloud to the empty room, "Quite right, don't let it in."

In the next airmail *Guardian*, the following week, he read of a recent screening of Bresson's *Four Nights* which, was based on Dostoyevsky's story *White Nights*, and he further read that Visconti had also made a film called *White Nights* based on the Dostoyevsky story.

Hepatitis had drained his energy so that clipping even the tissue-thin pages of the airmail *Guardian* took a long time, but he clipped out the two reports and would, from time to time, study them.

The clippings yielded nothing but the word guardian addressed itself to him and he felt comforted.

There was, he intuited, an airmail Force of Destruction coming in from around Jonestown and an airmail guardian. There was a battle going on for his psyche.

As soon as he was well enough he went to the National University Library and found all Dostoyevsky's work there except *White Nights*.

He stood there in the gloomy aisles of books sweating from that nervous impotence he felt in libraries, having confirmed, yet again, that desperate feeling he always had in libraries, that what he wanted would not be there, or that he was searching for it in the wrong place.

"What does it mean that the book *White Nights* by Dostoyevsky is not in the library?" he asked a helpful new-breed librarian in jeans.

"It could be out on loan."

He wanted a different category of answer to his questions. But that was asking too much, even from a new-breed librarian.

"But all his other books are there in multiple copies."

"Maybe it is at the binder — that would be another possibility."

"That all of the copies of *White Nights* wore out at the same time? Could you please check to see who has borrowed it?"

"That would be confidential. Would you like it to be public knowledge that you, say, borrowed a book on menopause — hypothetically — if you were a woman?"

He did not wish to be drawn into hypothetical discussion — in another gender — on menopause.

"It's odd, that's all," he said, a touch of peevishness in his voice,

"that you have multiple copies of all of Fyodor Dostoyevsky's work but that all the copies of that title alone are missing."

She simply shrugged, and began to nervously fidget with her confidential library cards.

"Never mind," he said.

"You're welcome."

He had never been welcome, not for one day on this planet had he ever felt welcome.

Outside the library he thought, I am becoming grumpy, I am now forty and I am becoming grumpy.

He recovered and returned to his own city where he hung around with Sophia who had become his lover upon her return from Poland. When he had gained her confidence, he told her about the *White Nights* and about the books being missing from the library.

"That's really weird," she said, humoring him.

"Don't humor me," he answered, grumpily, "I think that it does bear some attention."

"I cannot explain the *White Nights* thing," she said, watching him, he thought, closely, "but I have two copies of Dostoyevsky's *White Nights* and the screen play by Visconti — but I don't want you to make anything of it."

"You don't have the screenplay by Robert Bresson?"

"No..."

"Why two copies of Dostoyevsky's *White Nights*?"

"I cannot explain how I came to have two copies and I don't want to make a thing of it."

She brought the books to him.

He examined them. After some time he came to a finding. In the same volume with Dostoyevsky's *White Nights* were *Notes from the Underground*, *House of the Dead*, and *Dreams of a Ridiculous Man*.

"But the titles! The titles say it all," he exclaimed to Sophia who looked up from what she was doing.

"I don't follow," she said, warily.

He feared he was frightening her.

"I have had the notes from the underground and the other messages that have come to me through Milton — that is a reversal of 'by air' by airmail and so on. I have been to the house of the dead — or at least, the house of the dying — that was the hospital — the white night title refers to the midsummer nights at the sixtieth latitude north."

"So?"

"I am in the midsummer latitude of my life — turning forty," he explained to her, "and the various fears and so on are the dreams of the ridiculous man. I've had an Australian White Night. A tormented wakefulness." He

could tell she was striving to keep a grin on her face. In November, one year from the Jonestown suicides, an American journalist flew in and phoned him, Joe Treaster from *The New York Times*.

Joe Treaster wanted to talk to him about the Australian male image.

"Weak at present," he joked to Treaster, "who put you on to me?"

Treaster said, "The Department of Information."

Trick or treat-ster?

They met, talked and drank some tea together.

He tried to be helpful and showed Treaster the *Australian Year Book*. "In this book are all the answers — every statistic."

Before passing it to Treaster he opened up the book and found it wondrous and forgot momentarily that Treaster was in the room.

"I'm sorry..." he laughed to the politely silent Treaster, handing him the book, laughing, "I became engrossed with the statistics."

A few days later a friend rang and invited him to a party, "Joe Treaster from *The New York Times* will be there. You should meet him."

"I know him," he said, "And I have met him."

"He wanted to talk about the Australian male image."

"He was the first journalist into Jonestown after the suicides. He's very interesting on it."

"No!"

Not trick or treat-ster — tryster — Joe was a tryster.

He could not get to that party but telephoned and asked for Joe — Joe had just left.

He rang Joe at his hotel but could not reach him and left a message for Joe to ring back.

When Joe eventually rang back he was already out of the country at a

conference in Honolulu. Joe sent a message to him in Honolulu to say that he meet up with him on his way back to the States.

But although he waited expectantly for Joe Tryster he did not tryst.

In November he abandoned the White Knight project having not written one word on it.

On November 21, the anniversary of the suicides, he went with Sophia before a committee to get funding for a film they wanted to make called *Time's Raging* from a poem by Dick Higgins about turning forty and some other things.

They entered the door of the committee room and who should be on the panel but Laura Jones.

He found he had no urge to flee.

They got the funding.

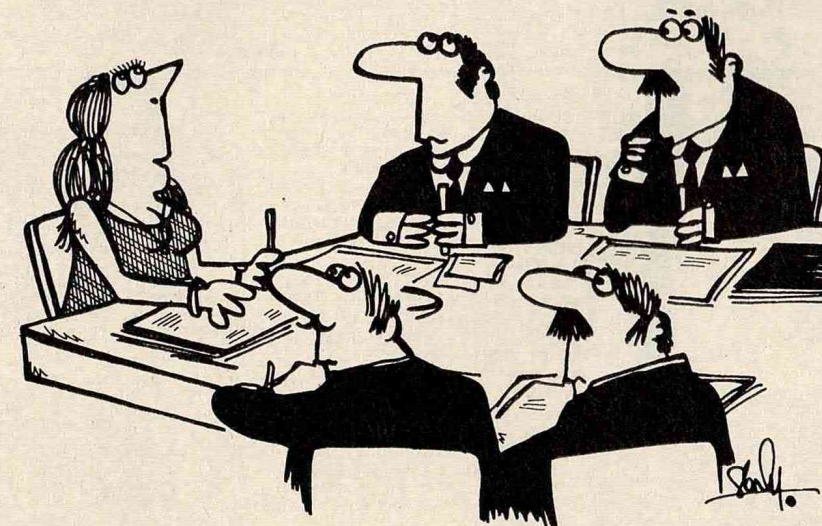
By 1980 he was feeling well again, was 41 and happy with Sophia.

It had been a year, he told her, of shadows, confusing linguistic signals, ricocheting beams, maybe a bony hand had been groping for him, inviting him to dance, lanterns had been waved in the dark to guide him toward the cliff. But he was through it now.

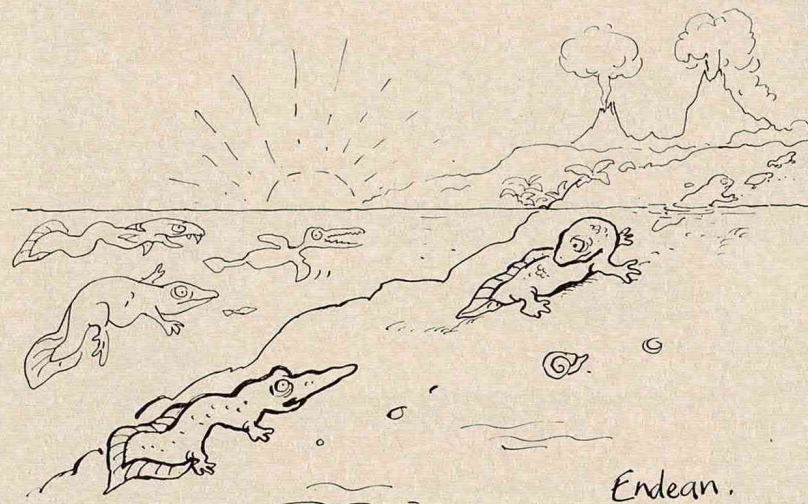
LATER IN THE next year he was writer-in-residence at a university and they put him in a room formerly occupied by a medievalist.

He was seated at the desk for some hours, trying it out, before he realised that a poster of an ivory chesspiece on the wall facing him was a white knight — the caption said it was from the isle of Lewis.

The white knight was glum and toy-like and it did not frighten him. He photographed it and, during the residency, identified with it and became fond of it.



"I'd like to open this, my first meeting as chairman of the board, by announcing that I'm not wearing any knickers today."



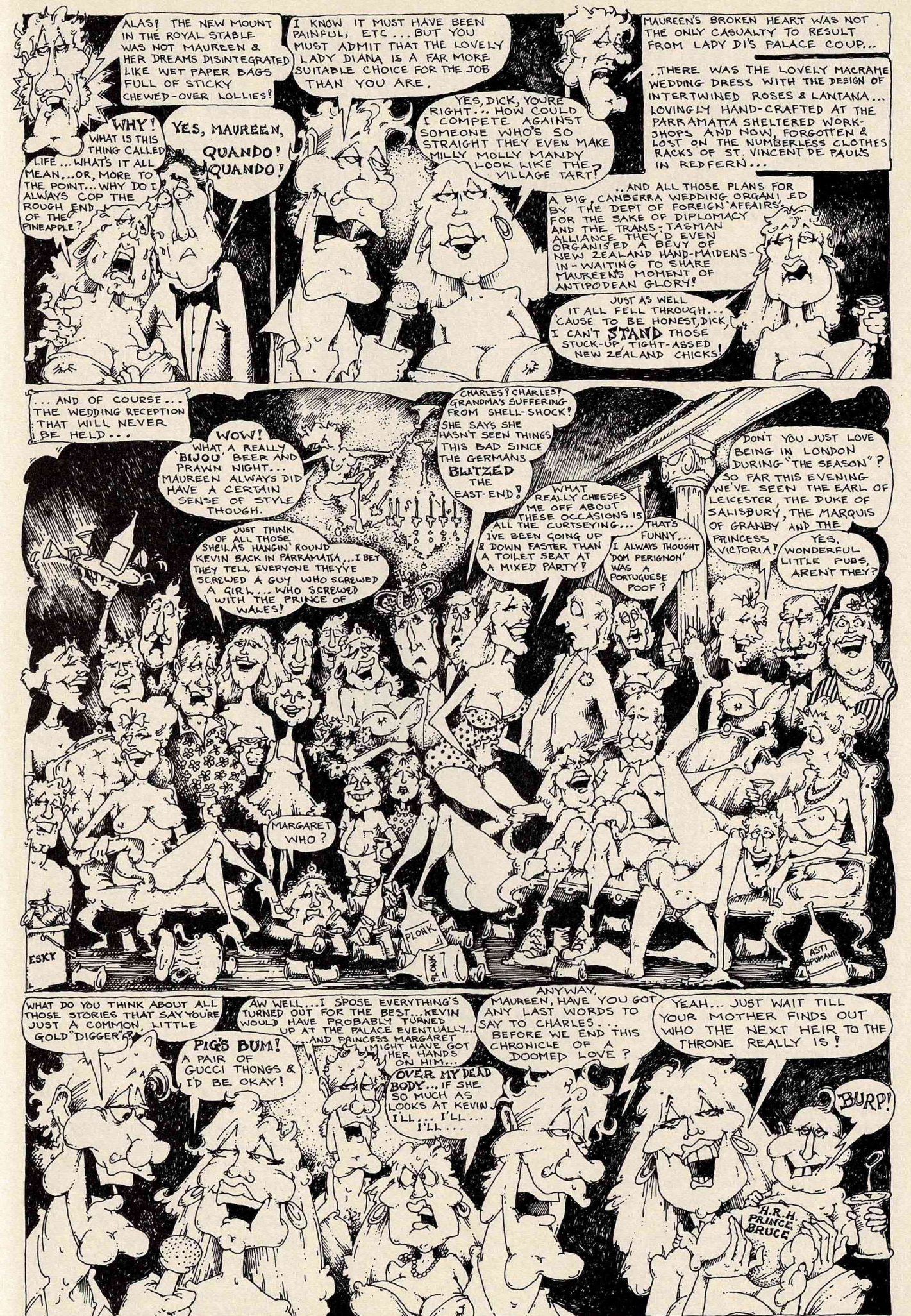
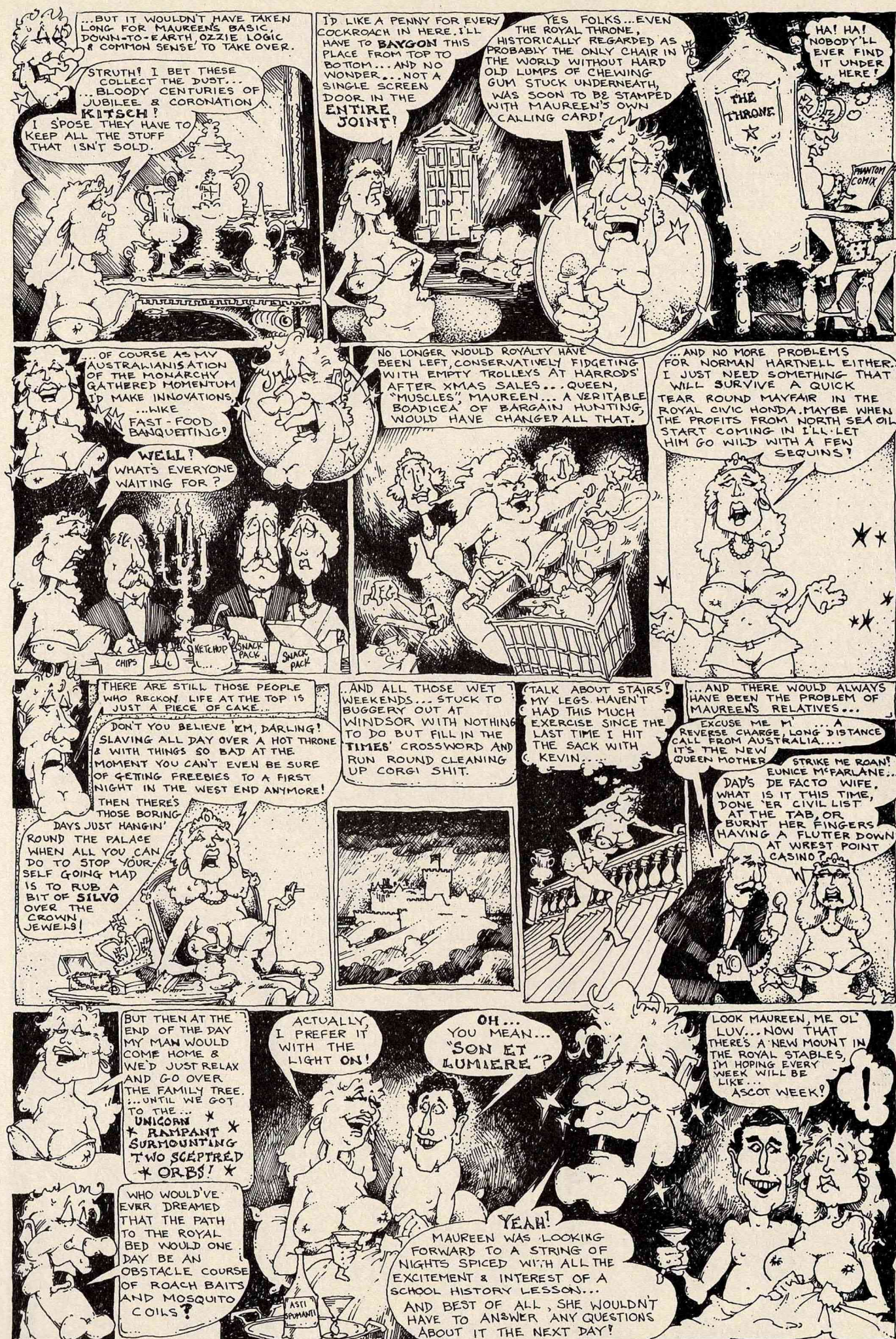
"You go ahead, I'll catch you up a million years later."

**SATIRE BY
HARRISON**

© 1981 T. HARRISON.

ER...
SHIT!
I'VE
WON

IF IT MOVES...
SCREW IT!
IF IT DOESN'T,
GIVE IT A
KICK... IT
MIGHT JUST
BE ASLEEP!



AUTOBAHN-STORMER

IT WAS Nelson Bunker Hunt who spectacularised profit-taking in the commodities market when he acquired and shed a fortune approaching the national debt by cornering the tradeable supplies of silver.

The record shows he would probably have been better off tracking down and buying up all available early '70s Mercedes Benz sports cars. For, at about the same time as N.B.H. was scraping together most of the world's bright metal stock, Merc sports cars of that era were quietly doubling their value. Not as impressive as 4-or-500 percent in a single bound, but not as risky either. For the next 12 month period (to this year), the cars climbed another 100 percent on their original value. And already the trends indicate a similar gain is on the charts for 1982. Additionally, one favored model has multiplied its 1974 value by between 350 and 450 percent — depending on how well you bought at the time. And this all occurred even without the instigation of a market-snatch by any commodity traders.

These are Oz statistics and soundly based on the averaged figures from independent industry record sources. But they are part of a world-wide trend. Daimler Benz AG undoubtedly set the scene when they remoulded the classic sports car in 1972 in response to apparent market demands for a softer, more prestigious sporty car.

The *cognoscenti* have since pinpointed this date as the degeneration of the Mercedes sports car, a fate which Mercedes largely sealed for themselves by introducing volume-production finishing techniques — including (gasp) plastic mouldings.

Although this was broadly advertised at the time (particularly among the sympathetic press), it escaped the attention of older, moneyed buyers who made it to showrooms in record



fast, with class — rob luck finds that life ensconced inside the cockpit of a mercedes 380SL sports car is a hallowing experience

numbers. So swift and complete was this move to the "geriatric sports coupes" that by 1974/5 the classic Pagola (or concave) roof two-seater had plunged to its lowest standing in the after-market, recording values as meagre as \$7000-\$8000. If you weren't sufficiently perspicacious to pick-up a 280SL in 1974 for the max \$8000 you may now have to find \$36,000 or so to acquire a similar set of prestige wheels.

This may seem a long way round to the 380SL Mercedes sports car, but is directly appropriate to this current model because it has dropped in import volume to roughly the same numbers level of the exemplar car: the 1971-2 model 280SL roadster (due to US market priorities).

And that's the good news. Now try to come to grips with the dollar value of a 450 percent escalation on the current model price of \$58,867.10 (plus options). The 10c may be paid in coin if the space on the cheque isn't quite adequate.

Now for the bad news.

Even if you place your order and deposit as soon as you've finished reading this, you may still have to wait until late in 1982 for delivery of your shiny new 380SL. By which time, it's unlikely, of course, to be the price nominated above.

Nevertheless, it may be well worth the wait. For on scaled and weighted-average second-hand values, it will almost instantly be more valuable than whatever it is you pay for it.

This is an intrinsic part of the Mercedes phenomenon, and the full range of cars has shown around a 92 percent retained value of their original purchase price for all years and models back to 1974. More recently, some models have moved even further upwards in the aftermarket into the zone of "negative depreciation", sales-hype for appreciation. (It's also known as "the Porsche phenomenon" — so it's

in good company.) Industry scuttlebutt theorises that Mercedes Benz Australia might even be involved in upward-marking newer models to minimise profit losses in the after-market. An unlikely scenario, but the company has boosted the after-market image with its 1980 introduction of new car warranty (12 months) on any Merc with less than five years and 80,000km (if serviced since new by a Merc dealer).

Rumor has it that the export chieftains in Unterturkheim heard about this crazy Oz scheme and all fell about on their desk spikes. That was last year. This year, they are "studying the plan carefully" in view of Mercedes' amazing previous year's sales performance in Australia. Despite the introduction of the infamous "depreciation limit" in the previous Budget and a dearth of new models, MBA exactly equalled their 1979 performance (2260 cars, cf 2262 cars). Now it is Mr Howard who should be self-destructing — MBA actually increased their market share here. Touché.

The 380SL sports car is actually a car ahead of its time, since it was the precursor of the new S-Class sedans — released in February this year to revive MBA's thinning mainline fleet of fullsize sedans. Slipped quietly into the market place late last year, the 380SL replaced the ageing 450SL but featured the most important new engineering development of the S-Class sedans — particularly the top-line engine, the new ultra-lightweight all-alloy 3.8litre V8, and the anti-lock braking system (ABS) which could be about the most important technological development in motor vehicles in the past two decades.

The Mercsports is arguably the most stimulating vehicle of all Mercedes currently available in this country to drive (the 500 model with the 5-litre V8 was not introduced in Australia due to costs of meeting local design requirements in small volume).

It is precisely 200kg (440lb) lighter than the 380SEL sedan and, with similar aerodynamic qualities, slices through the air faster and far more economically. It stands on a stubbier wheelbase (it's 470mm shorter, at



Photography by Ern McQuillan

2460mm), which makes it feel smaller and more manoeuvrable, although the trackwidth is almost as large. It is also substantially more compact in overall body dimensions.

More importantly, it features the traditional sports car engineering in the suspension and steering. The new S-Class sedans run a revised power steering system which is even more vague and boulevard-oriented than in previous sedans. The sports car, by comparison, is reasonably direct in steering feel, without being heavy.

But it is the technological changes and detailed equipment update which delight the senses most in this revitalised package. The engine is outstandingly effective, despite the capacity drop from 4.5litre to 3.8. Power is on a par with the previous engine with 197(DIN)bhp at 5500rpm and 295Nm of torque at 3750/min, yet engine weight is down by some 40kg due to the all-aluminium construction.

Improvement in performance and economy thus run side-by-side in this energy-efficient new package. Neither is there a durability risk — the V8 3.8litre engine is exactly the same mill that has run in 5litre form in the 450SLC coupe for some five market-testing years. In that time, the engine proved itself suitable for adaptation to the new-line sedans — even scoring an impressive motor sport win in the arduous South American Marathon Rally in 1979-80.

This and other successes has forced many critics to eat h-pie. And there are plenty of critics, most of them from the esoteric ranks of the "true sports car" brigade. After all, they ask how could you possibly describe a car that's only available with an automatic transmission as a sports car?

Well, Jim Hall's Chaparral blew that theory and the opposition to the weeds when he slushboxed his way to victory in the then ultimate proving ground for sportcars of about 15 years ago: the US CanAm series.

And the fact is, for its market, the car does the job extremely well. Even with panache. Of course, you have to come to terms with telephone-number price tags and options-lists that can tote up to more than the average

family sedan price, but once over that hurdle, life ensconced in the cockpit of a Mercedes 380SL sports car becomes more than slightly tolerable.

Especially with all the new gadgetry to play with. The Becker digital cassette deck/radio with its touch-sensitive controls is an immediate attraction and a totally efficient one at that. Somewhat sadly, neither Daimler Benz nor MBA have yet come to grips with the concept of fully reproducing sound, and most Mercs have mediocre speaker systems.

The climate-control air-conditioning, however, produces the goods all the way down the line and is also driven by touch-sensitive controls. You can just dial the temperature, and the system will hold it. If you like to count up the switchgear for all the standard and optional equipment, you can get into the 30s without difficulty. Plenty of toys for the wealthy boys.

Another gadget that sounds like it should have something to do with the egg-nishner, resides up on the steering column. This is called the Tempomat (from tempo-pace) and it can be used to set, increase, decrease or cancel a given cruising speed. It enables your feet to take a holiday while cruising those boring multi-lane highways that hardly exist in Australia. Mercedes seem to have overlooked a function that destroys police radar on sight — or at least scrambles it.

Also on the column is another stalk which controls just about everything else except the automatic-opening garage door. It houses light switches, auxiliary light switches, windscreen wipers/washers, et al. Mercedes is very proud of it, and it probably represents some ultimate art form in miniaturisation and compacting of controls. But it is impossibly complicated and requires a Degree in Constant Concentration to operate even after suitable familiarisation. DB could well adopt the twin-stalk system favored by other quality car manufacturers.

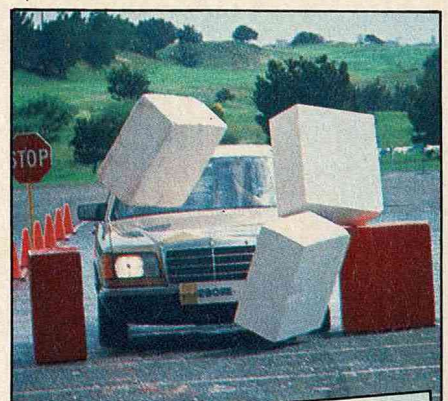
Barely squeezed into this same luxury and options-stacked compartment is the gear control mechanism. It motivates a four-speed transmission which very considerably hangs about in second gear while the vehicle is idling. Jab the throttle, and it leaps into first for a flying getaway, before easing you up through the box. It can be operated manually, and has perhaps the best-thought-out shift pattern in the business.

Seating is impressively teutonic, but, as might be expected, emphasises luxury rather than lateral hold or superior support. Indeed a Posture-paedic cushion is optional. However, it has fully adjustable head restraints (built by Recaro), and apart from the

routine adjustments, the seats can be set for height.

Other interior gadgetry controls electric window operation, and headlamp sight-height as required.

The cockpit can be enjoyed in a variety of modes. It is supplied with a demountable hardtop that is so solidly engineered it looks, feels and behaves like a fixed-roof, shunning wind noise, leaks, and vibrations. This can be subtracted in a matter of a few minutes,



Anti-lock Braking System Demonstration: The non-ABS vehicle shown at top ploughs straight through the obstacles while the ABS-equipped vehicle below steers around the objects while braking.

preferably by two people, to convert the car to perhaps its most enjoyable format. An invisibly stowed soft-top provides emergency (or alternative) weather protection when the hardtop is removed. It is also efficiently designed, relatively easily operated, and snug and quiet when in place.

The lack of roll-over protection is an obvious omission, justified by Mercedes' view of the bulk of their patrons — ie, conservative in motoring style. As a precaution, the windscreen pillars are built on the roll-bar concept with a joiner across the top. The efficiency of this when flying upside down is open to scepticism.

In its more dignified, right-way-up stance the Mercedes is quite obviously a desirable classic of our time — especially when running in sporting mode — ie, topless. Clichéd epithets such as "breeze-free cabin" and "sun-

drenched interior" spring readily to mind after even a brief tour of the suburbs on an agreeable day. And of course, there is the delicious bonus of being instantly more recognisable by those you would like to have recognise you. Worth at least half the asking price alone.

For those who dare, the supple suspension enables the car to be hurtled into corners at ego-boosting speeds with confidence, the excellent geometry automatically correcting and compensating for ham-fisted efforts.

For those who care, it's the same tried-and-proven Merc formula: employing independent A-arms at the front and semi-trailing arms at the rear. However, considerable sophistication of this fairly basic design accounts for better-than-average control and stability, and some new technology in shock and sound isolation keeps the antics of the road wheels well removed from the hallowed confines of the occupants' compartment.

Of course, the majority of people discriminating enough to want to own a Mercedes want to preserve as much as possible of their remaining worldly wealth. Daimler Benz has thoughtfully minimised further wear and tear on the pocketbook with long service intervals (a general service every 10,000km, major service 20,000km). This may well result in the old ashtray joke becoming obsolete: "Dear, the Mercedes is coming up for service. I really think we had better trade it in."

To their credit, Daimler Benz has ensured that, more than in any other car, its customers stand the chance of a long and healthy life (and hopefully future purchases).

Initially this was achieved by a variety of safety design ideas that Mercedes pioneered and then generously released to the rest of the world's motor manufacturers. Perhaps the best known is the progressively-deformable front and rear sections designed to absorb shock.

But perhaps the best is the anti-lock braking system, a design by which all future braking systems will be measured. Up to now, you could brake to avoid an emergency or you could steer to avoid an emergency. Now you can do both. Simultaneously. Just as important are the everyday applications — providing increased safety on wet or slippery roads, uneven surfaces, or any other unexpected or unpredictable road situation. Unfortunately, for the time being only those who can afford a Mercedes will get this outstanding additional safety margin. As they say in the movies — them's the brakes.



The satisfaction of doing it yourself.

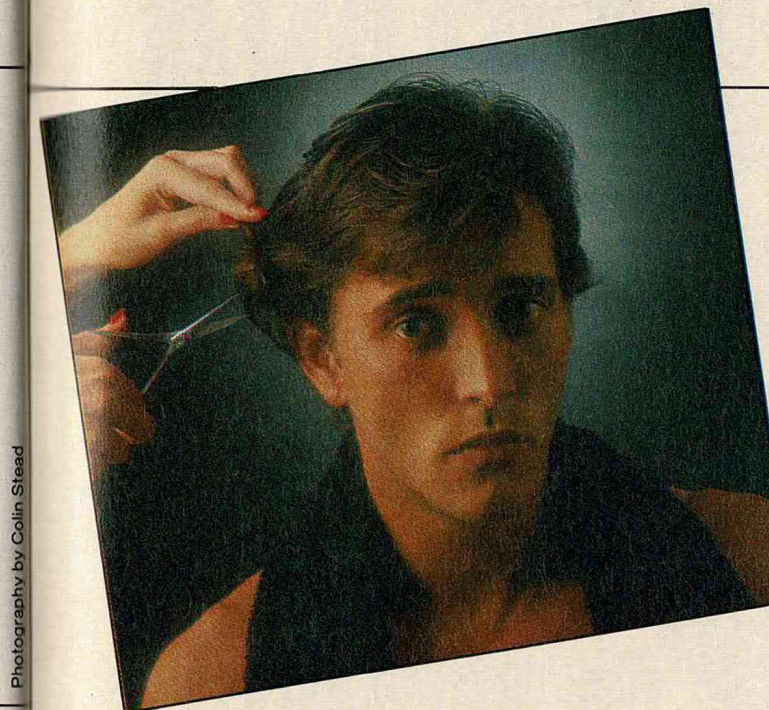
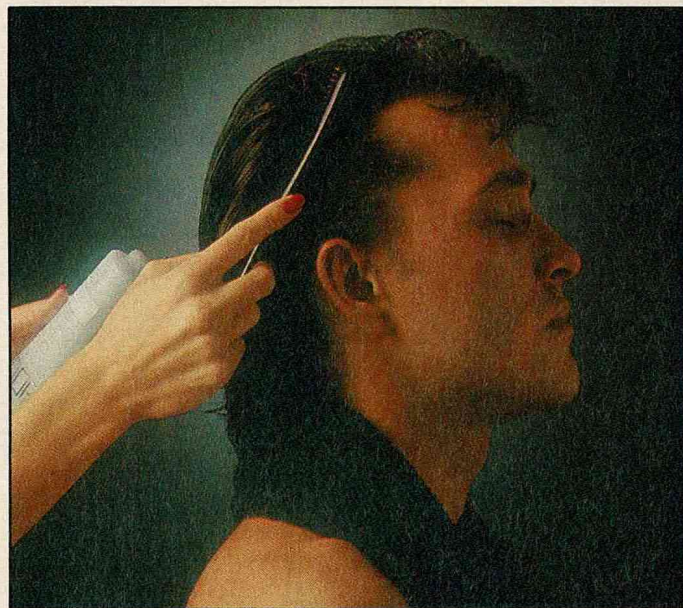


The natural satisfaction of full flavoured imported Drum. It's the most enjoyed ready-rubbed cigarette tobacco in Australia.



TAKING IT FROM THE TOP

grooming by Kate Stead



Photography by Colin Stead

DURING THE coming few months, we at PLAYBOY will have much to say to our readers about the clean-cut, stylish image they'd like to present to the world and how to achieve it. True, a bar of soap and a fine-toothed comb go a long way, but for a really polished total look, start taking advantage of modern technology and the experience of experts.

For a good head start, we'll look at your hair, because chances are it's one of the first things others look at when they meet you. Your hair and fingernails are the fastest-growing parts of your body and serve as a mirror of your health. Healthy, shiny hair is fundamental to inner well-being as well as an overall groomed appearance.

FOUR STEPS TO GREAT HAIR

JUST like your face, the biggest favor you can do your hair is to keep it super clean. Daily washing is not overdoing it, especially if you're physically active or work in dusty areas.

Look for a mild shampoo that won't damage the hair shaft. Delva Every Day Shampoo has been formulated for everyday washing and contains natural protein and lanolin for gentle action, suitable for all hair types. The Aramis 900 range includes several shampoos for everyday. Daily Shampoo I is for normal to oily hair and

Daily Shampoo II is for dry or very fine hair. Their sweet-smelling Herbal Shampoo (for all hair types) is gentle enough for everyday washing too.

Your hair type will fall into one of three categories: dry, oily, or normal. If you haven't considered your hair type important before, think again — because the wrong shampoo can intensify a bad case of the greasies or fly-away wisps. Check the label. If your hair gets dirty very quickly and falls in lank clumps, then it is the oily type. Dry hair crackles with static electricity and has a lacklustre appearance. Normal hair falls somewhere in between these two.

Once you've established your hair type, look for the same classification on the label of the shampoo you buy. As we said before, some everyday shampoos are suitable for all types.

If you are shampooing every day, one lathering will be enough; if you're washing only twice a week, perform two separate latherings for maximum clean. The most important part of washing your hair is the last: rinsing. Make sure every skerrick of shampoo is rinsed away. Time it if you like: for every 30 seconds you spent lathering, count 60 for rinsing. Neglect in this area will cause dandruff and dullness.

CONDITIONING of the hair may seem like icing on the cake but, in fact,

using a conditioner goes a long way toward keeping your hair healthy and manageable. If you want your glory crowned, stick to the rules. Conditioning will also untangle the strands after shampooing and make combing out an easy chore. (Do use a wide-toothed comb to avoid shaft damage.)

Delva have an Every Day Conditioner to use after their Every Day Shampoo. This one is unique in that you don't wash it out, but massage it in and leave it. The extra bonus with this product is that it has a built-in sunscreen for protection against drying from the sun. If you fancy the Aramis 900 Herbal Shampoo, try the Herbal Hair Conditioning Rinse afterwards — again, it is suitable for all hair types. Sun, wind, perm or color-damaged hair requires a protein rinse. If your hair is fine, it tends toward oiliness so go for an oil-free, vitamin-enriched conditioner. You'll find directions on the bottle, but it is a good idea to comb it through well before the final rinse-out.

THICK, healthy hair that's superbly cut needs nothing more than a gentle rub-down with a clean towel and a brisk shake to make it fall into place. However, if you can't get by without your dryer, watch out for wear and tear from the heat. After towel drying your hair, set the dryer

on hot and fluff it with your fingers. When your hair reaches the barely damp stage, switch to the cool setting and style it with a round brush.

We don't want to say too much about how you should wear your hair — you know what looks good on you — but very long hair looks a little strange these days and ultra-crew-cut short hair requires a beautifully tough face and sense of style to match. You will have to use all your detective talents to find a hair stylist you like. The cut itself is vital, so persist in your search until you're happy.

DANDRUFF and other headaches: If you've never had it, you're one of a lucky few, because 35 percent of the Australian population buys anti-dandruff products at any given time. The causes of dandruff are myriad and varied: a high stress level is a notorious contributor, as are bad diet (too much salt, refined foods, and carbohydrates), lax shampooing and rinsing habits. Whatever the cause, controlling it is simple. There are any number of specially formulated dandruff shampoos on the market today. Selsun Shampoo contains selenium sulphide for a tooth-and-nail fight against a hard case of dandruff. If you have a mild case, try Selsun Blue for everyday control. Delva MDF is a new anti-dandruff treatment which works

overtime to build up a resistance to dandruff. It also contains conditioning agents and a sunscreen. Dandruff control is offered by the Aramis 900 range in the form of two products. Weekly Scalp Scrub thoroughly rids the scalp of the build-up of foreign matter and dry, flaky conditions. This one is fragrance-free, but if you fancy the herbal-fragranced shampoo and conditioner in the Aramis range, there is also a Herbal Double Action Tonic that helps combat dandruff. This one contains the anti-microbial, parachloro-m-xyleneol, to help prevent the growth of yeast.

Neurodermatitis is a nasty, and also not uncommon, scalp condition which requires some expert treatment. It is, in effect, a nerve rash which particularly attacks the nape of the neck, causing redness, scaling and an irritating itch. Professional advice should be sought from a dermatologist or a trichologist to treat this condition. John Cook is one of 11 trichologists in Australia available for diagnosis and treatment of damaged hair and tricky scalp conditions. You can call him on (02) 438-1600 for an appointment. John gave us some interesting information on hair fall-out and baldness:

If your grandfather, your father and your older brother have all gone bald, and you find your own hairline

receding, you just have to live with it. In other words, baldness is hereditary and there is nothing you can do to prevent it (anyway, look where it got Telly and Yul). However, if your hair loss suddenly accelerates (more than 100 hairs per day drop-out is abnormal), it could be the sign of something wrong — but reversible. This condition can be caused by external attacks on the body, such as crash dieting, high fever, physiological or psychological shock to the system, or sudden addition or discontinuation of medication (like penicillin or antibiotics). It is interesting to note that the hair loss will occur three months after the event of its cause. The good news is that the condition is self-correcting once the specific cause has been located and treated.

There are two other causes of hair loss: endocrine gland imbalance and anaemia. A trichologist will be able to recognise these conditions and can refer the sufferer to the proper doctor for treatment.

All this is just to tell you to let it all hang out! Your hair is too much a part of your total being to keep under your cap — so keep it clean, healthy and well-groomed, and your entire image will project these same qualities.



Those hot-blooded Italians. Look how they enjoy life. Look at their food. Look at their movie actresses.

Look at their new Fiat SuperBRAVA.

A stunning new sports saloon

with all the breathtaking pizzazz of a true European Gran Turismo.

And no fuel-guzzling penalty at the petrol pump.

The SuperBRAVA's alloy head, twin over-head cam

2000cc engine, electronic ignition and beefed up

suspension are all developed from the World Rally

BRRRAVA

Champion Abarth. The safety, the European luxury and the superb fuel efficiency are all taken directly from the best-selling Fiat 131.

With 2000cc twin overhead cam and twin barrel Weber you can snap SuperBRAVA off from a

BB BRRRAVA

standing start.

Once you ease your foot off, one carby barrel leaves off and you can slip into the flexible fifth gear

for relaxed, economical autostrada-style touring. And as your average Italian is a great family man, he also loves to stop safely.

To this end, SuperBRAVA has front discs and a load-sensitive braking system.

There is distinctive SuperBRAVA badging, and for those of you a little more extrovert there is optional body striping and Momo alloy sports-wheels.

BRRRAVA

All of this may

sound like

SuperBRAVA is going to set you back many mille lire. Wrong.

SuperBRAVA gives you the equivalent performance of another big name Italian sports marque for around \$3,000

less. Fiat SuperBRAVA. Those

hot-blooded Italians have done it again!

Fiat SuperBRAVA \$10,995*

DISTRIBUTORS: NSW: Grenville Motors, North Ryde, 888 7277.

VIC: Spencer Motors, South Melbourne, 62 4781. QLD: Annand & Thompson, Newstead, 52 0161.

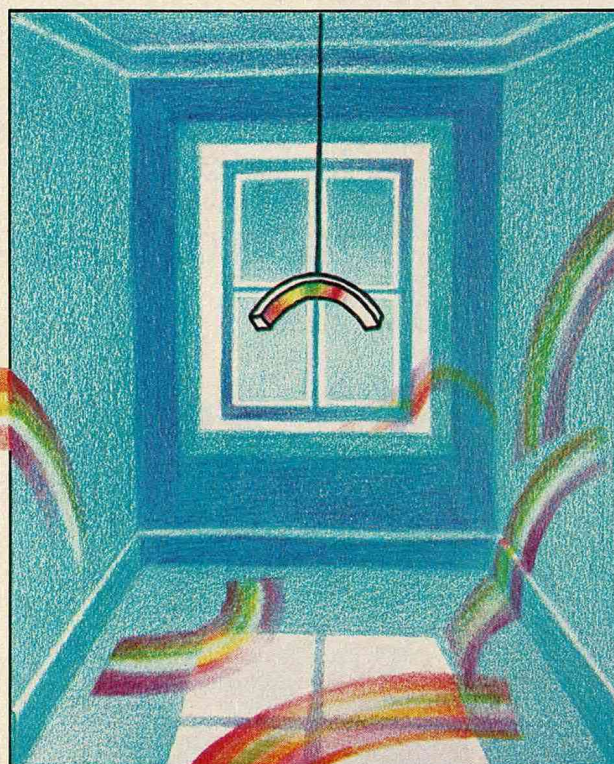
SA: Champions, Adelaide, 211 8166. WA: Auswide Distribution, 451 5011.

FIAT

*Excluding optional equipment and on-road costs.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

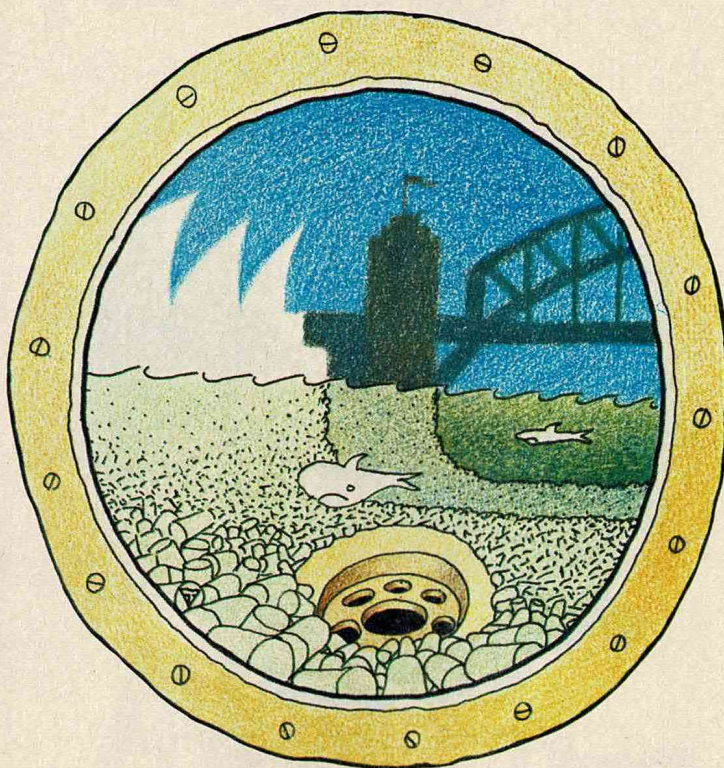


MULTI-COLORED LIFESTYLE

It is a magical moment when a rainbow spans the sky. Now you can have one projected on to your home's walls with an optical sculpture, the Spectrarc. Hang it in a sunny window to see spectrums of a remarkable size and intensity. Spectrarc costs \$46 from GNA, (02) 560 5279.

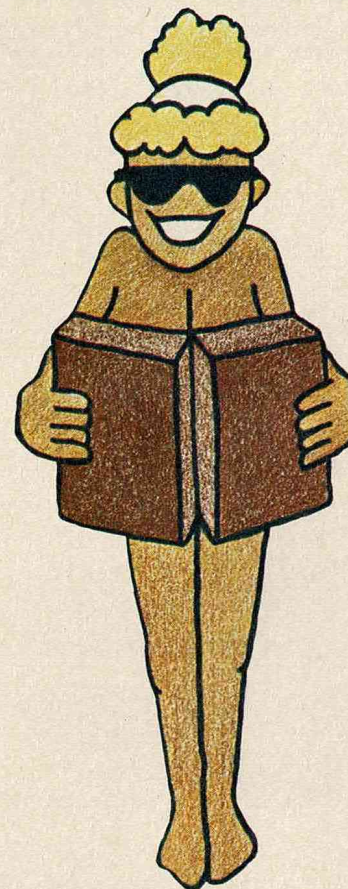
WAY UNDER THE SEA

Those who said it would never happen are now biting their tongues as the mini-submarine, Platypus I, sets out on its first under-the-deep-seas cruise. For a charge of \$2200 a day, it is available for exploration, underwater filming, or novel scenic tours at depths of up to 450 metres. Phone Platypus Marine Survey on (02) 908 1244 or write 193 Military Road, Neutral Bay, NSW 2089.



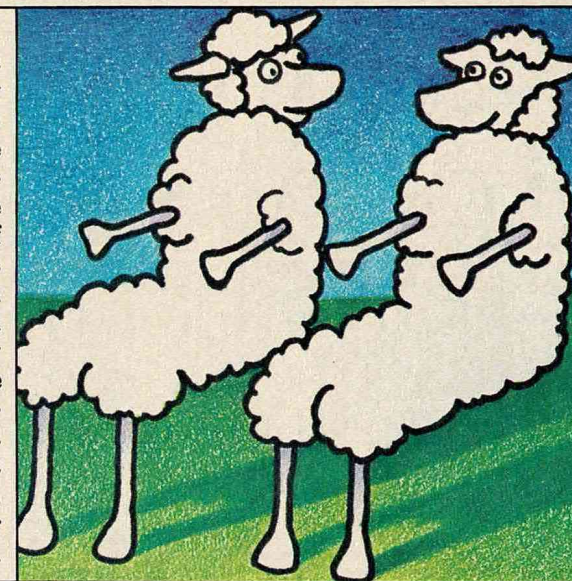
TANNING YOUR HIDE

If you're really browned-off with your body turning lily-white every winter, here is one way to change that. The Klafs' portable bellarium will give you a fantastic tan and won't burn unless you use it for more than five hours straight. Priced about \$600 from Pacific Sun Solariums, (02) 267 8968.



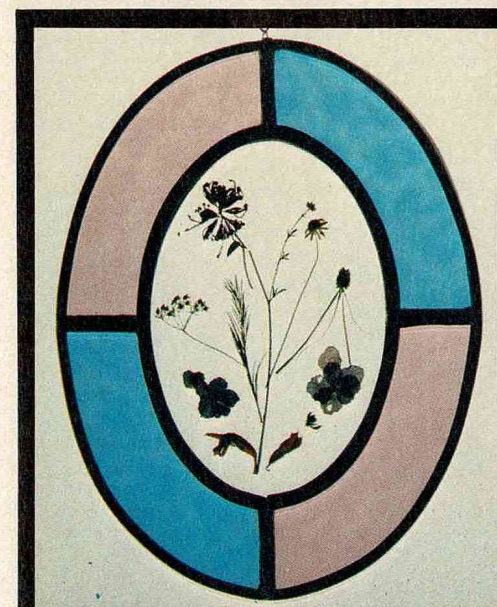
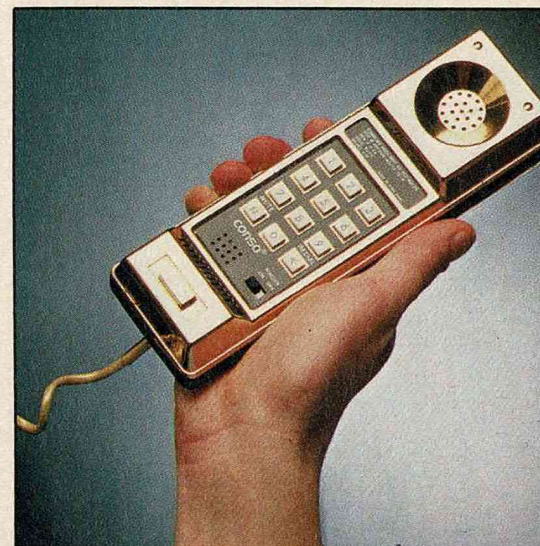
NOT HOT SEAT

Whoever devised that vinyl auto upholstery must have liked to read de Sade: they are cruelly hot in the summer's sun. But now the Mermax Collection of car seatcovers removes the scorching pain from the problem. Tailored to fit most popular car makes, they're made of velvet-like polycotton velour. They cost about \$85 per pair at all Grace Bros outlets. Your own seat and your car's will like them.



CONVI-PHONE

How to look special on the telephone... the new Convi-Phone is gold-plated, with an automatic re-dial mechanism and a mute button for when you don't want the person at the other end to overhear your side-talk to someone else. The gold-plated model costs \$99 from Ultraphone in Sydney on (02) 231 5559. Telecom says it has not approved the product.



WINDOW FLOWERS

Wildflowers preserved in a miniature leadlight window. Herbs or leaves can be framed too. They are \$15 to \$20 apiece from Phil Black Leadlight, Paddington Market in Sydney, or else telephone Phil's country studio on (043) 62 1167.



ASTEROID INVASION

In the US a new game, the Asteroids, has knocked out Space Invaders as the lead drawcard for sportsmen who are addicted to intergalactic battles. The invasion's come to Oz, in a range of cartridges from Atari video-computers. Priced about \$50 each, these Atari home video games are at all leading retail outlets.



HEALTHY FUN

If you want to be healthy, a general rule is that you don't drink and don't smoke. But you'll find, at one Queensland health resort, the Gold Coast's Club Pacific, that things are a lot more laid-back. You can set your own pace at sports and your vices are allowed. Contact Ansett for further details.

"\$550 FOR A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. HOW WOULD I GET THAT KIND OF MONEY?"

Some things you splurge on without turning a hair. Bits and pieces for your car. Drinks all round. New gear. Weekends and holidays away. But we'd bet you won't have a clue how much you'd pay for a diamond engagement ring. The girl in your life will.

She'll have quickly gathered that the bigger the diamond, the better. And that \$550 won't exactly put her in the "Liz Taylor league". But size, measured by carat weight, isn't everything.

0-10 CARAT 0-20 CARAT 0-30 CARAT 0-40 CARAT

There's the cut of the diamond. The clarity and the colour. Basically, as a guide, a good quality diamond will cost you about a month's salary. Which, if you think about it, is not a lot to spend on someone who means so much. A diamond is forever.



For your free copy of the informative booklet, "Everything you'd love to know about diamonds", go to the jeweller who displays this sign or write to: Diamond Information Centre, 132 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

De Beers

ON THE SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

BEAUTIFUL MOVEMENTS



Oh, let time stand still a second for you to inspect some markers of minutes:

Top left, an Omega quartz handcrafted in stainless steel with gold links. It's \$1950 (Style no. 3960896). Contact Cheryl Richards (02) 29 3427. Top right, a Seiko quartz featuring a date calendar; \$199 (Style no. HG080). Lower left, a Seiko quartz for \$215 with a second-setting device (Style no. HD110). Seiko contact: sales service (02) 888 7266. Lower right, a Cartier for \$1460 from David Jones.

Photography by Colin Stead.



Citizen Mega, top centre, is, its makers say, accurate to within three seconds per year. The quartz, 18-carat gold slim-line watch sells for \$3500. Its style no. is 8-032436. Contact: Brian Aldridge (02) 939 7077. Second from the top is Cartier's "tank style" watch which was originally designed in World War One in honor of American tank commanders. It comes in sterling silver with gold plating for \$618. Lower left is an Omega dress quartz for \$295. (Style no. 1910077). Lower right, a Seiko ultra-thin dress watch; \$160. Three-year battery. (Style no. LF008).

Timex's quartz with a Roman numeral face is at top right. It has a leather wristband and a two-year battery life; \$69.95 (Style no. 560211). Contact: Mr Geddes (03) 350 2511. And top left is a Cartier quartz which also has Roman numerals. The watch is solid gold with a crocodile skin wristband. It's \$2270. Lower left is another Roman number: a square-face Cartier, being an updated version of the design made for the world's original wrist watch. It's \$3160. Lower right is a Citizen ultra-slim model in 18 carat gold, for \$2500. (Style no. 462543-80).





Introducing a magazine for people who aren't married, people who don't want to get married, people who are no longer married, and people who wish to hell they weren't.



Mike on Gym.

Sydney radio personality Mike Gibson will have you in fits with his look at the current disco-gym fad for fitness fanatics.

He watches the poor sods as they bump, grunt and grind their unwilling bodies in time to the music.

Mike tells us of visits to our new gyms by American millionaires looking to take the concept back home with them.

At the same time, he compares the gyms of today with those of the past, which doubled as S.P. bookie joints.

A visit to a dating agency.

In search of the perfect mate, former Salami Sister Kathy Lette visits a dating agency and in hilarious circumstances discovers a major shortfall in the old guarantee of quality plus customer satisfaction.

Readers of Solitaire hoping to mix and match may well meet with more success by referring to our Adventure Travel Column or Diversions Column at the back of the magazine.



Win a trip for two to Bangkok.

Two lucky readers are going to win the holiday of a lifetime discovering the libidinous pleasures of Bangkok.

All they have to do is signal us in any way they like (by letter, telex, telegram or whatever) with



an entertaining story, idea, or experience relating to the singles lifestyle.

The winners fly 'Smooth as silk' on Thai International.

Marvin Mitchelson, the celebrated Californian lawyer who represented Michelle Triola Marvin

A word before you live together-



in her palimony case against actor Lee Marvin, talks about his crusade to allow live-in lovers access to the courtroom.

He talks about the palimony law and how he believes it will eventually affect Australians.

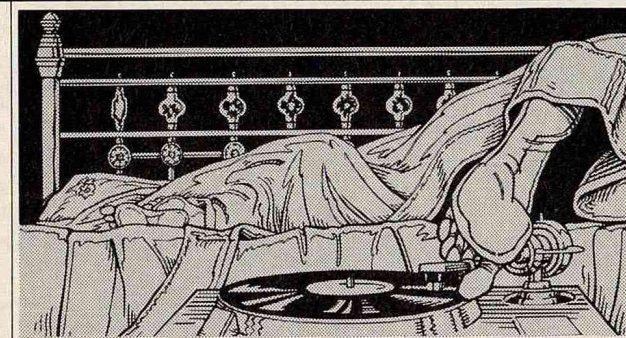
Talk dirty to me.

Those sweet nothings you whisper over the phone to your sweet something could get you into trouble.

In Solitaire, a former lawyer emphasises how the letter of the



law affects areas of sexual behaviour such as the age of consent, incest, prostitution, pornography, homosexuality, bigamy, even obscene phone calls.



Get Back in bed.

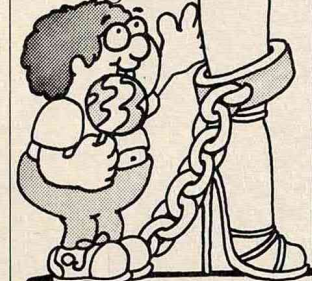
Lovers love to make love to music, too.

And whilst some bed down to Bolero, others are balling to the beat of an African drum.

But the latest hit in the sheet music popularity poll, according to Solitaire's Lee Patterson, is neither rock and roll nor Rogers and Hammerstein, it's the classics.

People today, trot hotter in the cot to the strains of Beethoven, Wagner, Mozart and Bach.

Single Parents' dating dilemmas.



Traditionalists, who've tried to keep their romantic associations (particularly the sexual side of things) hidden from their children, and the 'new breeds' who try to encourage their children's acceptance of such relationships, debate the dating dilemmas of a single parent.



Forty-two jobs in four years.

Yes folks, she does exist and she's never been fired once.

Meet Sheridan Jobbins, (the name is for real too!).

Amongst other things she's been a nightclub photographer, dog walker, promoter, waitress, swimming pool cleaner, house painter, chandelier cleaner and now she's joint managing director of a company called 'Lackeys' who do everything from minor repair jobs to major

promotions. Read her tips on how to get and keep almost any job.

Solitaire is an informative guide to solo living. As well as regular departments on topics such as law, investment, employment, travel, food, sport, fashion and entertainment, each issue will have a main theme.

This first issue features 'Love and Sex, 80's style' and we think you'll love what we've got to say on the subject.

The magazine for single minded people.





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Dynamic Safety results in a better handling car.

One that's a real pleasure to drive.

Safety plus driving pleasure. How many other cars can offer you such a persuasive sales pitch? **VOLVO**

More performance, more everything else.

1. Rev up the new, fuel-injected 2.3 litre engine. You get power when you need it most. For overtaking.
2. Go from 60-0 without white knuckles. Without locking wheels or alarming skids.
3. Slip into a small space. A tight turning circle of 9.2 m gives you small car manoeuvrability.
4. Enjoy a traffic jam. Our seats adjust infinitely to you. You won't have to infinitely adjust to them.
5. Don't just glide along at 50 km/h. Punish a Volvo. Behind those new, sleeker lines is one tough car.

THE GRUNT AND GROAN GUIDE TO GETTING YOUR BODY INTO SHAPE

UNEASY HEDONISTS all, Australian men of many ages are apt to announce, at various times, their intention to start "getting fit". Sometimes they are serious enough to do enough push-aways from the pub bar to do something about it. More often it is merely guilt talking and there is a speedy relapse.

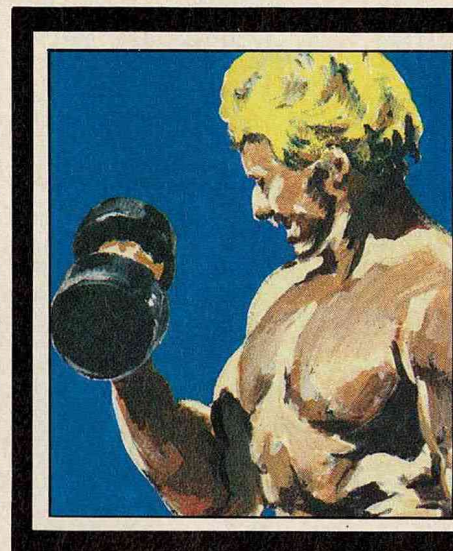
Long before the jogging craze and the rise of once-a-week squash-court masochism, there were devotees of the body beautiful who haunted city gymnasiums to carve their reluctant frames into mounds of muscle.

Until the end of World War Two, weightlifting and weight-training were popularly considered to be much the same thing. The weight-lifter is in fact an enormously strong individual who specialises in standard Olympic movements — snatch, press, clean and jerk and so on. On the other hand, the more cunning weight-trainer may have the vital statistics of a Greek god but his carefully sculpted muscles are often more ornamental than useful.

But why bother with weights and pulleys? Aren't sports — tennis, golf, jogging or cycling — enough? It depends on what you are aiming for. A runner usually has a high level of cardio-vascular fitness, but he is not harmoniously proportioned. While his endurance is usually excellent, the jogger or runner is not usually effective in situations requiring sudden intensive effort.

The main disadvantage of weight-training is that it is not particularly interesting. It lacks the competitive element which most Australians love to carry to extremes in their team sports. There is really not much to compete against except one's own body and its resistance. Boredom sets in rapidly unless the gym member varies his program and enjoys the company of like-minded people. The greatest advantage of weight-training is that it is becoming yearly more scientific and more accurately focused to the specific constitutional characteristics of each person. This can be planned in dozens of ways to meet all sorts of needs and body structures, from a simple desire to put some muscle on to a weedy physique to special remedies for body weaknesses, malformation or injury. Even women have become attracted to weight-training for this reason.

The human neuro-muscular and tendon system is itself designed along the lines of extending and contracting ropes of tissue, each capable of different movements under different stresses. The toughest muscles in the body are in the calf because they have to bear the entire body weight. Hence, developing them further requires extremely hard, frequent work against very heavy resistance. On the other hand, the biceps and triceps muscles of the upper arm are



subject to less than two-fifths of the stress placed upon the calf. Hence they are fairly easy to develop. Weight-training can also assist cardio-vascular fitness as well, as long as it is alternated with other exercises which emphasise speed and endurance. Not all work with weights is concerned with developing irrelevant bumps of muscle to awe the local lads or lassies. It can provide one of the most concentrated forms of exercise for busy people.

What are some words of caution for those taking up weight-training?

Get a thorough medical check-up by a doctor who's acquainted with sports so that any future trouble spots can be noted beforehand. The older you are the more important a medical okay can be. Most reputable fitness centres recommend it.

Playboy's Pipeline

Study your own body structure and understand your own health patterns. Forget about Arnold Schwarzenegger or Mr Australia. Your developmental capacity is fixed in part by your bone structure and your metabolism. A small man with huge muscles can look as absurd as a lanky one with very few at all.

Regularity in exercise is more important than keeping up back-breaking schedules at infrequent intervals. Three or four times a week in a gym on a brief schedule is better than twice on a punishing one. In the latter case, the body feels assaulted, becomes stiff and sore and the "glow" one gets after vigorous exercise soon fades.

Go deeply into your exercises mentally. Make them fully attentive and meditative. This promotes a better body-mind relationship and promotes more rapid physical improvement. Don't wander around the gym preening or wool-gathering, and don't talk while exercising.

Don't hog gym equipment another club member might want to use. Share your schedules with him if he is willing. The greatest equipment hogs, alas, tend to be overgrown mammoths heavy on bulk and light on manners.

Don't take on heavy exercises with weights when you are off color or unwell — especially when you have a heavy cold, respiratory infection or stomach upset. You are likely to do yourself more harm than good.

Vanity and ego-tripping are the major sins of body-builders. Take an intelligent interest in what your peers are doing, as long as this does not involve too much distraction from your own schedule. Be happy for the other guy occasionally.

Observe most of these points and you may help to raise the consciousness of some of your fellow body-builders. God knows some of the more primitive of them could do with it!

— RONALD CONWAY



MOVIES

king arthur clanks and merlin meanders in a heavy metal version of the round table

The leading players in *Excalibur* generally lack the larger-than-life quality that separates mere mortals from legendary heroes. In producer-director John Boorman's lusty, handsome recreation of Camelot (adapted by Rospo Pallenberg from Malory's classic *Le Morte d'Arthur*), both Nicol Williamson as Merlin and Helen Mirren as Morgana are big enough, but they fight a losing battle with overblown dialogue. Especially Williamson, usually an exceptional performer, who hams it up *ad nauseam* and never kindles any doubt-dissolving magic. As the noble Arthur, Sir Lancelot and the faithless Queen Guenevere, Nigel Terry, Nicholas Clay and Cherie Lunghi look their respective parts and portray them convincingly. But the trouble is, I'm afraid, that convincingly just isn't quite good enough for Boorman's ambitious, visionary *Excalibur*, an adventure-fantasy mounted in the lush cartoon style of some heavy metal magazine. An honest and powerful action drama like *Deliverance*, which won him an Oscar nomination, suits Boorman better than this violent romantic myth from the Dark Ages. Aside from lively jousting scenes and acts of chivalry, the elements he tries to juggle in *Excalibur* appear precariously off balance. Even the knights doing battle are occasionally funnier than anyone intended, it seems to me, with so many mettlesome tin soldiers on the game board, each encased in loudly clanking armor, that it's often hard to tell who made the last move.

Any question about the impact of women's lib on contemporary filmmaking is answered again in *Loving Couples*. This sassy, artificial comedy written by Martin Donovan and directed by Jack Smight goes where *Bob & Carol & Ted &*



Loving Couples old and new. Above, Nigel Terry and Helen Mirren in *Excalibur*. Below, Susan Sarandon and James Coburn.

Alice didn't quite dare to go back in 1969. Walter and Evelyn and Gregg and Stephanie fool around with feeling, no foolin'. James Coburn and Shirley MacLaine, as the older married couple, both doctors, change their luck with Stephen Collins and Susan Sarandon, a younger unmarried couple whose live-in relationship needs work. The stage of furtive philandering ends with the movie's sharpest scene, when the good doctors and

their new-found partners meet underwater, head on, in the swimming pool at a posh weekend hideaway. Soon after, Coburn moves in with Sarandon. Then Collins moves in with MacLaine — and, of course, it's only a matter of time until everyone regroups, feeling renewed and refreshed. Meanwhile, Ms Sally Kellerman appears, playing a mad, horny lady married to a gay proctologist. Kellerman is recklessly funny, as usual,

throughout *Loving Couples*. In fact, it's the women who set the tone, call the shots and steal the show. Nothing wrong with Coburn, though I didn't believe for a second that he would know a gall bladder from a Gucci loafer. Collins, dimpled and handsome as young William Holden used to be, is a very good actor, though someone should tell him that there's no need to play cute when you are cute.

Couples really perks when Sarandon's on-camera as a resolute TV weather girl who's not only wise to the ways of men and maids but can set off on an illicit weekend with such pronouncements as "Overnight fog burning off by midday." Given the obviousness of the script, however — and it's a substantial handicap — it's MacLaine who takes over to score all the main points about middle-age craziness. She's witty, warm, womanly, sexy, and never lets you forget that playing doctor can be fun for grown-ups.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

In 1954, John Heyer made *The Back of Beyond*, a documentary film about the Birdsville Track which has stood for all these years as the classic Australian short. Now it has a new and worthy challenger: Chris Noonan's *Stepping Out*, an account of a concert performed at the Sydney Opera House a year ago by inmates of a Sydney institution caring for the mentally handicapped people. I'm reluctant to review any film which people may have difficulty in seeing, but *Stepping Out* is around on limited release and if there is any justice in the world it will be shown on television. Much, much more than the record of a worthy occasion, the film shows the slow, steady and even miraculous transformation of a group of hapless and lonely people into fulfilled and joyous human beings. It's flawlessly



crafted and replete with moments of heart-stopping poignancy, *Stepping Out* has been chosen as a worldwide promotional film for the International Year of the Disabled. It stands in its own right as a work of art, and I entreat you to see it.

I gather the distributors of *Nighthawks* were disappointed when the film got an R certificate, and certainly if explicit violence is the test in such matters, the film is a good deal less offensive than other recent escapades in urban savagery like *Fort Apache*, *The Bronx* and *The Exterminator*. However, the theme this time is terrorism, a rare one in popular entertainment, and a subject on which censorial attitudes tend to be unbending. If our censorship ratings took more account of credibility and authentic detail than they do of subject matter, *Nighthawks* would probably be graded suitable for children of all ages. It turns out to be that rare and curious hybrid: a well-made and frequently absorbing movie with a plot that's frankly difficult to swallow.

Directed by newcomer Bruce Malmuth from a script by David Shaber, it's basically a tale of pursuit and confrontation between a tough New York Cop (Sylvester Stallone) and Wulf-



Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams (top) and Rutger Hauer (below), with Stallone, are effective in *Nighthawks*.

gar, a mad bomber, unnervingly played by the German actor Rutger Hauer. Wulfgar is first encountered as he chats up a salesgirl in a London department store while slipping an explosive package under the perfume counter. These early scenes are good, but when Wulfgar (and the action) move to New York, questions start piling up. Would a psychopathic killer have such an easy time finding compliant single ladies in discos? Would a real terrorist leave a suitcase full of hand grenades in a stranger's flat? For that matter, would a terrorist use hand grenades in any case? Annoyingly, we are

given few clues to Wulfgar's political or ideological motives. Such things, one soon gathers, are best left discreetly vague. Disowned by big-time international terror gangs as a security risk, Wulfgar and his lethal girlfriend (Persis Khambatta) launch out into the bombing business on their impetus, finally capturing an unlikely assortment of UN "diplomats" in a hijacked cable car high above the Hudson River in New York.

It's a film with good and powerful moments: Wulfgar (always the truly compelling "presence" in the film) gunning down cops on the stairs of a London flat while party

reveals proceed undisturbed in the background; an empty, bloodstained bus careering into a murky harbor; a plastic surgeon testily advising on facial changes before realising that he's dealing with a killer; a dialogue (in German) between Wulfgar and a go-between through the grille of a church confession-box. The veteran Nigel Davenport has an excellent turn as a case-weary English security chief brought from London to hunt down his quarry and lecture to bemused young recruits in a New York anti-terror squad. Stallone (looking darkly guru-like with copious hair and beard) plays the hard-bitten, hen-pecked hero in a manner alternately soulful and sanctimonious. I give credit for the fine stuntwork and a truly suspenseful ending, which echoes the film's opening sequence in a neatly ironic twist.

Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder clown memorably together in the late '70s comedy-thriller *Silver Streak*, which mixed a certain amount of whackiness with a train hijack. Their new vehicle, Sidney Poitiers' *Stir Crazy*, is an even more unlikely mixture of whackiness and prison brutality, with bullfights and bank holdups thrown in. Partly farce, partly parody of the tough prison movie, and with sly digs at a host of movie conventions, *Stir Crazy* strikes me as an almost complete success. Skip (Gene Wilder), a would-be playwright, and his actor-best mate Harry (Pryor) have fouled up their latest jobs in New York as store detective and chef (Pryor getting a jar of pot mixed in with the food at a snooty dinner party, an early scene which should not be missed). Disillusioned with the city's wintry slush and sleaziness, the couple head west in a broken-down camper van for the peace and sunshine of California, only to be framed for a bank robbery during a stopover in redneck territory.

The real fun begins when Skip discovers an unsuspected talent as a rodeo



TWO BROWN COWS PLEASE.

THE BROWN COW ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL BROWN COW. A REAL BROWN COW IS MADE WITH ONE PART OF KAHLUA MIXED WITH TWO PARTS OF COLD MILK AND SERVED ON THE ROCKS. THE KAHLUA BROWN COW. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. **Kahlua**

GREY 1413
AB120/80

rider when trying out on a bucking bull machine in the warden's office. He is lined up for the annual rodeo contest with a rival prison. Skip's feigned reluctance to participate allows him to extract various concessions and privileges from the authorities, and the climactic rodeo scene is used as a cover for a prison break-out. Poitier, a former specialist in sanctimonious Negro parts, portrays his blacks as comic thugs and gays. The Pryor-Wilder brand of drollery may take some getting used to, but once acquired, it's irresistible. — EVAN WILLIAMS

A father and son find out that they're both balling a fireman's wife (Barbra Streisand) while the fire fighter (Kevin Dobson) works night shifts. That's *All Night Long*, a tedious comedy with some fleeting moments of dopey charm, mostly provided by Gene Hackman and Dennis Quaid. Playing the senior swinger, Hackman reveals an unexpected flair for flippant humor as a chain-store exec who finds happiness when he loses his wife (Diane Ladd), his home, his inhibitions, his job and his pension benefits. Quaid is nearly as good, and that's very good, as the gauche sprig who resents his Dad's horning in on this bored married lady. I've saved the bad news: Barbra, talented as ever, is totally miscast as a petulant, sexy, maniacal blonde of a type that might have been played by Marilyn Monroe in her heyday, circa *The Seven Year Itch*. This is not home ground for Streisand, and in *All Night Long* she's unattractively dressed, coiffed and made up by saboteurs, harshly photographed and stuck with a so-so script directed without a trace of verve by Jean-Claude Tramont, husband of the superagent Sue Mengers, who obviously knows the right people, but he does 'em wrong. — BRUCE WILLIAMSON

There are two good reasons for reviewing movies as awful as *The Final Conflict*. One is to warn unsuspecting fans against wasting their



Two bombs: *The Final Conflict* (top), with Lisa Harrow and Sam Neill, and Streisand-Hackman flick, *All Night Long*.

\$5, and the other is to alert connoisseurs of schlock that new and exciting depths have been plumbed.

This film is the successor to two earlier works in the old "Lo, the Antichrist is amongst us" genre: *The Omen*, and *Damien — Omen II*. The big stars, alas, are gone; which is good for Greg Peck and Lee Remick, and bad, bad, bad, for Shakespearean actress Lisa Harrow and Australian Sam Neill (*My Brilliant Career*). Neill wins this year's Jack Nicholson face-pulling prize,

but it's likely to be the last landmark in his brilliant career if he sticks with stuff like this. I never truly appreciated Hannah Arendt's phrase, "the banality of evil", until I saw this cinematic abortion.

The story, briefly, is about the growth to adulthood of the beastly baby, Damien Thorn, whom we first met in *The Omen*, and his efforts to rub out the newly-reborn Redeemer before the latter foils his little plot to take over the world (heh, heh, heh!). One trendy

touch here is having Sam Neill's devil moving among us in the guise of a multinational corporation boss, and ascribing the approach of Armageddon to inflation and big business chicanery.

But from there on in, the imagination tends to flag. There is a lot of hokum about sacred knives, and blowing up the Aswan Dam, and dogs giving people the evil eye, some run-of-the-mill gore, and a lot of raving and staring. Poor Sam Neill is given two of the most interminable and bathetic soliloquies in the history of cinema. It is in the dialogue, in fact, that this film stakes its powerful claim to be included in anybody's Ten Worst Films of the Century list. "Satan, I will avenge thy torment by destroying Christ forever," snarls Sam, rolling his eyes and mugging frantically. At this juncture, not surprisingly, a plaster statue of Christ squeezes out a big, bloody tear.

And there's more. "Disciples of the Watch! Slay the Nazarene," growls Sam to a mob of eye-rolling extras.

Lisa Harrow, a classically beautiful actress whom I last saw baring her breasts in a trendy Old Vic production of *Othello* (yes, she does it here, too) also benefits from some masterly cliché-mining. "I feel like a moth that has flown too close to the flame," she tells Sam. "Ah yes," he ripostes enigmatically, "But who is the moth, and who is the flame?" And that's not all! Could the Marx Brothers have topped this exchange for sheer (unintentional) existential humor?"

Sam, to his ever-faithful private secretary: "Go kill your son."

There is an intercut of doubletakes, Sam scowling, the secretary aghast.

And then: "Damien, for the love of God!" says the devil's secretary.

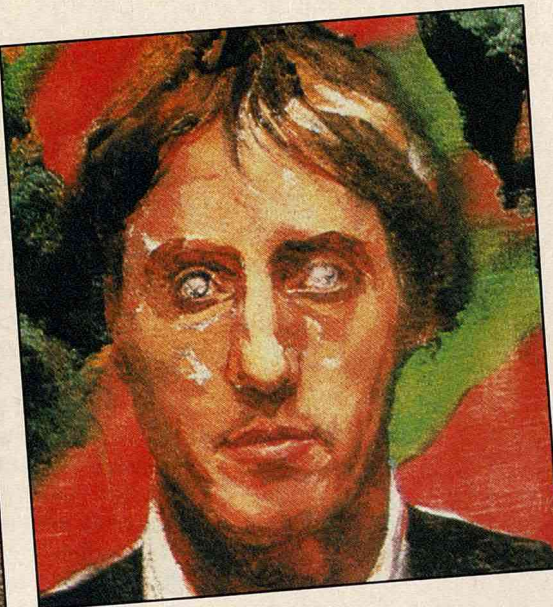
There's more like this, but I won't spoil it for you. Go see for yourself.

And people say they're not making movies they way they used to. Eat your heart out, Roger Corman!

— PAUL DOUGHERTY

MUSIC

the who's hard-bitten rock roars into the '80s, and split enz aim to repeat history



The Who's *Face Dances* (Polydor) should be remembered for much more than the album on which the new drummer Kenny Jones made his debut. The work is a timely reminder of just what a forceful songwriter like Pete Townshend can achieve when the mood takes him. The album was produced by the brilliant Bill Szymczyk and it projects the aggressive morbidity of Pete Townshend's hard-bitten rock and roll into the '80s. In the past, the sheer energy and beef behind Roger Daltrey's vocal deliveries has disguised the fact that Townshend often also delves into the most morbid corners of his character for inspiration. Even *Tommy*, if you can put the brief optimism of *See Me, Feel Me* aside, was a very depressing little tale, and Townshend clutched at just the same formula for a good portion of his 1980 solo album, *Empty Glass*. He reaches the very bottom of his depression on *How Can You Do It Alone?*, which like a lot of his work draws on a series of images to build an overall print of denied opportunity, and of squalor and social embarrassment. The difference on *Face Dances* is that Townshend has experimented with

even greater complexity of lyric as if to try to inject even more depth of meaning into the songs. The penalty he has to pay comes when lyric meets his often-frantic music — the effect is often too cluttered and too helter-skelter to grasp.

It is the mighty Ox, John Entwistle, who breaks his silence for the only two non-Townshend tracks — *You* and the autobiographical *The Quiet One*. They provide a fitting contrast.

Townshend's less-than-objectionable failings aside, *Face Dances* is a powerful album, well performed by a great rock and roll band and packaged to perfection with some outstanding artwork by 16 contributing artists.

Only time will prove whether Split Enz are really an antipodean variety of the creative energy which one day could rate in stature alongside some of the great British giants whose works spanned the '60s and '70s.

At the moment, the Enz are not latter-day versions of the Kinks, but the songwriting talent and comparative youth of the brothers Finn hint they are capable of greater things. *True Colours* was not merely a landmark, it was the real foundation of

the Enz' recording and writing reputations. The follow-up, *Corroboree* (Mushroom), has built on that base with 11 songs of such crackling creativity that it is easy to believe that Neil and Tim Finn still have plenty left in store.

History Never Repeats is one of the single lifts and, despite being crammed with clichés, its lively arrangement and Neil Finn's own strange vocals give it chart-climbing life. Tim's *Hard Act To Follow* and Neil's *One Step Ahead* have tied the AM waves in enough knots to prove the Enz as the greatest singles outfit in the land. *I Don't Wanna Dance* could just as easily have qualified, while Eddie Rayner's *Wail* and Albert of India are two cuts which offer some refuge from the commercialism of the Finns' own material.

Musically, Split Enz have so many options at their disposal that, whether live or in the studio, almost anything seems possible. The ambiguity of the Finns' own efforts leaves the music open to a real multiplicity of interpretations. So much so that it is not hard to imagine History

Never Repeats being equally enchanting when played at a much slower pace. It offers a clue to the reasons why critics have trouble classifying the Enz. In truth, it is the quality of their songs which put the band neatly beyond the cheap reach of "this week's trend."

It's hard not to respect Chris Turner, for the former Rose Tattoo guitarist has always remained true to a school which requires lead players to set examples of dedication and commitment. For Turner, that is not such a chore. His love affair with the guitar extends to him not just being one of the country's better electric exponents, but also a maker of guitars. On *My Guitar And Me* (RCA Victor), Turner contends that a solo debut album does not have to bear an overburden of crank and hype to capture the imagination. In fact, the project is one of the utmost simplicity, offering no sideshows to detract from Turner's centre stage stand. For Turner, ace

session man and senior rock and roller with the Chris Turner band, it was almost a labor of love framed in a do-it-yourself package. Turner plays most guitars, wrote all songs and sings most vocals. He also co-produced the album with John Frolich.

As a songwriter, he has the flair to collate the nine tracks with sufficient verve to prod the imagination. As a guitarist, his dedication and diversity are the two elements which confine his work to a basic rock and roll frame but permit him plenty of scope within its borders. The single, *So Far So Good*, is a natural and for fans of the Tatts he captures the old energy on *Messin' Around*, recorded live with Rose Tattoo in support.

My Guitar and Me is a beautiful preface to the work and suitably sets the mood for an album which Turner might well dedicate to his musical craft.

Part of the excitement in dropping an Eric Clapton disc on the turntable comes in sifting through the 16-plus years of influence which he draws on to mould a new work. *Another Ticket* (RSO) is his first studio album since November, 1978, and it subtly embraces so many facets of Clapton's career without departing for too long from the basis of his greatest love — blues. When not fighting off the physical

scars of two decades of rock and roll exposure, Clapton is busy touring with his band. The basis of his group is one of the tightest and inspirational live acts still in circulation (as witnessed by the live *Just One Night* release of 1980). When producer Tom Dowd crowded EC into the Nassau studios along with Chris Stainton, one of the great keyboard survivors, ace session guitarist and band member Albert Lee plus Gary Brooker (keyboards and vocals), Henry Spinetti (drums) and Dave Markee (bass), it was plain

most of the wrinkles had been ironed out by on-the-road honing. New material hardly presented a hurdle for this outfit!

The final cut seems an unlikely review starting point but Rita Mae is so clearly a potential show-stopper in the manner in which it spotlights the individual strengths of each player that it is fitting it should precede the encores. It's a certain bonus for old Cream fans by virtue of its pace and EC's guitar energy. Dowd has not worked with Clapton since the 1976 *Reason To Cry* album but from the clarity of *Black Rose*, where the acoustic-electric mix is spot on, it is plain the compatibility is better than ever.

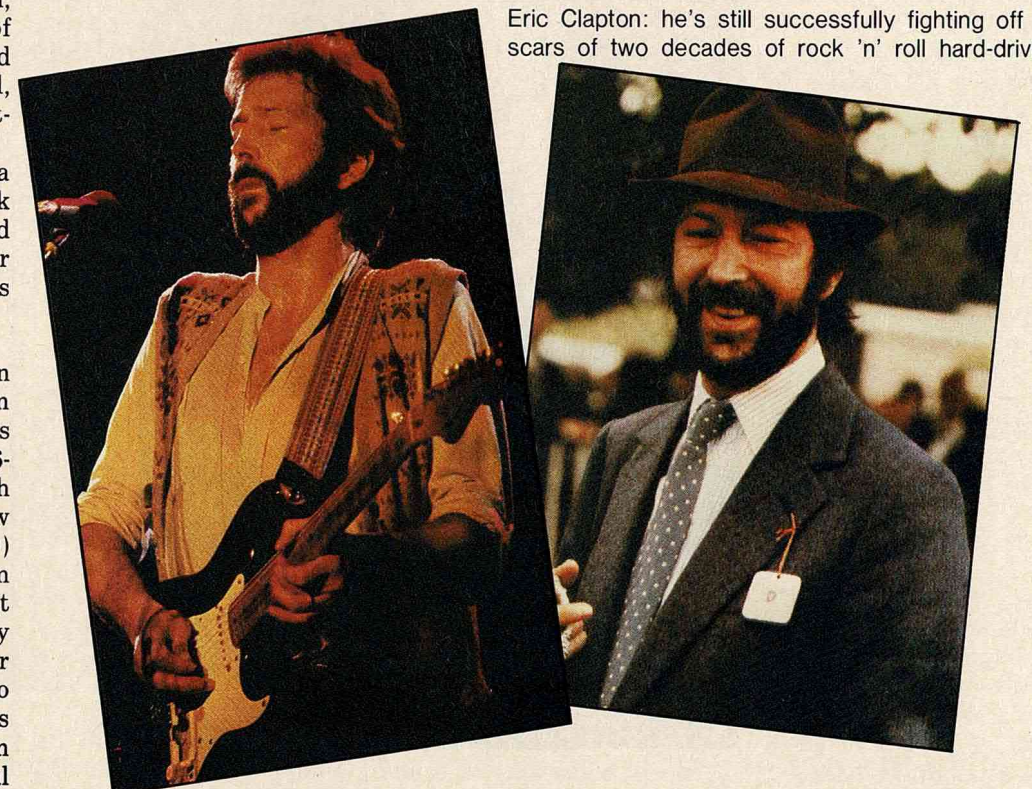
An obligation to complement rather than distort the real strengths of American music lets Clapton's band deal with McKinley Morganfield's (aka Muddy Waters) *Blow Wind Blow* in the best blues fashion. However, in the catalogue of a man who has prided himself principally on his musicianship rather than his songwriting, it might be best remembered for the title cut.

If, as Debbie Harry says, women are to play a stronger part in the immediate future of rock and roll, it

would be a fairly safe bet to place Ellen Foley at the head of the new order. Her new *Spirit of St Louis* album (CBS) is one of the most startling works to appear this year and will prove a revelation to those who are familiar with her work with Meatloaf or else on the solo debut album *Nightout*. *Spirit* marks such a departure from the raunch of the earlier work that it is hard to believe one and the same artist was responsible. In fact, that is not so wide of the mark because it was her collaboration with boyfriend Mick Jones and fellow Clash members, as opposed to the rockier pairing of the Mick Ronson-Ian Hunter production team from *Nightout*, which makes *Spirit* such a surprise.

The association with Clash might just naturally mean strong punk and political leanings but instead the product has a very cerebral and almost mystical feel which deny Ellen's US breeding and the Clash's UK stance for an exquisite European mood. Nowhere is this more evident than on *The Shattered Palace* (written by Joe Strummer and Mick Jones) and in *The Death of the Psychoanalyst of Salvador Dali* (Strummer-Jones). The depth of imagery on both

Eric Clapton: he's still successfully fighting off the scars of two decades of rock 'n' roll hard-driving.



songs puts Foley's art on a new level. In keeping with the continental feel, she contributes her own Phases of Travel and supports it with the Asso-Monet work, My Legionnaire, made famous by Edith Piaf. Amazingly, the latter fits in so well with the other material as to suggest a stroke of near-genius by Foley and the Clash.

An album as balanced, original and as thought-provoking as *Spirit of St Louis* gives strength to the conclusion that the cultural revolution which was expected to follow in the path of the purge by punk has at last arrived. Full credit must go to the Clash for being party to both the revolution and to the renaissance.

Where will it all end? On and on rolls the remnants of Genesis, the monumentally creative institution of the '70s which produced so many spin-offs as to make one wonder whether the laws of relativity have any bearing at all on the creation of modern music. The latest

link in the chain reaction is *Face Value* (WEA), the well-received effort from Phil Collins, a man who was a mere drummer till the departure of other lights pushed him to the fore in the Genesis line-up. Collins has discovered what a great commercial vehicle like the Roland drum machine can do for a song and the single sales of *In The Air Tonight* back his judgement.

These days Collins is much more than a percussion expert. He is a damn smart vocalist, plays a number of instruments, sings, produces and also arranges. Catch Collins behind the piano on *The Roof Is Leaking* and you know he is a damn fine songwriter. Place him behind the drum kit on *If Leaving Me Is Easy*, with Eric Clapton on guitar, and you know he's revered by his peers. Listen how his music so easily adapts itself to accommodate the strings and horns, and it is easy to understand why the label backs the boy with something as lavish and so well

crafted as was *Face Value*. Now, put your bucks down for an album which will hold good for a long time.

If you can put aside the rock awards brat act and the suspicion that Jimmy Barnes might drink a lot less bourbon when there are no cameras around, it is easy to admit that Cold Chisel are the most credible bunch of rockers we've seen around these parts for a long time.

In pursuit of their fine *East* album comes the live double, *Swingshift* (WEA), and its quality says all there is to say about Chisel's reputation as the hottest live act in this land. Harvested from the Youth In Asia tour of the winter of 1980, it is the greatest single testament to the fact that high quality, honest rock and roll is alive and well in Oz.

One thing that you had to admire about Chuck Berry was that he never let the cleverness of his very clever lyrics, nor the melody, overshadow the blatant sexuality of the music. Whether

consciously or not, Chisel and producer Mark Opitz have captured the exact same thing on *Swingshift*. Additionally, they pay due heed to other influences with a good slab of blues on *One Long Day*, a hint of jazz and even a stab at reggae (which is not their best form).

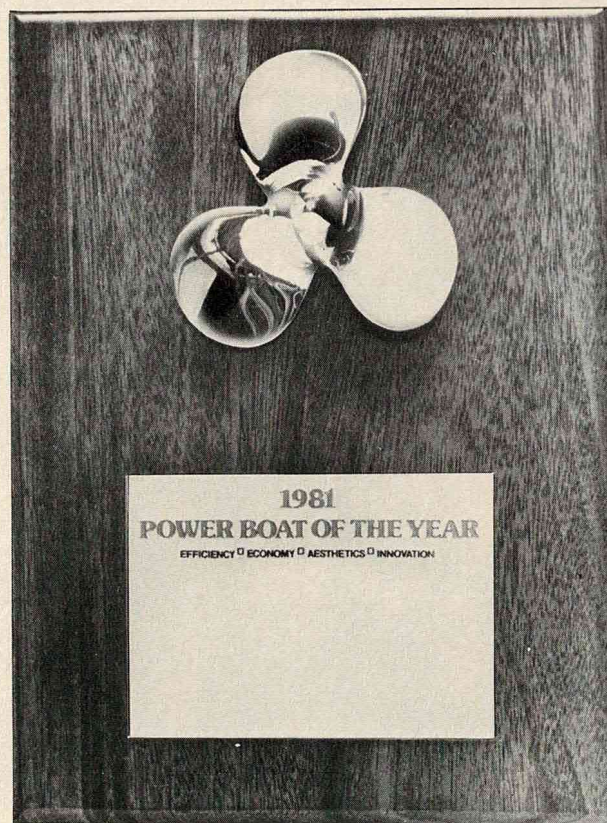
If Chisel are to make any impressions at all on those markets larger than ours, it will be their own material which will decide the issue.

How nice (and profitable) that EMI should package 20 fine songs under the collective title of *The Beatles Ballads*. If you ever find a critic leading you to believe that the Beatles' ballads aren't all they're cracked up to be, buy this one. It runs the circuit of slow ones from *All My Loving* (1963) to *Let It Be* (1970).

We wonder just how much wear and tear a disc carrying 20 cuts will tolerate, but as a pleasing package, rather than a collectors' item, this release is top value.

— NEIL JAMESON

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BOOKS

the world runs down like a clock, as frail humans crawl like turtles

POPE Gregory XVII, the Vicar of Christ in the 1990s, has a vision in which he is told that the end of the world is close. The College of Cardinals, alarmed by the possible consequences of the encyclical Gregory has prepared to warn the world what's coming forces him to retire to a monastery.

But Gregory has written to his old friend Carl Mendelius, telling him everything and urging him to alert a few trusted people to the coming apocalypse. So what should Mendelius do? Is the ex-pope a visionary or is he just a deluded man?

These are the questions Morris West explores in *The Clowns Of God* (Hodder & Stoughton). The book has seriousness of purpose, rigorous argument, sinewy narrative line and simple directness of style — so why does one find it unconvincing?

Well, consider now the following passage, in which Cardinal Drexel, Dean of the College of Cardinals, prepares to question Mendelius, to find out just how much he knows —

"I want to be open with you, Mendelius. I want you to be open with me."

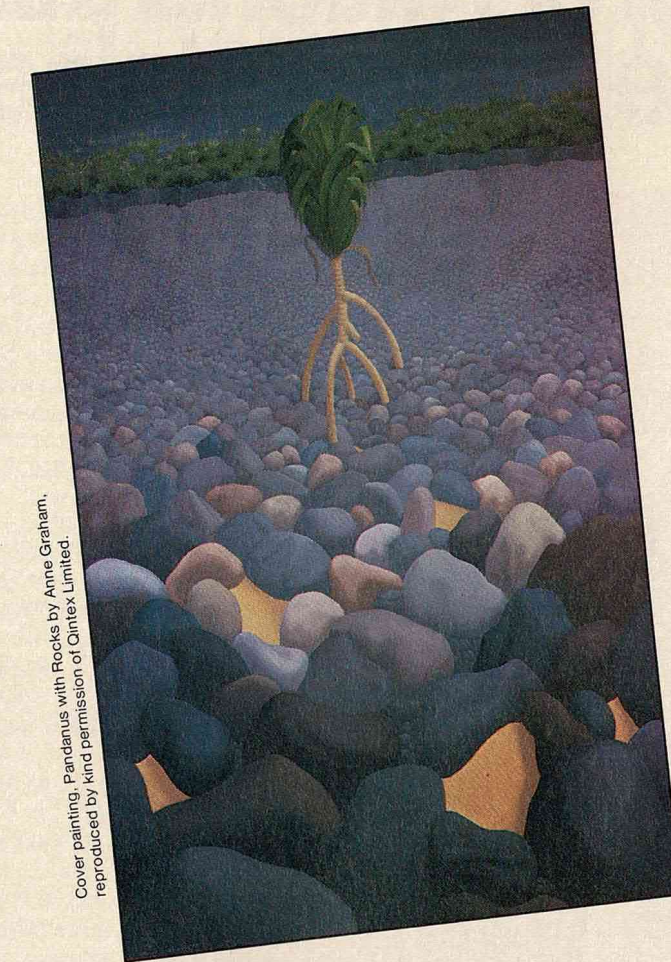
"How open, Eminence? And on what subject?"

The courtesies were over now. The sweet biscuits were all eaten. The coffee was cold. His Eminence, Anton Cardinal Drexel, grey-haired, straight as a grenadier, stood with his back to his visitor, looking out on the sunlit gardens of the Vatican. He turned slowly and stood a moment longer, a faceless silhouette against the light. Carl Mendelius said —

"Please, Eminence, why don't you sit down? I'd like to see your face while we talk."

"Forgive me." Drexel gave a deep and growling chuckle. "It's an old trick — and not very polite."

This sounds as if it ought to be convincing, but it's



Life amid rocks: the cover of Penguin's *Turtle Beach*.

not. It's lit and set by a TV director, seen from the outside (has anyone really ever heard a deep, growling chuckle, except at the zoo?). The scenes, the characters, arguments have been put together with great skill, but *The Clowns of God*, for all its scope and seriousness, reads as if it has been engineered and assembled rather than imagined.

— BARRY OAKLEY

If Judith Wilkes had written *Turtle Beach*, you would not be reading this review. She's not a bad woman, Judith — a journalist, rather inquisitive, somewhat concerned, extremely attractive, vaguely amoral but, overall, obtuse. So, fortunately, she is only the central character of this fine novel — rather than its author. That honor belongs to a fellow Australian, Blanche d'Alpuget, with whom, one feels, Judith

Wilkes has shared some experiences in her investigation of our Asian neighbors and our consciences.

Turtle Beach is in Malaysia. It's a place where the huge amphibians land for their remorselessly quixotic spawnings. They don't turn up in the course of this book though — its concern is with people, like say the "boat people" of Vietnam who symbolically use the same beach, like Judith who goes there to try to see what is happening, like her pathetic hosts Sancha and Ralph, enigmatic (or is he?) Kanan, sly ambassador Sir Adrian Hobday . . . and his French-Vietnamese second wife, Minou. Beautifully-drawn, as most of the others are, Minou is something else. As with all truly great characters of fiction (and Lady Minou Hobday must surely become recognised as one), she is as impossible to sum

up in a few words as she is unmistakably real.

Vulgar, devious, impulsive, calculating, compassionate, scornful, cool and furious . . . the apparent contradictions are only resolved in her fate, which provides the climax of *Turtle Beach*.

D'Alpuget perceptively examines the well-meaning absurdity of instant Australian assimilation with Asia (just how do you assimilate with a maelstrom?) and the "domino theory" of conflict which can build within a single person and destructively roll through families, through races and through the continents.

She uses an economical narrative style for what the cover notes refer to as "a Graham Greene sense of inevitability". I would throw in "a touch of the Somerset Maughams" also. The yarn moves right along, without aimless digressions to dwell on the beauty, majesty, torment or whatever of, say, a blade of grass or a tree. And this is important, as there are so many other exotic concepts to digest. D'Alpuget, however, can pull 'em out of the hat when opposite. Consider this: "It was high tide. The sea was motionless, then it gave a sigh and stretched a few more centimetres up the sand and collapsed exhausted."

The nicest thing I can think of to say about her ability to portray people is that a failure to justify the Indian doctor Kanan comes like finding a steam train in a bowl of sago.

The successor to a classy Penguin paperback original, her second novel should see the further emergence of a major talent.

— GLENN RUSSELL

That tedious daily cycle endured by all commuters has been finally elevated to a scholarly plane. The editors of *The Mystery of Migration* (Macdonald & Jane's) have decided that modern man the

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commuter shares the rituals and seasonal to-and-fro movements of man the explorer and man the nomad.

The commuter, they argue, is as much a migrant as Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin — the first men on the moon. Theirs was also a predictable return journey.

Dr Robin Baker, the chief contributing editor, is lecturer in zoology at the University of Manchester, England, and the discoverer of a magnetic sense of direction in humans comparable with many other animals. It's an ingrained sixth sense like the homing pigeons' zeroing-in ability, but it still does not explain how man — and many a pigeon — goes astray.

Dr Baker headed a top-flight team of contributors to produce a superbly designed and illustrated book — a credit to the now re-emerging British book trade.

The absorbing saga of migration is revealed in minute and fascinating detail, and follows the predictable paths of plants, insects, birds, fish, reptiles, mammals — and man.

It also argues — eloquently and succinctly — that every journey made by man (even to the pub at lunchtime) has a pattern and a structure that is predictable — and often with historical precedent.

And if you are a single man approaching 30, frustrated by your daily commuter cycle, take wing and fly. It's a natural reaction — and it has its antecedents in our ancient hunter-crop gathering past when the young single tribesman set off to explore new horizons — and perhaps find a mate to bring home.

The moon landing was "one big step for mankind". Man's inborn exploratory urge will no doubt take longer steps in time.

— ALLAN MOULT

Some people are unable to help themselves. They give in to a burning need to sticky-beak into the more sensitive corners of others' lives, in the belief that they can help them. They gaze through windows of the mind in their attempts to piece together this infinite complexity we know as the human spirit. Shere Hite is a prime example of the intellectual voyeur, the seeker of wisdom and truth... and possibly a guaranteed orgasm for one and all... lingering with boiled sweets at the ready, to entice response from those embroiled in the new permissiveness.

Managing to prime answers to her probing into the sexual concerns, fantasies and experiences of three thousand women, she came away with that delight of every respectable publisher, a respectable sex book. A runaway

bestseller. The post-Cleo epoch was ready for the Ms Hite tome, it appears. While the floodgates opened for every Tom, Dick and Harriette with a sexual thesis to expound, few achieved the success of *The Hite Report*.

To the forefront of the few, Nancy Friday's *My Mother, My Self*, sought to throw new light on the female of the species by talking things over with a few hundred women and balancing their innermost thoughts on self with educated opinion rounded off with an autobiographical summation. For many women, Friday's book stands as a breakthrough in coming to terms with the female psyche.

The terrain thus mapped, the lady has set out once more on a sexual excursion, this time to explore men's sexual fantasies — "the triumph of love over rage" — with *Men In Love* (Hutchinson), a work that's at once described as "pioneering" and "the most... life-changing book of the year." Questionnaires returned by thousands of men 14 to the over-'60s coupled with the same term of educated reference and professional opinion as her previous book, culminate in a work of base eroticism not far removed from the "screw and tell" columns greasing the pages of some popular magazines today.

There can be no doubting the authoress' sincerity in compiling this guide to the grim fairy tales stewing in the minds of man in relation to his sexual wants. Men, to Friday's way of thinking, are entitled to consider everything on the road to guaranteed orgasm. Her literate investigation pursues "the rage" through just about every aspect of sexual activity — from masturbation to the "starry-eyed Oedipus" bent on motherly love between the sheets on to sado-masochism ("the chains of love"), stopping along the way to deliver the kind of educator-serious summation once vital to the cheap porno flick trying to slip past the censor as a film of serious intent and educational value.

As another barrage fired in the (by now) encumbered, confusing sexual "revolution" — encumbered by advice and market overkill — the Friday probe augurs well for publishers feeling the pinch of diminishing sales, a lack of direction in reader needs. There are only two things every potential reader has in common. A desire for food and sex. The cooking instruction market is already over-catered for, leaving more than enough room on bookstore shelves for the Arthur Conan Doyle's of the libido to pitch their snake oil presumptions from.

— DENIS WHITBURN



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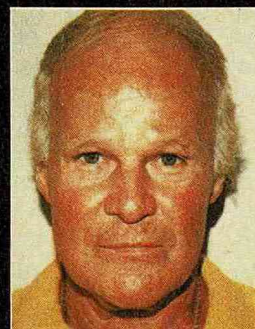
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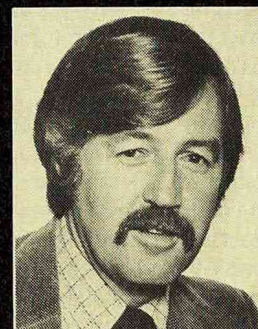
NEXT MONTH



THE BRIDE



O'MEALLY



NEGUS



SPLIT ENZ

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE NEGUS — THERE IS NOTHING THAT GEORGE (THE BALMAIN COWBOY) NEGUS LIKES BETTER THAN PUTTING SOME CELEBRITY ON THE SPOT. PLAYBOY'S PAUL DOUGHERTY PUTS GEORGE IN THE HOT SEAT, WITH SOME SURPRISING RESULTS

HERE COMES THE BRIDE — YOUR OWN BELLS WILL START RINGING WHEN YOU SNEAK A PEEK AT THE BIT OF UNBRIDLED PASSION REVEALED IN DENIS SCOTT'S PICTORIAL LOOK UP THE AISLE. HOW DOES THAT SAYING GO? ... SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE ...

THE FLOGGING — IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IT STILL GOES ON, BUT HERE IS THE ASTONISHING FIRST-PERSON ACCOUNT OF A MAN WHO WAS TIED TO A TRIANGLE IN MELBOURNE'S PENTRIDGE JAIL AND FLOGGED WITH A CAT O'NINE TAILS UNTIL HIS BACK WAS RAW AND THE BLOOD POOLED AT HIS FEET. WILLIAM J. O'MEALLY, WHO SPENT 28 YEARS IN JAIL FOR A CRIME HE SAYS HE DID NOT COMMIT, GIVES A CHILLING VIEW OF LIFE WITHIN THE WALLS

ME TARZAN, YOU PRODUCER — BO DEREK'S NEW MOVIE ME, JANE FINDS HER IN SRI LANKA SETTING THE JUNGLE ON FIRE WITH HER SMOULDERING GAZE ... FOR ALL OF YOU OUT THERE WHO WANT TO TRY OUT FOR THE PART OF CHEETAH, THE LINE FORMS AT THE REAR

SPLIT ENZ: REALLY ONE STEP AHEAD — NEW ZEALAND'S MOST FAMOUS POP BAND TALKS TO CELIE GANNON ABOUT TODAY'S ROCK 'N' ROLL SCENE AND HOW — AS THEIR HIT SONG TITLE STATES, "HISTORY NEVER REPEATS" — THEIR MUSIC IS CONSTANTLY EVOLVING

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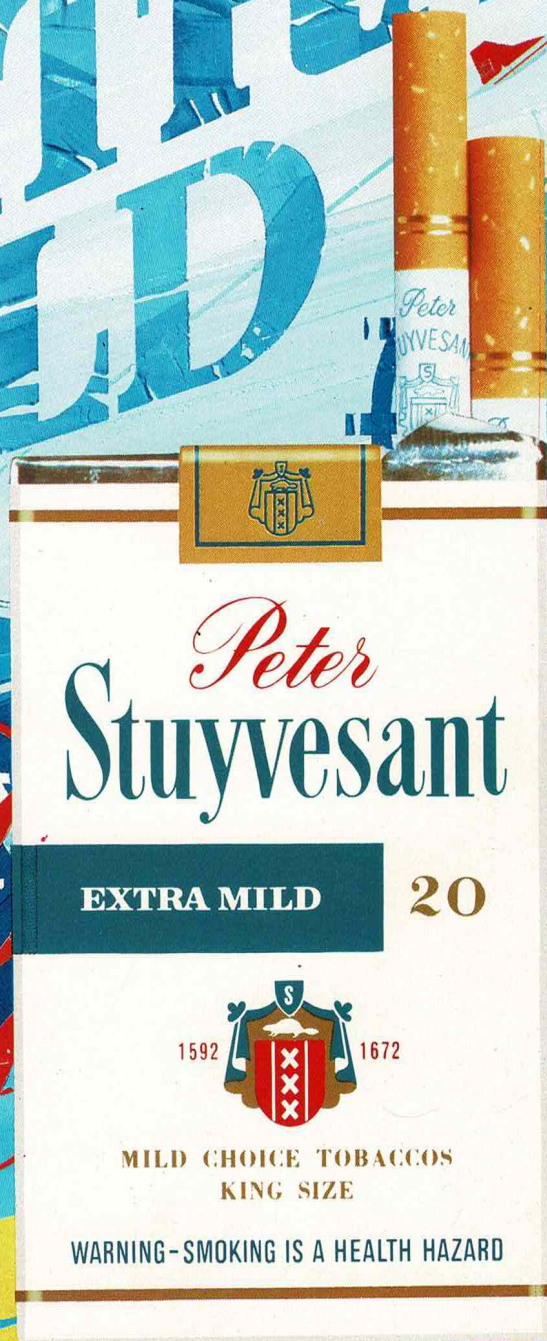
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